PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH

W. H. PARKER

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THE

PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH

ITS AUTHORS, SINGERS AND USES.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. PARKER.

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TO THE

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE;" THE ONLY LIVING REPRESENTATIVE

OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND MORE HYMN WRITERS

TO WHOM REFERENCE IS MADE

IN THIS VOLUME WITH SENTIMENTS OF REVERENT HOMAGE AND

AFFECTIONATE REGARD, THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

OCT 22 1948

PREFACE.

To the mind of the writer the preface is the most difficult and embarrassing portion of his work, because he is there expected to put himself into a sort of personal contact with his readers, and furnish them an explanation of his conduct in having presumptuously attempted to "force another inferior book upon a victimized and much-suffering public." In this case we offer no apology, because our unpretentious little book is of itself a proof that we have no nefarious design against the persecuted public. We will therefore simply explain our position in a few words, and then throw ourselves upon the mercy of our critics.

For many years we have been interested in hymnology, and have enjoyed it, both as a profitable study and a delightful pastime. We have read many of the books upon hymns and hymn-writers which have recently been published, and have invariably laid them down with a feeling of disappointment. They are too fragmentary to be entertaining. They are useful as books of reference, but no one thinks of reading them. We have long, vainly waited for some one to write a racy, readable book upon this extremely interesting and fascinating theme; and now—no, dear reader, the "Daniel" is not yet "come to judgment," but we believe that when he does come, he will adopt some such plan as we have sketched in this little book.

We have tried to write a readable book. We lay no claim to literary ability, and the critical reader will discover innumerable blemishes, for which we bespeak his kind forbearance. We are anxious to have our people interested in their hymn-books, as a means of promoting their personal piety and both popularizing and spiritualizing the psalmody of the Lord's house. With the exception of the Bible, there is no other book that can so speedily

awaken religious emotions, and kindle the soul with holy fervor, as a prayerful perusal of the hymn-book; and those who thus use it will be found to be the most consecrated and spiritually minded Christians.

To assist in awakening such an interest is the mission of our little book. We have used its pages in directing attention to the boundless mines of wealth stored in our hymn-books. To change the figure, we have shown these books to be the repositories of the cream of the sanctified Christian thought of the ages, and to embody the choicest productions of the choicest minds. Our hymns belong to the whole Church of Jesus Christ. A work has been recently published upon Baptist hymns. Several books have been written upon Methodist and Congregational hymns. To our mind this seems absurd, because these song-birds of the church cannot be shut in by denominational boundary lines. They will fly over the fences, and sing through all the region consecrated to the work and worship of God.

We believe the plan of our work to be entirely new; very much of the material is here for the first time brought together. Whilst we have gathered from many sources, we have been careful to avoid unreliable and sensational statements. We have referred to hundreds of volumes, some of which may be mentioned on another page. Relying upon the promised blessing of God, and depending upon the generous toleration of our brethren, we lay this humble offering at the feet of Him who "inhabiteth the praises of Israel."

THE AUTHOR.

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THE PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH,

ITS AUTHORS, SINGERS AND USES.

CHAPTER I.

MUSIC AND SONG.

The land of song within thee lies,
  Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleeping eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise;
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,
  Its clouds are angels' wings."

No reasonable creature can fail to recognize the Divine goodness in having created within us such exquisite tastes and perceptions, that relish and crave charming and delightful things, and then so generously gratifying them, by having filled earth and heaven with objects of fascinating beauty for the eye, and sounds of ravishing melody for the ear. It is impossible to estimate how large a portion of the total sum of earthly enjoyment is caused by the refining influence of music upon those whose minds are sensitive to its charms. To those whose ears are rightly attuned the world is a vast orchestra, in which all departments of nature contribute to an inspiring melody, that not only affords them immediate pleasure, but intensifies their aspirations after a purer and nobler life. Such people find music in all things, and sing their way through the world, to the accompaniment of surrounding conditions and circumstances. Recognizing God as the life of all things, they realize that not only is there no

discord in the noisy and turbulent upheavals of ordinary experience, but that human events and divine purposes blend together in sweet soul-comforting harmony.

Nature is full of music through every part of her vast domain; and in our daily marches through life, our footfalls should beat in rhythm with its exhilarating strains. Music in the morning, when feathered warblers greet the rising sun with glad bursts of song, and Æolian breezes sweep through the singing trees, and make the groves vocal with melody. Music at noon, when babbling streamlets flash and quiver in the sunlight, as they sing through the valleys, on their way to the sea. Music in the tranquil eventide, when insects play in the golden sunbeams, and spend their brief lives in humming their Creator's praise; or when gathering shadows evoke expressions of thankfulness from the weary creatures for the blessings of coming rest. Music in the solemn midnight, when nature's deep silence is vocal with praise, and—to the listening soul—the bright, twinkling eyes of heaven become mouths of gladsome song.

> "In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> Forever singing, as they shine,
> 'The Hand that made us is divine.' "

There is a quiet music that is none the less real because it is quiet. Our dull ears may fail to detect its soft tones, but the waiting, sensitive heart listens to its melodies. Such music is in the sunshine, as it robes the earth with beauty, burnishes the skies with brightness, or tinges the clouds with splendor; when it gleams through the whispering trees, and shimmers over the dappled sward beneath them; when it flashes upon the ripples of the laughing, zephyr-kissed waters, or paints the rainbow upon the dark thunder-cloud. Whether in the morning it tints the flowers with beauty, and glorifies the dewdrops into brilliancy; whether at noon it sparkles in the waterfall, or glitters upon the crystal; or whether in the evening its lustre blazes upon the window-pane, or gilds the tree-tops; whether its shadowy portraits of natural objects are sketched upon the earth, or its brightness illumines the sky, each season has its music—each change, its own appropriate melody. Each day the earth turns to its sweet tones, and the observant and thoughtful mind realizes that the music of the spheres is not all a myth.

Music is everywhere around us. As Byron has it:

> "There's music in the sighing of a reed,
> There's music in the gushing of a rill;
> There's music in all things; if men had ears,
> This earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Music in the rain-drops as they patter upon the roof, or beat against the window; in the storm, when the winds howl, and thunders crash, and lightnings blaze. Music in the roar of ocean's tempest-tossed billows, or in the gentler murmurs of its wave-beaten shore. Music breathed through mountain pines, or sung by dashing cataracts. Music amid the din of toiling cities, or amid the stillness of hermit caves. It is heard in the soft voices of loved ones, recognized in the sympathy of friends, borne to our ears amid the noise of the playful children. Music in the home, where the vibrations of its sweet tones soothe and

> "Quiet the restless pulse of care,
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after prayer."

Music in the church, where its harmonies thrill and inspire the soul to patient endurance and consecrated service. Music in the Bible, whose sublime psalm of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," is the sweetest melody the world has heard. Music in the Christ-loving soul, whose glad notes sing of abiding confidence, and pleasant toil, and coming rest. Under most of the circumstances and conditions of life, music is what Coleridge said it was: "A consoler and comforter, and its own exceeding great reward."

Some gifted souls have been enabled to catch the varied voices of nature, and the yet more subtile experiences and feelings of human life, and blend them into symphonies of soul-stirring melody, which not only afford us delight, but assist us in building up true character. By quickening our emotions, and intensifying our aspirations, such melodies inspire us to earnest, hopeful endeavor, and become the means of our attaining an unwavering faith in God, and a healthful appreciation of our own powers. It can never be known how much we are indebted to the poets of the Church, and the composers of melody, for the genial influence of their genius upon our lives—for having brought so much of heaven within the pale of our earthly experience.

The humanizing and elevating influence of music has been

recognized from the remotest antiquity; and the history of its development and uses is well-nigh synonymous with the record of the moral status of the race, through all the ages of its existence. It appeals to the hearts of men during all periods of life, and all phases of experience. The mother's love flows to the consciousness of her child through the channels of song, and the lullaby at the cradle is usually instrumental in calling out the first signs of baby's recognition and appreciation. Singing is the especial delight of childhood and youth; but whilst the young people blend their voices in tune, the old folks cannot refrain from joining their tremulous notes to the song. Its influence is so ubiquitous and widespread that it is a universal blessing, reaching even those who are incompetent to appreciate its worth. The harmonious blending of sweet sounds, with all their well-nigh infinite variations and combinations, cannot fail of being enjoyed and appreciated by cultivated and refined natures; and its reflex influence must necessarily be a factor in educating those whose discordant lives have kept them in conditions unfavorable to its proper apprehension and enjoyment. Because it is pre-eminently the language of the human heart, and, therefore, the most suitable medium by which to express either the tenderest emotions or the loftiest sentiments of the mind, it is the best mode of communication between the soul and God. Good Dr. Edward Andrews was accustomed to say that "God should be worshiped with the best of everything: the best architecture, the best painting, the best poetry, and the best music." Ordinarily, it is best that the last two should be combined; that the beautiful in sound should be used as a vehicle by which the beautiful in thought may be borne up to God in loving service and adoring worship. Sweet thoughts and sweet sounds, blended together, form the incense that, ascending up to God from loving hearts, is always an acceptable offering—music and poetry lovingly intertwined, and laid upon the altar of Him who loves and has commanded the use of both in His service.

It is true that music, by and of itself, may be made to be pure worship. A whole soul-full of devotion may be put into wordless melodies, that chime through the heart, awakening and expressing its joy. We have often been conscious that in its highest flights, and best enjoyments, the soul attains a position where words can neither follow nor aid it, or measure its joy.

Words are too gross and earthly for heavenly experiences. When "caught up to the third heaven," Paul heard heavenly words, that could not be translated into the coarser language of earth. Heaven must necessarily have a language all its own. Some of the choicest experiences of our lives were made up of the rapturous moments we spent under the enchanting spell of heaven-like music. We listened to its sweet sounds, and involuntarily yielded ourselves to the mystic influence that lifted us into a higher and more delightful region, far above the dull routine of earthly experiences. Under such conditions, we had nothing to do but enjoy. Every turbulent thought was hushed into a blessed calm; a new vitality thrilled every vein; we breathed a new and delightful atmosphere, uncontaminated by the noisomeness of this gross world, and realized a joy that could not be compared to any mere earthly delight. Our best aspirations had found, at least in part, their long sought ideal. It was a realm of hallowed and delightful experiences, and our souls drank their fill of exquisite pleasure from its sparkling fountains of blessed enjoyment.

> "Through every pulse the music stole,
> And held sublime communion with the soul."

The beatific vision was probably very transitory, but the glimpse was sufficiently real to convince us that blessed realms of happiness lie very near to us; that the separating veil between us and it is very thin; that there is but a step between us and a state where, undisturbed by the discords of sinful and imperfect life, infinite wisdom and love shall harmonize the jarring notes of human experience into a gladsome melody, that shall satisfy and gratify the soul throughout an endless life, in the presence of God and of the Lamb. We now know that there *is* a life above and beyond this earth-bound, care-worn existence of ours; because we have tasted its blessedness, seen its beauty, breathed its air, listened to its ravishing melody, the tones of which abide with us as a source of enjoyment, a basis for confidence, a pledge and foretaste of the new song we shall join in singing, with all God's redeemed hosts, when earthly experiences shall be reviewed in the light of the Divine wisdom and purposes.

CHAPTER II.

OLD WORLD PSALMODY.

"Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last!
The King comes on in might,
He loved us in the ages past,
When we sat wrapp'd in night;
Now are our sorrows c'er,
And fear and wrath to joy give place,
Since God hath made us in His grace,
His children evermore."

Although the Bible only refers to musical matters in a casual and incidental manner, it is, nevertheless, the only authentic and reliable history of ancient music in existence. Other historians fail to trace the divine art, with any degree of certainty, farther back than the Christian era, beyond which it loses itself in the dim indistinctness of mythology. Apollo is said to have been the inventor of music, the idea of a stringed instrument being suggested to his mind by hearing musical sounds made by the wind playing through the dried sinews that were stretched over the cavity of a tortoise shell. By the magical notes of his lyre, the stately walls of Troy were erected.

"Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
Raised by the music of Apollo's lyre"

Apollo afterwards gave the instrument to his son, Orpheus, who attained such skill in its use, that men and beasts, birds and fishes, and even trees and rocks, were attracted around the player in wondering astonishment. As he played, the trees bowed their heads, and the rocks heaved and shook; the beasts left their lairs, and the birds their nests, to listen to the charming sounds. Shakspeare says that

"Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But Music, for the time, doth change his nature."

When his wife, Eurydice, died, because of a serpent's bite, he is said to have followed her into the regions of death, where his music enchanted the ghosts of the dead, and even stern Pluto wept for sympathy. In modern thought, Orpheus occupies the indistinct borderland between historic reality and mythological uncertainty. He is the dim outline of a shadowy figure, so vague as to render it impossible to decide whether he was man or myth. Many believe him to have been a real man, and there is a tradition that he was born in Thrace, about eleven hundred years before the Christian era. Thus profane history fades with the lapse of time; but there is no such uncertainty concerning the characters and statements of the Bible. Two thousand years before the time ascribed to Orpheus, the Bible Jubal (*the player*) was "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Six hundred years before Orpheus' day, Laban sang the songs current at that time, to the accompaniment of tabret and harp. Two hundred and forty-eight years afterwards, Moses and the people of Israel stood upon the Red Sea shore and sang the immortal ode of triumph, as recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus.

Some contend that the word Music is derived from *Musa*, because it was believed to have been invented by the Muses; whilst others—with more reason, as we think—declare the word to have been of Egyptian origin. The ancient Greeks usually claimed all inventions for themselves; therefore, it is not strange that they assigned the origin of music to Mercury, although they willingly credited the Egyptians with the invention of several of the musical instruments used in Greece. It is certain that Hebrew music had its source in Egypt. It was there that Miriam and the Jewish women learned to play on the timbrel, and to dance to its music. It is almost certain that the first traces of instrumental music are to be found among the old cities of the Nile. By unearthing buried cities, and palaces, and temples, and deciphering inscriptions found upon old monuments, and tablets, and papyrus rolls, modern discovery and scholarship have unveiled and brought to light much valuable information concerning the music of the ancient world. From this source we learn that the Egyptian harp and flute were in use in the fifth dynasty, many centuries before Abraham—the father of the Jewish people—was born. Of course, when measured by our standards, these very early instruments were rude in construction, and deficient both in tone

and capability. The Egyptian flute of that early age was simply a cow's horn, with three or four holes bored through it. But as the centuries passed, the musical instruments were improved, until in the eighteenth dynasty—the time when the Hebrews were slaves in Egyptian brick-yards—their musical instruments were not only numerous, but elaborate, and by their construction and capabilities we know that the Egyptian scale must have been of considerable compass. Rameses II.—the Pharaoh of the oppression—among scores of other monuments, erected an obelisk at Heliopolis, upon which was engraven an elaborate representation of an ancient lyre, as it was in his day. That obelisk has been removed to the city of Rome, where it now stands; and those skilled in such matters say that the stringed instrument of the time of Moses' childhood was capable of sounding an octave, and —when well played—must have produced tones of considerable sweetness and power. In an Egyptian tomb, a papyrus roll has been discovered which describes the city which Rameses had built, and called after his own name, on one of the days when the proud autocrat condescended to honor it with a visit. It will be well to remember that the city was built, like all other public works, by the forced labor of hundreds of thousands of slaves, who had been taken as prisoners of war, or brought in by some of the numerous expeditions which made slave-hunting and kidnapping their especial business. The writer says: "Rameses is a very charming place; the seat of the court is here. It is pleasant to live in; life passes in constant plenty and abundance. Its canals are rich in fish, its lakes swarm with birds, its gardens abound with vegetables. Fruits from the nurseries, flowers from the gardens, festoons from the vineyards, are dedicated to the feasts of King Rameses. The young people are clad in festive attire, and on the day when Rameses II.—the war-god Mout, on earth—came to the city, the people stood at their doors with branches of flowers in their hands and garlands upon their heads. The wine was delicious, the cider was like sugar, the sherbet like almonds mixed with honey. The people sat with joyful heart, or walked about without ceasing. Rameses was the god they celebrated; and girls, trained in the singing school at Memphis, filled the air with their songs."

A very different condition of things existed in the brick-yards and quarries around the city, where the slaves were toiling in the

hot sun. Rameses II. was the great builder of Egypt. Magnificent temples were erected; fortifications were reared along the northeastern frontier for a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. Vast canals were dug, monuments were set up, and splendid palaces were built. Egypt is now covered with the ruins of Rameses' public works. All this was done with forced labor. The Hebrew settlers in Goshen were reduced to bondage; slave-hunting expeditions to Ethiopia brought in tens of thousands of slaves. The poor of Egypt were enslaved upon the slightest excuse. The tax collector visited a district, and each man had to pay the demand made upon him. If he failed, he was thrown to the ground, and being bound, was thrown head first into a boat, and then put into a slave gang. Millions of human lives were destroyed by hardship, privation, and cruelty, during the sixty-seven years of Rameses' reign. Huge blocks of stone were drawn from the quarries to the place appointed, by slaves, who—that they might pull together—were forced to sing a dismal song at their labors, but their voices sounded muffled and hoarse. Sometimes their parched throats made it impossible to sing in the hot noontide of their labor. "Thick clouds of gnats followed the tormented gangs, who with dull and spirit-broken endurance suffered alike the stings of the insects and the blows of their drivers."

The Pharaohs claimed and received divine honors of their people. In their great gatherings hymns were sung, and the reigning monarch was worshiped as God incarnate. Menephtah II.—the Pharaoh of the ten plagues, whose army was drowned at the Red Sea—was one of the worst of Egyptian kings. Perhaps he was not more tyrannical than others, but he lacked those qualities that shone as a redeeming feature in the character of his father. Probably he was not more of a brute, but he was less of a man. All the inscriptions concerning him prove that he was superstitious, weak-minded and cowardly. He had both the wickedness of weakness, and the weakness of wickedness. Yet his people worshiped him, and the following is one of the hymns they sang in his praise. It was discovered in a papyrus roll:

"Thou art as it were the image of thy Father, the sun
Who rules in Heaven! No place is without thy goodness!
Thy sayings are the law of every land.
Bright is thy eye above the stars of Heaven, able to gaze

At the sun! Whatever is spoken, even in secret, ascends to
Thine ears! Whatever is done in secret thine eye sees it!
O Bæura Meriamen, merciful Lord, creator of breath."

Every one knows that the Nile is the vitalizing life of Egypt. Irrigated and cared for, the land can be made exceedingly fertile; whilst, neglected and uncared for, it is but a barren, sandy desert. There was much truth in Herodotus' definition of Egypt as "the gift of the Nile." Just as curt was Napoleon's assertion that "under good government the Nile invades the desert, but under bad government the desert invades the Nile." No wonder that the superstitious Egyptians deified their beautiful river, and worshiped it as the beneficent god of Egypt. We are indebted to modern research in that marvelous land for the following hymn, in honor of their life-giving river. The papyrus plant was so carefully prepared that papyrus rolls are now often found in an excellent state of preservation. In that rainless land dampness is unknown, hence the fact that Egyptian records have been preserved over a period of thousands of years. This hymn was certainly sung in Egypt in the days of Moses:

"Hail to thee, O Nile!
Thou who hast revealed thyself to this land.
Coming in peace, to give life to Egypt!
Hidden God! Who bringest what is dark to light,
As is always thy delight!
Thou who waterest the fields created by the sun-god,
To give life to all the world of living things.
Thou it is who coverest all the land with water;
Thy path, as thou comest, is from heaven!
Thou art the god Set, the friend of bread!
Thou art the god Nepra, the giver of grain!
Thou art the god Ptah, who lightenest every dwelling!
Lord of fishes, when thou risest over the flooded lands
Thou protectest the fields from the birds.
Creator of wheat! Producer of barley!
Thou sustainest the temples.
When the hands of millions of the wretched are idle, he grieves.
If he do not rise, the gods in heaven fall on their faces, and men die.
He makes the whole land open before the plough of the oxen,
And great and small rejoice.
Men invoke him when he delays his coming,
And then he appears as the life-giving god Khnoum.
When he rises, the land is filled with gladness;
Every mouth rejoices; all living things have nourishment, all teeth, their food.
Bringer of food! Creator of all good things!

Lord of all things choice and delightful,
If there be offerings, it is thanks to thee!
He maketh grass to grow for the oxen;
He prepares sacrifices for every god;
The choice incense is that which he supplies!
He cannot be brought into the sanctuaries—
His abode is not known;
There is no house that can contain him!
There is no one who is his counselor!
He wipes away tears from all eyes!
O Nile! hymns are sung to thee on the harp;
Offerings are made to thee; oxen are slain to thee;
Great festivals are kept for thee; fowls are sacrificed to thee;
Incense ascends unto heaven;
Oxen, bulls, fowls are burned!
Mortals extol him! and, ye cycle of gods!
His Son (the Pharaoh) is made Lord of all,
To enlighten all Egypt.
Shine forth, shine forth, O Nile, shine forth!"

For thousands of years, old Chaldea—Abraham's native land—was but little more than a myth. In our boyhood we heard infidels sneeringly ask, "Where is Ur of the Chaldees?" There was no one to reply to the question. No other history than that of the Bible knew anything of it. But to-day our geographers can locate the city of Ur, and our archæologists have piled the shelves of our museums with articles gathered from the ruins of its temples and palaces. We have innumerable specimens of their tools and utensils, their lamps and vessels, their knives and spears, their seals and cylinders, bracelets and earrings, rings and trinkets, and what is yet more important, we have hundreds of their books, from which those versed in cuneiform philology can study their domestic, social, political and religious life at their leisure. Of course these were not printed upon paper, but the characters were stamped upon clay tablets, and then burnt in the kiln, and these indestructible books have been discovered and deciphered, and the history of the old land has—by modern scholarship—been resuscitated from its long oblivion. These old Chaldeans *almost* discovered the art of printing In 1845 Mr. Layard discovered great numbers of these clay tablets in Nineveh, and—so far as those in the language of Assyria were concerned—they were soon deciphered and read. But among them were some in unknown characters, and for years modern scholarship failed to understand them. Since then the cities of old Chaldea have been partially

unearthed, and great numbers of similar tablets discovered there. These were closely examined and compared, and among them were found grammars, which served as a key to unlock the whole mystery, and the old long-forgotten sacred language of ancient Chaldea was revived and read, and the speech is now understood that was used in religious services in the temples of Ur long ages before Abraham was born. Ur of the Chaldees was one of the most splendid of their ecclesiastical cities. Its magnificent temple to the Moon-God was one of the wonders of the ancient world. The massive structure was thronged with worshipers; numerous priests, in flowing embroidered robes, chanted their liturgies, or marched at the head of their processions. We know what kind of a city it was, what houses they lived in, what clothing they wore, what gods they worshiped, what prayers they offered, what hymns they sang.

Upon one of these tablets is inscribed a prayer, that is so tender and touching, so expressive of the ordinary experience of a thoughtful mind, that its perusal cannot fail to draw us into sympathy with these old-world people, and affords a striking proof of the brotherhood of man. As we read the sentences, we forget that they were the utterances of a heart that has been stilled in death for a period of four thousand years. It teaches us that the sins and needs and cravings of the human soul were the same four thousand years ago as now. We find it difficult to realize that these were the petitions of a pagan to his false god. We would not be embarrassed in using the same words to convey our confessions and desires to Jehovah, through the Mediator and Saviour of men. It teaches us that the hard paths of human experience have been trodden by the weary feet of the passing generations. We somehow instinctively try to be selfish in our sufferings, and love to make ourselves believe that our sorrows are not only peculiarly, but exclusively, our own. We refuse to believe that others have borne the same cross which we carry; that other heads than ours have worn the thorn-crown; that other weary, bleeding feet, have trod the rugged pathway that we pursue. But it is all a mistake. The tears we shed have been falling from other eyes through all the generations. The pangs we feel have extorted groans from other lips than ours. The old Chaldean worshiper was groping in the darkness of paganism, whilst the light of life has shone upon us—through the revelation God

has given—yet we can reverently join in the petitions that expressed the hungerings of his soul. "Oh my God, my transgressions are very great. I sin and know not that I sin. I wander in wrong paths and know it not. In his wrath the Lord hath overwhelmed me with confusion. I lie on the ground, and no man reacheth a hand to me. I cry out, and there is none to hear me. How long, O my God? Lord thou wilt not repulse thy servant. O my God, who knowest the unknown, my sins are seven times seven. Forgive my sins. In the midst of the stormy waters come to my assistance, and take me by the hand."

Such is the prayer that has come down to us from a remote age; the cry of a burdened, struggling soul, seeking for purity, and light, and hope.

We will now study one of the old Accadian hymns that has been preserved for us in the same manner. It was addressed to Hurkis, the Chaldean Moon-God, and was doubtless often sung in the great temple at Ur, where—as Dr. Geikie suggests—it is probable that Abraham often heard it, sung by priestly choirs, when as a boy he attended the temple services, with his idolatrous family. We give it as translated by Dr. Geikie from the works of Lenormant, the celebrated French archæologist.

"Father mine, of life the giver, cherishing, beholding all,
Lord, whose power benign extends over all in heaven and earth,
Thou drawest forth from heaven the seasons and the rains;
Thou watchest life, and yieldest showers!
Who in heaven is high exalted? Thou, sublime is thy reign!
Who on earth? Thou, sublime is thy reign!
Thou revealest thy will in heaven, and celestial spirits praise thee!
Thou revealest thy will below, and subduest the spirits of earth.
Thy will shines in heaven like the radiant light;
On earth thy deeds declare it to me.
Thou thy will who knoweth, with what can man compare it?
Lord in heaven and earth, thou Lord of gods, none equals thee."

CHAPTER III.

HEBREW PSALMODY.

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her Father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

There rose the choral hymn of praise
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portends now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our Fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou has left them to their own."

In the Book of Job the divine author of the Bible tells us of the first music of which we have any knowledge. It was a great concert to celebrate the creation of the universe. The orchestra was before the bright and burning throne of Jehovah. The musicians were all stars in their profession. The singers were sweet-voiced angels. "The morning stars sang together, and"—taking up the sublime chorus—"all the sons of God shouted for joy." So we are taught that this magnificent temple of divine workmanship was dedicated by strains of heavenly music, some of the tones of which yet abide with us. Thus, from the very dawn of the creation, music and song—the glad sounds of joy and praise—have echoed around the earth. And, all the way down through Bible history, there is a stream of sacred melody that ever and anon reveals itself to us; and which—as it flows down through generations of patriarchs and prophets, evangelists and apostles—widens and deepens; a river of song—that represents the praises of God's redeemed church—until, in the Book of Revelation, it seems to empty itself into the crystal sea, upon whose glassy surface stand the "harpers, harping with their harps," and

singing "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb."

Because we naturally associate our ideas of joyful satisfaction with music, it is reasonable to infer that singing largely contributed to the happiness of our first parents in Paradise. The name "Eden" signifies "a delightful place;" and such a place must have had sweet music, to which their souls were as responsive as our own. Indeed, their perfect natures made their perceptions and capacity for enjoyment keener and greater than ours can be. God loved music then, as now; and the sinless earth must have been everywhere vocal with his praise. It was but natural and proper that Milton should put his immortal "Hymn to the Deity" into the mouth of his ideal Adam, as a suitable expression of his adoring love. The first pair so thoroughly appreciated the Divine goodness, that their services of praise were the source and occasion of permanent and increasing joy.

That the patriarchs habitually sang the praises of God there can be no doubt. We have seen that the neighboring nations of that age used vocal and instrumental music in their idolatrous services, and that Laban also did so, at social gatherings and festive occasions. Abraham must have been versed in the music of Chaldea, whilst his residence in Egypt made him familiar with the art as it was practiced there. Jacob's long residence with the family of his uncle Laban, must have afforded him abundant opportunity to cultivate a taste for music. When he surreptitiously left that abode, his uncle—having overtaken him—said, "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp?" Years afterwards, when Jacob's sons went down to Egypt for corn, and were recognized by their lordly brother, they were subjected to some very startling experiences. The simple shepherds must have been overawed by the magnificence of the great man's home. The mansions of noble Egyptians were exceedingly grand. The costly and artistic furniture was in keeping with the home. They must have felt strangely awkward when dining in the resplendent hall of the grand vizier of Egypt. "Slaves were accustomed to lay garlands of roses around the shoulders of the guests, and place wreaths of lotus flowers upon their heads. During the dessert, choirs of musicians entered the chamber, and played on harps, lutes, drums and flutes, the conductor beating time with his hands." Afterwards, when

settled in the rich land of Goshen, they enjoyed all that was enjoyable in Egyptian life, until a change of dynasty set a Pharaoh upon the throne that knew not Joseph. From that time they were educated in the school of suffering, but it was there they acquired what musical knowledge they possessed.

When the Hebrew people crossed the Red Sea, they passed out of degrading Egyptian bondage, and became a gloriously free, God-governed nation, amid the grandest outburst of music and song this world has ever heard. What a wonderful change it was! The despised slaves had suddenly become a great people. God had heard and answered the prayers that had ascended to His throne. They did not leave Egypt as runaway slaves, but they marched out with the consciousness that God was with them; and his power and presence was so manifest, that they were the most honored people on the face of the earth. The fiery, cloudy pillar was not only a symbol of the Divine Majesty; it was also a token of the Divine care and protection. The wild waters divided, and stood still, to afford them a pathway through the depths; but when Menephtah's army followed in pursuit, these same waters rolled together and washed them out of existence. "They sank like lead in the mighty waters." God had given Israel the victory; and the emancipated and exultant people joined in singing the inspired song of their leader, and blended their million voices in Miriam's glad refrain, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

From that time they were a music-loving people until they ceased to be a nation. We have no certain means of knowing how frequently they used music and song in their wilderness life; but—as at the Red Sea "Miriam took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances" —we may surely infer that they loved music, and were ready to use it upon all suitable occasions. The simple fact that they carried their own instruments with them, leads us to believe that music and song were a frequent means of encouragement and enjoyment, during their wanderings in the wilderness. Moses, their illustrious leader, had been educated in Egypt, and had thoroughly mastered every branch of Egyptian knowledge. His youth and early manhood had been spent in the palace, where the best music was regarded as a daily necessity. He was prob-

ably as proficient in harmony as he was gifted in poetry. The great law-giver's acquirements and abilities were so numerous and profound, that we sometimes forget to regard him as one of the greatest of Hebrew poets. Yet no thoughtful reader of the sublime poems of the Book of Deuteronomy would attempt to gainsay the fact. That wonderful ode which was his death-song is of itself sufficient to establish its author's poetical fame. God would have His servant leave something behind him that would be of lasting use to his people; so he bade Moses "write this song, and teach it unto the children of Israel; put it in their mouths, that this song may be a witness for me against the children of Israel." The song was written, and is yet a witness for God, down even to our own generation.

After entering the Land of Promise, the years passed by without any special mention of music and song, until the days of Deborah, the heroic, enthusiastic woman, who so loved her God and her country, that by her untiring diligence she saved her people from a life of subjection to Jabin, the King of Hazor. For twenty years they had yielded to this tyranny without resistance. Their oppressors not only stripped them of their possessions, but heaped insults upon them, by subjecting them to needless and brutal humiliation. God had entrusted Deborah with the gift of poetic genius, and her patriotic songs were the delight of her people. She sang of freedom until they grew ashamed of servile bondage; of heroism, until they felt their own need of it. Her winged words flew through the land, arousing a martial spirit among the dispirited and despondent, by shaming them for tamely submitting to be the slaves of a small and despicable nation. This she did, until they declared themselves ready to strike a blow for liberty. Her next work was to plan for the coming struggle. Barak was appointed commander of the army, but he refused to enter upon active service unless the gifted and intrepid lady would accompany the expedition. She eventually yielded to his wishes, and under her virtual leadership the enthusiastic army was victorious. Sisera and his hosts were overthrown, and the triumphant people sang the magnificent war-song of Deborah, which was afterwards enshrined in their literature as one of the best specimens of their national poetry, and was still further honored by being assigned a place in the inspired Book of God.

The great religious awakening under Samuel was largely due, under God—as is true of many modern revivals—to the stimulating power of holy song. Samuel belonged to a musical family. In his infancy his mother dedicated him to the Lord with a burst of song that revealed such a depth of poetic and religious feeling as led thoughtful minds to expect much of her consecrated son. He was an accomplished musician; and his sons and grandsons were—for long years after his death—the recognized leaders of the psalmody of the Lord's house. With the aid of the "sons of the prophets"—whom he had carefully trained for their work—he introduced psalms with musical accompaniments into their services, and from that time singing became a prominent part of the public worship of God.

Samuel was really the first of that long line of prophets whose lives were so assiduously devoted to the public good. Backed by Divine authority, these prophets came as messengers from God to the people, whose sins they fearlessly rebuked, and whose duties they plainly defined. They were the fearless champions of true religion; the exponents and enforcers of the law; the preachers of righteousness; the upholders of morality; the friends and advocates of liberty, and the guardians and protectors of the true interests of the community. In addition to all this, they were the historians and sacred poets of their age, whose thoughts usually found ready expression in poetry. When the spirit of God—as a Divine power—took possession of their minds, they spoke or sang their messages in poetic utterance; often—as did Elisha—to the music of a minstrel's harp. When Saul met the prophets they had with them "a psaltery, a tabret, a pipe, and a harp." The utterances of these prophets constitute the largest portion of the inspired poetry of the Bible. From Samuel's day the Jews were eminently a musical people. "Long before the rise of Grecian poetry or music, the hills and valleys of Palestine echoed with lofty hymns, sung to the notes of many instruments."

Samuel revived an interest in Hebrew psalmody; but it was the work of David, "the sweet singer of Israel," to develop it into a condition approaching as nearly to perfection as this imperfect world would permit. Passionately fond of music, his devotion to this congenial work was enthusiastic and fervent. To merely say that he enriched Hebrew psalmody would be to do

injustice to his genius and work; whilst, to assert that he was its creator, would perhaps be injurious to the memory of some of his consecrated predecessors; but it is safe to regard him as the greatest of all musicians, the sweetest of all singers, the most gifted of all sacred poets, and the most devoted of all God-fearing men. His inspired and immortal productions are yet a mighty influence and perpetual benediction in the Church, whilst the sweet tones of his psalmody still vibrate through human life and consciousness, soothing suffering hearts to ease, and lulling weary souls to rest.

A scene in David's early life affords us a glimpse of the use and influence of music among the ordinary people. After his great victory over Goliath, the young warrior had made many successful forays against the common enemies of his country; and upon his return from one of these, the people of the villages through which he and his followers passed crowded the way to do him honor. The women and maidens came dancing, and singing some popular song that had been composed as a recognition of his heroic achievements, the refrain of which, as translated, was:

> "Saul hath slain his thousands,
> But David, his tens of thousands."

This was sung to the accompaniment of tabrets and instruments of music, the singers answering each other, after the antiphonal method, common among the ancients. The exhilarating scene must have enthused the heart of the young soldier, by convincing him that his disinterested services were appreciated by the people. But this popularity cast a dark shadow over his life, by exposing him to the envious wrath and unscrupulous hatred of the jealous King. Many of the psalms were written during the long and tedious time while he and his devoted followers were hiding among the mountain fastnesses of Judea. Doubtless he beguiled many long, wearisome hours with the music of his harp, and the blended voices of his friends in united song. It was probably at that time that he made himself famous as the inventor of some kind of musical instrument, to which reference is frequently made in the story of his life; and two centuries after his death, the prophet Amos refers to it by describing those who "chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David did."

After his elevation to the kingly office, one of the first acts

of David was to capture Jerusalem from the Jebusites and make it the capital of his kingdom; and the wisdom of that step has been confirmed by the testimony of thirty passing centuries. The mountain fortress thus became one of the most famous cities of the world, around which both tender Jewish affection and intense Gentile interest have always revolved. Having gained possession of the city, David began to prepare a Tabernacle for the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, which for more than twenty years had lain neglected at Kirjath-Jearim, but which was now to be brought to "Mount Zion, the city of the great King." The removal of the sacred chest was the occasion of a vast national gathering; the tribes having been summoned, of course the elders of Israel and the leaders of the army were in attendance. The Levites were represented by a thousand of their most eminent priests, who were to welcome the symbol of the Divine Presence into the new capital. It was a most imposing scene. The "mighty men" of the royal army led the way, blowing loud blasts with their trumpets; then followed choirs of Levites, accompanied with players on instruments, as the sixty-eighth psalm has it: "The singers went on before, and the players on instruments followed after;" and as they went, they sang: "Arise, O Lord, enter into Thy rest; Thou and the Ark of Thy strength." Behind these came the two high priests, in their gorgeous official robes, attended by a long train of white-robed priests and Levites. These were followed by the captains and officers of the army, in their splendid uniforms. After these, the venerable chiefs of each priestly house; and behind them, the princes and high officials of the various tribes. Then came their king—the illustrious David—dressed in priestly robes of spotless white, with his much-loved harp in his hands. The great leader in charge of the music of the day was Heman, the grandson of the prophet Samuel. As the procession approached the city gates, the choirs sang:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in."

From the city walls another choir responded with the question:

"Who is the King of Glory?"

Then came the thundering reply of the many-voiced choir:

"The Lord, strong and mighty,
Jehovah, mighty in battle."

And so, in alternate strains, they sang until the Ark passed the gate into the city, when the whole of the choirs struck up the magnificent psalm, composed for the occasion by their poet-king, and which is recorded in the sixteenth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles. With the symbol of the Divine Presence in its Tabernacle, Jerusalem was in very deed "the Holy City," "the City of the Great King," that God had chosen as his abiding dwelling place. At that time, the old Tabernacle of the wilderness was at Gibeon, and must have been much dilapidated by long wear. Its past glories were largely departed. The Ark and mercy seat, the golden pot of manna, and Aaron's rod, had all been carried away from it; but, because of its sacred associations, it was yet regarded as a holy place, and the legal sacrifices were offered there every day, its services being under the supervision of Zadok, as its high priest, its psalmody being conducted by Heman. This will explain why it was that there were two high priests in the procession at the removal of the Ark.

Of course, the new Tabernacle at Jerusalem, with its Ark and mercy seat, was also a holy place; and David wrote popular hymns, with a view to influence public opinion in favor of making Jerusalem the great center of religious worship.

> "I was glad when they said unto me,
> 'Let us go into the House of the Lord;
> Our feet shall stand within Thy gates,
> O Jerusalem! Jerusalem is builded
> As a city that is compact together,
> Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord.' "

A magnificent choral service was provided, and rendered by an organized choir of four thousand voices; in addition to which were three hundred skilled singers and players upon instruments. These—like the priests and Levites—were divided into twenty-four courses. The singing must have been soul-inspiring; trumpets and cymbals, harps and psalteries, tabrets and cornets, mingled with the sound of the voices of men and women and children, in a mighty volume of resounding praise.

Then came the building of Solomon's Temple, which—with its commodious courts—comprised thirty-five acres of land; but even that large space was altogether insufficient to accommodate the thronging multitudes who attended the great festivals. Josephus tells us that two millions seven hundred thousand people attended a single Passover; and that two hundred and fifty

thousand lambs were slain, upon the same occasion. We cannot form anything like an adequate idea of that vast religious institution, with its innumerable priests, its forty-eight thousand Levites, its four thousand three hundred singers and players upon instruments; its six thousand special police, to protect the holy places from defilement; its four thousand watchers at the gates and doors: in all, its sixty-two thousand officials to attend to its various duties and requirements. Think of twenty-two thousand oxen, and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep being sacrificed and offered upon its altars at the dedication! Scripture gives us a graphic description of the great choir upon that occasion: "The Levites, who were singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthan, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, and having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar; and with them, one hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets. It came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, 'For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever,' that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister, by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." *So* has the Lord often honored the singing of his praises since that day.

All down through Jewish history we get occasional glimpses of their use of the service of song: as at the great mass-meeting held in the streets of Jerusalem, in the reign of Asa, when they consecrated their services unto the Lord with shoutings and song, with trumpets, and cymbals, and cornets; and again, in the same place, when Hezekiah reopened the temple which the idolatrous Ahaz had shut against the people. The great temple courts were thronged, and the Levites were commanded to "Praise the Lord with the words of David, and of Asaph, the seer." "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also, with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David, the King of Israel. And they sang praises with gladness, and they bowed their heads and worshiped." "So there was great joy in Jerusalem, for since the time of Solomon there was not the like in Jerusalem."

As is usual, a widespread declension of religion was accompanied by a corresponding deterioration in singing, until—in the days of Zedekiah—their prophets bewailed the fact that music and song had become the base associate and accessory of drunkenness and debauchery. During the captivity, "by the rivers of Babylon they sat down; yea, they wept when they remembered Zion. They hanged their harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried them away captive required of them a song, and they that wasted them required of them mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion. How could they sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" After their return, the foundations of the second temple were laid, and the city walls were dedicated with song. "They sang together by course in praising the Lord, and the people shouted, and the noise of Jerusalem was heard afar off."

From that time the disasters of these unfortunate Jews were so frequent that their national life was virtually destroyed. When the end came, and their holy and beautiful city was totally overthrown, the saddened, heart-broken people forbade music and song as part of their synagogue service. Many of the Jews of the present time think it improper to attempt to re-establish the service of song, until their long-looked-for Messiah shall appear for their help.

Those who visit Palestine tell us that the most distressing feature of Jewish life is its unnatural, broken-spirited quietness. The people never sing, and cheerful sounds are never heard in the Jewish settlements in Jerusalem. There is a painful, unbroken, oppressive silence. The words of the Prophet are literally fulfilled: "I will cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness; the land shall be desolate." O that they would recognize Jesus as their promised Messiah! Then would they "hear joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing would flee away."

"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
Fixed is His word, His saving power remains,
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns."

CHAPTER IV.

PSALMODY IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

Did Jesus sing? He has aye been singing!
  His life's a song of sweetest strain·
Its tones thro' all the ages ringing,
The thankful nations to Him bringing
  Their praise, to form a glad refrain;
All music that His loved ones sing,
First flowed from Him, its source and spring.

His Gospel, like an organ, soundeth,
  Filling the world with music sweet,
His cross, the key—whose touch aye woundeth
The player's hands—but yet resoundeth
In chords, whose gladsome tones astoundeth
  The listening throngs that 'round it meet.
Christ groaned a dirge, in minor key,
To fill our lives with melody.

His heart 's the home where music dwelleth,
  Just as the sun 's the fount of light;
Melodious gladness from Him welleth,
Harmonious bursts of music swelleth,
  Thrilling the heart with new delight;
We catch the strains so sweet, so strong,
And fill our souls with holy song.

One of the chief glories of Christianity is that it is a religion of song. There are innumerable religions of groans, and penances, and tears, whose uncertain way to heaven is a doleful "via dolorosa" of daily cross-bearing and suffering. But the Gospel of Jesus is full of music; its gladsome mission is to comfort, and encourage, and inspire. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Referring to Gospel times, the evangelical seer has said: "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

In the person of its illustrious founder, the Christian Church was born amid the joyous melody of angels' songs, and the shepherds listened to such singing as had never reached human ears before. It was surely fitting that the grand hour of the Redeemer's birth should have been honored by outbursts of holy melody. The incarnation of Jesus as a display of Divine love, was the central fact in God's gracious design of mercy, around which His loyal and intelligent creatures should ever gather with expressions of adoring praise. All holy souls who lived before that event were eagerly anticipating it, as the all important fulfillment of the Divine promises, and the realization of the noblest human desires; and all of the redeemed who have lived since that hour, have delighted to review the scene as one upon which their dearest hopes rest. From a far-off age the dying Jacob's keen eye of faith caught a glimpse of that marvelous event; and, catching his inspiration from it, he sweetly sang of the coming Shiloh, who should gather the nations in willing subjection to His government. Seers had predicted, and bards had sung of Him who should be born King. And when the fullness of time had come, there were good old Simeons and Annas awaiting the advent of the Royal Babe, that they might greet Him with a welcome of inspired and holy song. No wonder that the event was heralded to the world by the pæans of angel choirs! The heavenly song was prophetic of the newly inaugurated dispensation, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." It was the sublime beginning—the first notes of the new song that shall never grow old and never have an end.

The advent of the Son of God opened the closed-up fountains of inspired poetry in human souls, by awakening thoughts and feelings too great to find expression in the common parlance of every-day life The announcement of the Redeemer's coming birth, together with the startling fact that she should be His mother, was—at first—embarrassing news to Mary, and—under the circumstances—was exceedingly confusing to her woman's nature; but when she had had time to think, and to meet and confer with her kinswoman, Elizabeth, her devout heart was so touched that it could find expression in no other language than that of a fervid and impassioned song, that is yet preserved as the sublime "Magnificat" of the church. How grandly beautiful was the language of the venerable old poet, who had long waited

for the "consolation of Israel;" and when he—by the aid of the Holy Spirit—recognized and took the Infant Lord in his arms, he said:

> "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart, O Lord,
> According to Thy word in peace,
> For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,
> Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people,
> A light for Revelation to the Gentiles,
> And the glory of Thy people, Israel."

Having briefly traced the history of Psalmody thus far through the Divine records, we confess to a momentary feeling of surprise and disappointment, at finding Scripture so reticent concerning the ability and disposition of Jesus Christ in relation to singing. He must have loved music; for—from all eternity—the heavenly hosts had worshiped Him in sweet, adoring, rapturous song. Then—as the Creator of all things—He filled the universe with music. He evidently loved it, and commanded its use by others; and yet Scripture is almost silent concerning His own use of the sacred art. We have but one brief, unsatisfactory sentence—one glimpse, and that painfully limited: "When they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives." They simply sang the usual Passover psalms, but we are not positively certain whether His voice blended with the rest. Probably it did; it may be that He led them in song, but our curiosity must remain unsatisfied. Knowing, as we do, that God loves and has repeatedly commanded the use of music and song in His service, it is at first thought perplexing that God's own Son is not represented as a singer—that there is not a word concerning either the tone or compass of His voice, or His ability or disposition in the use of music.

But we must not forget that this taciturnity of Scripture does not warrant the inference that Jesus did not sing. The Evangelist John tells us that "there were many other things that Jesus did," than those referred to in the Gospels. It is clear to our mind that singing was one of these. We know from His public utterances that He was a poet, and no great nature has ever been indifferent to the use and influence of song. We are aware that vulgar curiosity protests, concerning these unwritten things, and complains of the inefficiency of Scripture to gratify its longing desires. These curiously critical people murmur that the Evangelists have not depicted the life of the boy Jesus, as seen on the

playground; or the carpenter Jesus, at the bench; or the friend Jesus at the cottage of Bethany. They sometimes express their dissatisfaction with the inspired records, by wishing that some Boswell had given us a life of Jesus. But such people do not realize that if some Boswell had made the attempt, his work would have been an utter failure. Dr. Johnson's extreme egotism and Boswell's extreme servility were so combined, that—in that particular case—it lifted Boswell into fame as a biographer. Under similar circumstances a more sensible man would have written a less interesting book. But Jesus was not an egotist; nor was His life wholly made up of trivial things. No Boswell could have scaled the sublime heights, or fathomed the profound depths of the Lord's nature. Like him whom it portrays, the New Testament biography is, for its purpose, absolutely complete —a very masterpiece of perfection. The Gospels are the most wonderful compositions in existence, because they have successfully used imperfect human language as a means of revealing the infinite God to the finite comprehension of men. They were not written to gratify curiosity, or pander to literary taste; but their object was to manifest an all-sufficient Redeemer for a lost race, and in this they have succeeded. To a thoughtful mind, the omissions in the life of Jesus are often as surprising as the revelations it makes. The silence of Scripture is frequently almost as suggestive as its expressions. We are often amazed by what Jesus did not say and did not do. The wisdom of the Blessed Spirit is sometimes as manifest in the omissions as in the contents of the Divine Book. But there are many who fail to recognize this; and—in the presence of Infinite Wisdom—complain, because the sacred writers fail to gratify a vain curiosity, by filling the holy pages with matters of trivial importance, altogether unbecoming God's gracious purpose in giving the Bible to the world. What would be said of him who would dare to mar the design and spoil the effect of any of the paintings of the grand old Masters, by inserting upon the canvas some puerile conceit of his own? Think of the vandalism of him who would paint in some trifle or change some design in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," or daub a comic caricature among the figures on Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," or shape a modern opera-glass into the hand of Raphael's "St. Catharine." Such ridiculous and mischievous meddlesomeness would call out a protest

loud enough to shake the whole artistic world. In writing the life of Jesus, the Evangelists were engaged upon too grand and sublime a work to permit them to think of gratifying the prurient tastes and irreverent curiosity of sinful men. It may be asked whether the wisdom of God is manifest in omitting to mention anything concerning the Lord's use of music and song. We reply that the omission is doubtless in accordance with the plan of Divine Wisdom. There is an all-wise purpose in what the Bible does not say, as well as in what it does say, though we may not always see the purpose, or be able to assign a satisfactory reason for these silences of Scripture.

Facts will justify the assertion that Jesus did not live in a singing age. It was the period of cold, lifeless formalism. Christian song can only really flourish in a time of real piety and religious prosperity and progress. It would be a misnomer to speak of the religious life of the time when our Lord was upon earth, for religion had lost its vitality, and was nothing more than an effete system of form. There was not sufficient life in the Church to seek outward expression in song. They heard but little music other than the trumpet-peals of proud Pharisees calling attention to their alms-giving. Nor was their political life more propitious. They were no longer a free people; a Roman governor held them in subjection; Roman soldiers paraded their streets, and Roman coin was the currency of their markets. We do not suggest that these depressing influences were a restraint upon the life of the Lord Jesus; but we do say that their deadening influence upon the public mind would be baneful to the study, and practice, and enjoyment of music.

But a much more satisfactory reason, for the silence of the Evangelists concerning the singing of Jesus, may be found in the fact that the ordinary human life of the Lord was extremely simple, in order that He might be an example and guide to the poorest and most illiterate of His followers. The Apostle Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians, speaks of "the simplicity that is in Christ," the simplicity of "the man Christ Jesus." "It behooved Him in all things to be like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest, in things pertaining unto God," and also, that He might be a pattern for the imitation of the weakest of His followers. It would not have been sufficient for Him to have been "like unto" the most skillful and gifted of

His brethren, but the dear Lord condescended to the level of the poor and illiterate. Had the Jesus of the New Testament shone as a singer, and attracted the crowds by the music of His voice, we can readily conceive how some poor, illiterate Christian who could not sing, might feel embarrassed and discouraged, because of his inability to imitate his Lord in that respect.

Probably the chief reason why Scripture is silent concerning the Lord's singing, is that our minds may not be distracted, by the smaller details of His work, from getting a comprehensive survey of the greater grandeur of His achievements as the world's Redeemer. We know not how often or how seldom He sang with His lips, but we *do* know that His whole life was full of sublime harmony. The word *music* meant a great deal more to the ancients than it means to us. To them it embraced all that was beautiful and excellent in both science and art. It is said that Hermes, the old Egyptian divinity, defined music as "the general knowledge of order." In its relation to the life of Christ, we need to widen out the word into its primitive meaning, and make it include all that is beautiful. The life of the Son of God is a perpetual psalm; the grandest and sweetest melody the world has heard. Some gifted souls have written poetry, some have spoken it, others have sung it; but without a single discord the Lord Jesus lived it; and His life is the sublimest epic poem of the ages. Mere lip-singing is often very superficial. You cannot understand the Lord's life by merely glancing over the surface; you must get down into the depth. Outwardly He was always quiet. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard on the street." His mission into the world was to do much more than sing His way through it. Instead of singing it was His to suffer. He came "to seek and save that which was lost." In searching for the lost sheep, the shepherd did not sing in the wilderness or among the mountains; the singing was deferred until he approached the fold with the lost one upon his shoulders. His work was first to save, and the singing would be enjoyed at the proper time. He came "in the greatness of His strength," to sweep aside our hindrances and defeat our enemies; to save us by the sacrifice of Himself. He bore the suffering, that we might enjoy the singing. It is the work of those He saved to celebrate His achievements in song. The English people will never cease to sing of Waterloo, but—on the field—it is probable that Wel-

lington never sang a single note. Grant had more to do than to sing at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, but his victories will ever be commemorated by the songs of the American people. The whole life and work of Jesus moves to blessed heavenly music. The songs of all the universe echo and revolve around the cross of God's beloved Son. The source of Christian song is at the cross; its culmination is at the throne. The Lord Jesus opened the flood-gates of song, and now a river of resounding praise flows through the earth; and from age to age it will increase in volume and power, until its waves shall break in music against the throne of God and of the Lamb. "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

The first specimen of the hymnology of the new dispensation is the song sung by the enthusiastic multitudes on Mount Olivet and through the streets of Jerusalem, on the day when the Redeemer made His public entrance in regal state, to vindicate His claim to kingly authority, and took possession of the city and temple in His own and His Father's name. With our western education and ideas, we find it hard to realize the transcendent importance of the scene; but as we read it we cannot fail to notice that honors sat easily upon Jesus that day. There is nothing that will sooner disconcert and confuse a man than to be made the recipient of unmerited honors. But Jesus received them with a quiet dignity that must have removed all doubts of His kingly character from the minds of His friends. He rode as Jewish kings had always been wont to ride, and honors were paid Him which would have made a mere pretender uneasy. But He gracefully received them as His due, and looked every inch a king. According to the lowest computation there were more than two millions of people in and around Jerusalem that day: people who were crushed down by a government that they especially hated, because it taxed them to the very verge of starvation. Politically they were treated with gross injustice, and religiously they were exposed to the constant insults of their pagan oppressors. These desperate people needed but a leader to arouse them to revolt and violence. But the Lord never sought earthly distinction; His kingdom was not of this world; His was a spiritual realm, and He came as "the Prince of Peace." Their own prophets had predicted the royal titles and kingly character of the

coming Messiah; and whilst they must have noticed His dignified behavior, some of them must have been convinced of the truth of His claims. The popular excitement of the people was intense, as they cast their garments to carpet His way; and their acclamations and plaudits assumed a rhythmical form, and their song was long treasured by the early church as the first Christian hymn, and was frequently sung at their services. It was as follows:

"Give Thou the triumph (O Jehovah) to the Son of David;
Blessed be the kingdom of our father, David,
Now to be restored in the name of Jehovah!
Blessed is He that cometh—the King of Israel—
In the name of Jehovah!
Our peace and salvation (now coming) are from God above!
Praised be He in the highest heavens!
(For sending them by Him, the Son of David),
From the highest heavens, send Thou now, salvation."

CHAPTER V.

PSALMODY IN THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

"The Apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song;
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

The holy Church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of Eternity."

The Christian Church has ever been the legitimate home of music, and religion has been its constant and faithful patron. Its divine mission can only be successfully accomplished by its devotion to the grand designs of its Creator. The moment that it is degraded to sensual or sordid purposes it loses its harmony, and, becoming discordant, is unworthy of the name it bears. Its proper work is to elevate men by bringing them into blessed accord with their Creator, and this can only be done by adopting the methods and developing the plans of Divine revelation. It is as the hand-maiden of religion that music can do its best and greatest work in assisting the devotions, expressing the experiences, and bearing up to God the praises of those who love Him. The clear, unwavering testimony of history proves that music is indebted to the Church of Christ for much of its beauty and grace, its development and prestige. As its creator, God is its source; as its patron, God must be its end. We have no disposition to combat the traditions of the ancient world concerning the invention of music. We know that the honor is alike misplaced whether it be given to the ancient Hermes of the Egyptians, or to either the Mercury, or the Classic Nine of the Greeks. Recognizing God as the author of all charming and delightful things, our minds are clear as to the origin of music. Being Divine in

its origin it cannot long be the companion of sin, because sin will inevitably rush into conditions where music cannot follow it. Sin steadily and persistently tends to death, and in its dark prison-house music is unknown. Death will take all the music out of an unrepentant sinner's life, and to such an one in eternity melody will be no more heard. Heaven will eventually gather all music to itself. Meanwhile, in this world music can only find her proper sphere in God's service, and her abiding home in God's Church.

If we would find psalmody in the early Apostolic Church we must first know where to find the church. We must not search among the proud dominant party, who arrogantly claimed their exclusive right to that distinction, but we must find the few, poor, persecuted followers of the Nazarene, who, after their Leader's death, were as sheep without a shepherd's care. This despised and afflicted band constituted a church, but it was unpopular; the proud ecclesiastics frowned upon it, the Pharisees sneered at it, the priests hated it, the rabbis despised it. They had no venerable or elaborate ecclesiastical building in which to hold their meetings, and a stranger would probably have been bewildered in his search. In imagination we will visit the church at a place and under circumstances most interesting and memorable. We will ascend Mount Olivet—and passing Gethsemane—follow the ordinary road until we pass the crest of the hill, and there we find the sorrowful yet joyful, the defeated yet triumphant, the forsaken yet more than ever cared for, the despised yet most distinguished and honored church of the Lord Jesus Christ. No human pen can describe the eventful scene! Their eyes sparkling, their faces radiant, their hearts throbbing, they lift sorrowful glances to the skies, and then look around upon each other with joyful awe—with a feeling that may be experienced but cannot be described. Their dear Lord had just taken His triumphant departure from them, and they had watched

> "The Conqueror mount in triumph!
> Seen the King in royal state,
> Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
> To His heavenly palace gate!"

He had left them while blessing them, but He left the blessing with them. He went away in benedictions; departed in His royal chariot, showering blessings upon them as He went. Watching

Him rise, they saw His hands stretched toward them, His face looking upon them to the last. They must have realized that the majestic ascension was in keeping with His kingly grace. No other way could have been so fitting for the Lord to have gone. They watched and worshiped until He disappeared, and then—when He had gone—they turned their eyes toward each other, and became conscious that they were not alone. Two strangers stood among them, "men in white apparel;" men with beautiful faces and gentle, kindly behavior, whose appearance proved them inhabitants of a nobler world than this. The men were angels, but their presence did not disconcert or dismay these disciples. The sight of their ascending Lord had prepared them to look upon angels without trepidation or alarm. The fellowship of angels did not seem inappropriate or out of place then; instead of alarming, the angels comforted them and confirmed their faith. Their message was forever afterwards a solace, not only to the disciples, but to the whole church. "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." He went showering blessings upon them! How will He come? "He will *so* come in *like* manner." That was how Jesus left; that is how Jesus will return!

Music in the church! Why, their hearts were full of it! Celestial harmonies rolled through their souls! No wonder that they "returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." From that time they lived in an atmosphere of praise, until Pentecostal glories blazed around and upon them, and tongues of fire sat upon their heads, and the Holy Spirit filled their hearts and opened their lips; and the wondering multitudes looked upon them, and were "amazed at the mighty power of God."

As we pass down through early church history, as recorded in "The Acts of the Apostles," the next notes of psalmody that come to us are those that—at the dark midnight hour—echoed through the gloomy old jail at Philippi. Two innocent, defenseless men, who, having been shamefully and outrageously abused and beaten by a lawless, frantic mob on the streets, were—by order of the officials, and in the name of Roman justice—tied to the whipping-post, and having been cruelly flogged, were then thrust into a cold, dark, loathsome, inner dungeon of the prison;

and their bleeding, swollen limbs being made fast in the stocks, they were left to live or die, no one caring which it might be. There in torture and weakness, in exhaustion and hunger, the tedious hours passed, until at midnight they made a strange noise, which, reaching the ears of their fellow prisoners, filled them with astonishment. It was not the oft-heard sound of sobs and groans, cries and shrieks, wailings and lamentations; but it was the strange notes of cheerful Christian song to which they listened. Song is usually the expression of joy, and joy is supposed to be the companion of comfort. But how could joy find its way into that comfortless place? Well, it did find its way there! There was a secret entrance into the thick-walled old prison that the officials knew nothing of. There was a friend who passed the guard unseen, and visited those prisoners in the inner dungeon, for bolts and bars could not fasten him from access to them. There was a healing balm that relieved them, a tender hand that soothed their irritated nerves and eased their aching heads; there was a genial face that was full of sympathy, and a kind voice that whispered, "It is I, be not afraid;" and listening to that voice, and looking into that face, they forget their sufferings, and joy flowed into their souls and forced them into song. As the revised version has it: "Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them." The glad notes of Christian song had never before echoed through the corridors of the grim old jail. "God their maker gave them songs in the night." "As the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so their consolations also abounded by Christ."

These witnesses for Jesus were among the first to feel the cruel force of Rome's imperial might. True, it was not direct, but it was a bitter foretaste of the terrible persecution that followed. But God honored them by enabling them to realize and manifest a superior spiritual power—stronger than Roman despotism—that caused them to triumph over suffering and to rejoice in tribulation. Their faith asserted its freedom, and the loathsome inner prison was made so gladsome with the Divine Presence that their overflowing joy sought expression in song. Undoubtedly there is sweet music in heaven, but some of us think that the sweetest songs that ever reached the ear of God were sung by suffering saints upon earth. Angels and redeemed souls in glory-land are so perfectly happy that they can do no other

than sing God's praises. But when sufferers "sing hymns to God" from the stocks "in inner prisons," from the stakes and scaffolds of martyrdom, from beds of suffering and scenes of bereavement, it seems to us that the heavenly choirs are hushed to silence, that the sweet songs of faith and love might undilutedly reach the ear of God. God's best singers are educated in the school of suffering. Dr. Talmage says: "The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujahs of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places and gave sumptuous entertainments, but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the off-scouring of the earth will sing it. The hallelujahs will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies."

That the service of song was sustained in the Apostolic Church we know from the inspired epistles. The Ephesians are enjoined to speak to themselves "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God." The Colossians are instructed to "admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." The writers of the epistles give quotations selected from some of the hymns used in the early church. The sixteenth verse of the first chapter of First Timothy is believed by the best authorities to be part of an ancient hymn. The same is true of the eleventh and twelfth verses of second chapter of Second Timothy, and also of the fourteenth verse of fifth chapter of Ephesians.

But the early Christians not only used psalmody in the church; they used it wherever they were. It was a sacred stream that flowed through their whole lives; in their private devotions, at their family worship, in their social gatherings, as well as in the public services of God's house, the privilege of singing God's praises was esteemed by them as a perpetual delight. "Songs dedicated to the praise of God," says Jamieson, "formed their pastime in private, and their favorite recreation at their family and friendly meetings." Another writer says that "the early Christians spent whole days and nights in psalmody." They celebrated the Lord's Supper by singing hymns while the emblems were being distributed. In their public services the whole people united in the singing. Clement of Alexandria, who wrote early

in the third century, says: "Men, women and children join in the psalmody of the church, and the sound of their united voices is like the waves beating upon the sea-shore." Chrysostom wrote: "The young and old, the rich and poor, male and female, all join in one song. All worldly distinctions here cease, and all join in singing and form one general chorus." They carefully taught their children to sing, not merely as a pleasing accomplishment, but that they might have the truth kept before their minds and treasured in their memories. Undoubtedly it was largely by means of enthusiastic Christian song that the Gospel had such "free course and was glorified" in the gracious accomplishment of its purposes. To praise the Lord was the great end of their existence. For them "to live was Christ." "Whether they ate, or whether they drank, or whatsoever they did, they did all to the glory of God." To use another Scripture: "They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."

The inspired writings are closed and forever sealed by the wonderful apocalyptic visions of St. John. It is a marvelous book, as the story of the unfoldings of God's providences and purposes must necessarily be. In its vast panorama all the events and influences of the moral world are made to pass and repass before our astonished sight; and—as we look—we are appalled by its rugged grandeur. We cannot climb its dizzy heights; we shrink back in alarm and dismay from its awful depths. The book is so full of God that the effulgence of the Divine glory blinds our eyes. None but God can

> "Vindicate eternal providence
> And justify the ways of God to men."

The gorgeous imagery of the book is majestically sublime, and its magnificent music is proportionately grand. It is not the gentle tones of evening bells, borne from afar on zephyrs' balmy breath; nor the murmur of Æolian harps moved by the night-wind into music low and sweet; nor the low cadence of maiden's song that steals through the moonlit air, that is heard in the Book of Revelation. There every note is a trumpet blast; every voice is as the sound of many waters; every song is as the noise of mighty thunderings. We hear the sublime song of God's majesty and sovereignty as it was sung before the eternal throne: "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was and is, and is to come," followed by the refrain of the elders, who,

"Laying down their golden crowns
Beside the glassy sea,"

sang "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power." We listen to the overwhelmingly grand new song of redemption, as sung by the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands: "Worthy the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom, and strength and honor and glory." Then we hear the pealing notes of the "multitude that no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues," who sang: "Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." And as we wait and wonder, we catch the tones of "the harpers harping with their harps," and the victors on the crystal sea burst into glad triumphant song, "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb," saying: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints." The closing piece of the heavenly concert is the great universal song of praise—the Bridal Song of the church—which was sung by a great multitude, and sounded as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders: "Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor unto Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." Grand finale to the songs of the Bible! Let us raise our voices and join the chorus: "Alleluia! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

Thank God that the Bible ends in music—that above all the din of earthly confusion, and the discords of human ambition and passion, is heard the soul-stirring songs of triumph, the glad pæans of final victory. So shall the lives of those who love the Bible end in music. The true life beyond the shadows will be music. Heaven is song; Scripture is very emphatic about that. Heaven is music and song; no discord there; no defeat there; no sin there. We will all be sweet singers in glory-land—a song for every tongue, a harp for every hand—heart, and hand, and tongue in unison in praising Him we love.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

CHAPTER VI.

PSALMODY IN THE EARLY PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

"Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Give praises to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown and the throne;
The church thro' all ages has raised the glad psalm
Of glory, and honor, and praise to the Lamb."

Primitive Christianity is a delightful theme! We love to study its history so far as it is recorded in "The Acts of the Apostles." We do not speak of the first century as "the golden age," because "pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father" is "golden" in any age. Nevertheless, it was "a golden age." The peculiar charm of primitive Christianity was its simple reality. The men who had seen and known the Lord were the leaders of the religious thought and activities of the time, and their faith was founded upon well-established facts. As a consequence, Christianity was then believed and loved and lived. The actual death and burial of the Lord Jesus was the keynote of all religious teaching, and the church was never so prosperous as when it possessed and preached and practiced primitive Christianity.

Since then it has tried several kinds of so-called Christianity, but the changes have been very disastrous. In the third century Christianity was diluted with Platonic philosophy, until it assumed the dangerous consistency of a gross materialism. Afterwards the church tried what—for want of a better name—we will call controversial Christianity: when, instead of serving a living Christ, they spent their time in wrangling over a dead creed; and, dividing themselves into opposing partisans, fiercely contend-

ing concerning subtile questions that could only engender strife. This was followed by what we will call a political Christianity, that clothed the church "in purple and fine linen;" and, so far as this world went, she "fared sumptuously every day." The crown of imperialism was placed upon her head, and the men who sought place and power cringed at her feet. She built for herself magnificent temples, and decked her altars with gold and costly gems. But, as in letters of fire, "the Man of Nazareth" wrote "Ichabod" over it all, and withdrew His presence from the churches. Then came ecclesiastical Christianity, when, instead of a cross in the heart, men wore it on their sleeve, and had it embroidered in their costly robes. The vitality of religion was gone. What was known as Christianity was but a mere lifeless automaton; a puppet that only moved as the priest pulled the string. Her hands were filled with trinkets and dead men's bones, with which it was vainly hoped that a dead world would be touched into vitality. The gorgeously dressed priests, who had grown wealthy by trickery, so thronged the churches that God had no room to get within the doors. All this mummery has been superseded by fashionable Christianity, that loudly boasts of its charity and common sense and good taste, as seen in its attempts to blend the church and the world into an unholy alliance. All the necessary concessions to the unnatural union are demanded of the church, as the price to be paid for the world's countenance and toleration. The church is asked to lay her standard upon the ground, for unhallowed feet to tread it into the dust or the mire. But after all its boastfulness, this kind of Christianity has not done much for the world; certainly not enough to gain its respect. Its churches boast of their broad charity, and wrest Scripture from its original meaning in talking of "being all things to all men." But anything bearing the name of Christianity cuts but a sorry and ridiculous figure in the ball-room or the theatre.

O for primitive Christianity once more! What a powerful thing it was in the olden time! What crowds it drew to the preaching! What multitudes from all parts of the world were converted at Pentecost! How successful it made Philip in Samaria! How it spread over Asia Minor! How speedily it made itself a recognized power in Rome, gaining converts even in the imperial palace! What a hold it had upon men's hearts! How those Christians loved each other! How faithful they were to

Christian duty, and how zealously they attended to all the forms and observances of the religious life! We sometimes meet with people who contend that our religious liberty has superseded the use of forms, which are no longer obligatory. Their dread of being formalists frightens them from the use of forms. It would be as reasonable to permit a dread of gluttony to frighten them from eating. A formless religion is but an unsubstantial phantom. During the creative process the "earth was without form and void." A piety without form would be in a similar condition. The members of the early church attended to the forms of religion. Every morning before break of day they met for prayer and praise. At their meals they were accustomed to sing and pray. Four times a day the voice of praise was heard in their habitations. They carried the spirit of thankfulness to their work, and praised God amid their daily duties. Jerome, who lived in the second century, wrote: "Here, rustic though we are, we are all Christians. Psalms alone break the pervading stillness. The ploughman is singing hallelujahs while he turns his furrow; the reaper solaces his toil with hymns; the vineyard-dresser, as he prunes his vines, chants something from the strains of David. These are our songs, and such the notes with which our love is vocal." They excelled in the holy art of praise, and realized with the Psalmist that "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High! To shew forth Thy lovingkindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised. Let all people, both young men and maidens, old men, and children, let them praise the name of the Lord."

An ancient hymn sung in the early church at the lighting of the evening lamps has been passed down the centuries to our own time, and is still used in the daily service of the Greek Church. It was originally written in Greek, by some unknown author. Basil the Great copied it into his own works, and so it has been preserved until now. Basil believed it to have been used by the church as early as fifty years after the crucifixion of our Lord, and several years before the Apocalypse was written, so that it is probable that the Apostle John may often have joined in singing it in the religious services of his day. It is undoubtedly the oldest metrical hymn extant. We give it in its translated form:

"Hail, Jesus Christ, hail, glad-lening light
Of the Immortal Father's glory bright!
Blessed of all saints beneath the sky,
And of the heavenly company.

Now, while the sun is setting,
Now, while the light grows dim,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
We raise our evening hymn.

Worthy Thou while time shall dure,
To be hymned by voices pure;
Son of God, of life the giver,
Thee the world shall praise for ever."

When we remember that this hymn is eighteen hundred years old, and then think of the vast and still rapidly extending kingdom of Christ, it is not difficult to realize that "Thee the world shall praise for ever."

Of course a mere literal and verbal translation of any of these old hymns would leave them altogether unfit for use in our day. We will give a literal translation of the above ancient hymn, as made by the celebrated Bishop Andrews and found in his prayer-book after his death, in this form:

"O joyful light
Of the glory of the Father,
Immortal, Heavenly, Holy, Blessed
Jesus Christ.
Beholding the evening light,
We glorify
The Father, and the Son,
And the Holy Spirit of God.
Worthy Thou in all seasons,
With sacred voices to be hymned,
Son of God,
Giver of hope,
Wherefore the world glorifieth Thee."

Probably the oldest Christian hymn now in use is Dr. Dexter's translation of the hymn of Titus Flavius Clemens, from the original Greek. It is found in most modern hymnals, the first verse reading as follows:

"Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways—
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise."

Clemens, or, as usually called, Clement, was a Christian philosopher, the story of whose life is interesting. He was born about one hundred and twenty years after the crucifixion of the Lord. It is uncertain whether he was a native of Greece or of Egypt—of Athens or of Alexandria. When a young man, his passionate thirst for knowledge led him to visit and study in all the celebrated schools of the time. He studied Greek philosophy in Athens, after which he visited Italy and Syria in search of knowledge. From thence he made his way to Egypt, and entering the famous school of Alexandria as a student of philosophy, he found himself under the tuition of Pantanus, the president of the school, who also occupied the chair of philosophy. The professor soon grew interested in the enthusiastic young student, and a mutual attachment soon sprang up between them. This friendship proved to be an inestimable blessing to the younger man, because Pantanus was not only a philosopher, but he had been educated in the school of Christ and had become "wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus." Clement's hunger and thirst for knowledge was so intense that philosophy could not satisfy his desires. But when Pantanus began to unfold the truth of God's holy word to his mind, pointing out the evil of sin, the depravity of human nature, the atonement of Christ, and the way of salvation, it was just the truth for which Clement's soul had long yearned, and the delighted young philosopher gladly accepted Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour, and became a consecrated Christian who delighted to lay all his vast stores of learning down at the feet of his beloved Lord. Christ became his all in all, and was to him a sufficient and satisfying portion. Pantanus was converted through the instrumentality of Polycarp, who was a convert and friend of the Apostle John at Ephesus. Speaking of his teacher, Clement says: "Pantanus was a bee who gathered honey from the flowers of prophetic and apostolic fields, and filled the minds of his pupils with the true knowledge. He had received the true doctrine of the blessed Gospel in a straight succession from the Apostles themselves, seeing he was educated by Polycarp, who was a disciple and fellow-laborer with the Apostle John at Ephesus." This makes the hymn especially interesting, by proving it to be almost an echo from apostolic lips. What a wonderful history must have, if it could be written!

Clement was the author of several important books, three of

which are yet extant, and are published as they are called for. They are entitled: "The Instructor," "Exhortation to the Heathen," and his "Miscellanies." His books abound in quotations from old Greek authors, gems of thought gathered from the literature of his time. We select the following sentences: "A noble hymn of God is an immortal man, established in righteousness." "Let the Athenian follow the laws of Solon, the Argive those of Phoroneus, the Spartan those of Lycurgus; but if you enroll yourself among the citizens of God, heaven is your country, and God your lawgiver." "Let us strip for the contest and nobly strive in the arena of truth, the Holy Word being the judge, and the Lord of the universe prescribing the contest." After the death of Pantanus, Clement assumed his duties as president of the school of Alexandria. During the persecution under Severus he was compelled to leave his charge. In the year A. D. 211 he was sent by the church at Jerusalem to carry a message to the brethren at Antioch. Alexander, one of his former pupils, introduced him to the church at Antioch as "the blessed presbyter, a man virtuous and tried, whom ye know and will come to know completely; who, being here by the providence and guidance of the Ruler of all, strengthened and increased the church of the Lord." We give a word for word rendering of his hymn, as translated by the Rev. George A. Jackson and published in his "Fathers of the Third Century."

"Bridle of colts unbroken; wing of birds unwandering;
Helm of ships trusty; shepherd of lambs royal!
Thy simple children assemble
To praise holily, to hymn guilelessly, with innocent mouths
The children's Leader, Christ.

O King of Saints; word all subduing,
Of the Father most high; of wisdom thou Ruler;
Support of sorrows, rejoicing in eternity;
Of the human race, thou Saviour, Jesus:

Shepherd, Husbandman, Helm, Bridle,
Wing celestial of the all-holy flock;
Fisher of men who are saved
From billows hateful, of a sea of evil;
Fishes chaste with sweet life enticing;
Be thou Leader of sheep rational, thou Shepherd.

O Holy One, be the Leader—O King of children unharmed
In the footsteps of Christ; O way celestial;

Word everlasting; Age unapproachable; Light eternal;
Of mercy thou Fountain; Doer of righteousness;
Sweet the life of the God-hymning, O Christ Jesus.

O Milk celestial, of the breasts enchanting
Of the Bride's graces, by wisdom Thine own pressed out!
Babes with tender mouths, nourished by breast intellectual,
With spirit dewy filled full;
Praises simple, hymns sincere, to the King, Christ.

As a fee approved, for life's teachings
Let us sing together, let us sing with simplicity
The Child who is mighty—
A choir of peace; the Christ begotten;
A people chaste; chant we together the God of Peace."

This too literal rendering is of course so rough and uncouth that it is sometimes hard to discover the sense. In its original Greek it is very different. But we give this word for word rendering, that the English reader may have a clearer idea of the hymn-translator's work and worth.

We will close this chapter by a quotation from another Greek author, "Basil the Great," to whom we have already alluded as the preserver of the ancient evening hymn. Basil was born about a century after the death of Clement. He was the great Christian orator of the early church; some of his sermons are yet extant, and while reading his direct appeals to the conscience, so pointed, so impassioned, so evangelical, we are compelled to regard him as the Spurgeon of the fourth century. We simply give his description of the influence of psalmody, as he saw it in his day. "Psalmody is the calm of the soul, the repose of the spirit, the arbiter of peace. It silences the waves and conciliates the whirlwind of our passions, soothing the impetuous, tempering the unchaste. It is an engenderer of friendship, a healer of dissension, a reconciler of enemies. For who can count him an enemy, with whom he hath raised the strain of praise to the throne of God? Psalmody repels the demons and allures the angels; is a weapon of defense in nightly terrors, a respite from daily toil. To woman it is a congenial ornament, to manhood a crown of glory, a presiding genius to childhood, a balm of comfort to old age."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF PSALMODY IN THE WESTERN CHURCH.

Arba—thy father gone—the days passed wearily,
And only broken rest could night impart;
Lonesome thy morning hours, and drearily
The evening shades brought sadness to thy heart.

Though forced away, his love had not been cloven
By persecution's hand; a letter you received,
Containing hymns which his own heart had woven
From warp and woof of what he suffered and believed.

Those precious hymns a double love expressed:
First, love to God; and then, affection for his child;
In writing them, his aching heart found rest.
In singing them, you weary hours beguiled.

Of course you sang them; your sweet voice ringing
Through the sad home, awakening tenderest feeling;
O Arba, ne'er forgotten girl, thy singing
Comes sweetly down to us, thro' centuries pealing.

Hilary was the father of Western hymnology. He wrote the first Latin hymns, and composed tunes to which they were sung, and to him belongs the honor of preparing the first Christian hymn-book in the Western Church. He was born in the French city of Poitiers in the year A. D. 305, and died in the same place in A. D. 367. So far as this world was concerned, his parents were in comfortable circumstances; as to another world, they knew nothing more than the misleading superstitions and absurdities of heathenism. Hilary was well educated, and—during his early manhood—began to study the Old Testament Scriptures, which in some way had come within his reach. It has become proverbial that "the entrance of God's Word giveth light." It was so in his case, and the mists of heathenism rolled away before the clear light of Divine truth. He had been married for many years when the change took place, and the Lord was graciously pleased to make him instrumental in the salvation of his wife and daughter, so that the whole family were baptized upon the same

day. Being a bright, well-informed, conscientious man, he always enjoyed the confidence and hearty respect of his fellow citizens; but after his conversion, his life was so uniformly consistent that he not only gained the esteem, but won the affectionate regard of his brethren in the church. This was abundantly proven by the fact that when the Bishop of Poitiers died, in A. D. 351, Hilary was unanimously called to the vacant See, a position he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of those who gave him the appointment. Of course, this was somewhat irregular, because the clergy of that day were usually celibates; and the fact of his appointment to a dignified ecclesiastical position, in spite of his being a husband and father, proves the deep respect and love of the people toward him. He was called to a difficult field of labor, for the church was bitterly divided by the Arian heresy, and, as is often the case, error was sustained by the wealthy and popular party. The court party were Arians, and having, by his inflexible fidelity to truth, provoked their displeasure, he was imprisoned and sent into exile. He had been true to his Bible and his conscience, and was called to suffer the consequences. During his exile he visited many of the Eastern churches, and, being especially delighted with their singing, he translated many of the Greek hymns, to which he added by compositions of his own. Two of these hymns he enclosed in a letter and sent home to his daughter Arba.

Arba was a sweet, dutiful, conscientious Christian girl, who devotedly loved her persecuted father, and evinced the deepest interest in all that concerned his important work. A letter she wrote him is yet in existence, which shows her to have been all that we have said. One of the hymns he sent is yet known; the other has, unfortunately, been lost. We can easily imagine the daughter of the persecuted Bishop solacing her own heartache by singing those hymns, which were the outbreathings of her beloved father's faith in God. It is not a mere fanciful theory to suggest that whilst Hilary wrote the first Latin hymns, Arba was the first hymn-singer in the Western Church. We sometimes think that nothing can be so precious to God as sweet, consecrated girlhood. Arba shall "be held in everlasting remembrance." In A. D. 359 Hilary laid his case before a convocation of Bishops at Seleucia, and received permission to return to his diocese and resume work. After that, he continued to translate and to write original hymns,

which he collected into a Hymnarium—the first hymn-book of the Western Church—which, most unfortunately, has been lost. The Romish Church has been a little slow and chary in showering her honors upon Hilary. His opinions are said to have been somewhat too liberal to meet her cordial approval. After waiting a considerable time, he was made a Doctor of the Church; but some men not half so good as he have been canonized and made saints. Hilary has been made a D. D., but that honor was not conferred during his life, and not until a good while after his death. He had been dead about fourteen hundred and eighty-four years, when, in 1851, Pius the Ninth gave permission for him to be known as the Rev. Doctor Hilary. Whether the long delay tried the Bishop's patience, we have no means of knowing, but we think not. Dr. Hilary can now wear his title, and console himself with the thought that the calm deliberation of the church, during those fifteen centuries, is an assurance that their final action was not the result of rash impulse, and, therefore, not likely to have been an error of judgment.

Six years after the death of Hilary, Auxentius, the Arian Bishop of Milan, died, and left that See vacant. The orthodox party determined that they would not tolerate another Arian Bishop; whilst the Arians, of course, were just as determined to appoint one of their own party. When the day of election came, the church at Milan was the scene of bitter and unhallowed contention. Both parties were about equal, and both afraid of each other. As the hours passed, the strife grew fierce, until the authorities were alarmed and apprehensive of deeds of violence. When the excitement and noise was at its worst, a loud, clear, firm voice was heard above the din, and the populace became aware that the Consular Prefect of their district was speaking to them. He was a man who had filled the important position he occupied to the satisfaction of all concerned. His liberal and generous administration had won him the hearty respect of the entire community, and this fact enabled him to gain a hearing. He stood before them, perfectly calm and self-possessed, and his dignified manner so influenced them that a wave of his hand was sufficient to hush them into perfect quietness. He reminded them that angry demonstrations on either side were signs of weakness, and urged them to proceed with the election in a manner becoming intelligent and Christian people, and in a spirit

becoming the place in which they were assembled. While he was addressing them, a sweet, clear voice—some said a child's; the superstitious said an angel's—cried, "Let Ambrose be the Bishop." That cry so harmonized with the popular feeling that it was like a spark upon gunpowder. The suggestion was met by a wild, enthusiastic burst of applause. Both parties took up the cry, while the astonished Ambrose vainly tried to protest against the popular will; but even he could not then get a hearing for that purpose. His calm demeanor was no longer apparent, and the excitement was then upon his side. At the first chance of escape, he fled from the city; but his pursuers brought him back, and the strange event of a comparatively young man being taken from a secular office and at once raised to a high pinnacle of ecclesiastical power was that day transferred to history. Best of all, the people never regretted their choice, for he discharged the duties of his high office with ability and fidelity.

Ambrose was the first of an illustrious line of hymn-writers, who were indebted for their success to the earnest prayers of their God-fearing mothers. In his early boyhood his father died, and he owed all he was to his beloved Christian mother. A story of his infancy has come down to us. There is an old saying that some persons are "born with silver spoons in their mouths;" but that is not true of all, for many of us had to come into the world without even a plated article. We are not sure that Ambrose was born with the traditional spoon; but—while lying in his cradle—the baby received a fortunate omen that greatly impressed the minds of some of his friends. A swarm of bees settled upon the slumbering child without stinging him, and his father remembered that a similar thing occurred to the infant Plato, and he regarded the augury as a most propitious one. After his father's death, his mother carefully attended to her son's education, and he pursued his studies with such success that when a very young man he was regarded as one of the most eloquent pleaders at the legal bar.

Had the people of Northern Italy in those days used a diction as clear and expressive as our own, they would have thrown up their hats and cheered three times three because of the success of the "dark horse" of the election. Such events have their moral, and furnish material for sober reflection. This is a world of uncertainty. We never know "what a day may bring forth." It

is well for us to be prepared to meet the emergencies of life with calm fortitude. Should the world suddenly force its honors and wealth upon us, let us meet our fate unflinchingly and show by our uncomplaining fortitude that heroism is not all dead.

In his bishopric, Ambrose retained his popularity, although he was a man of principle, and not a creature of policy. He did not attempt a neutral position between the two parties, but boldly took the orthodox side; and this brought him into conflict with the great heresy of his age, and made him especially obnoxious to the Empress Justina. After he had held his office for some years, she applied to him for two of the city churches, for the use of two of her favorite Arian preachers. Ambrose, regarding himself as the guardian both of the temporal and spiritual interests of the church, boldly refused to "give up the temples of the Lord into the hands of heretics." The angry Empress threatened him; but he met her threats with a noble reply: "If you demand my person, I am ready to submit; you may send me to prison or to death, and I will not resist; but I will never betray the church of the Lord Jesus. If you arrest me, I will not call upon the people to succor me, but I will die at the foot of the altar rather than desert it." She ordered his arrest, and—according to the custom of the time—he found shelter from persecution in the church. His kind-hearted people would not permit him to stay there alone, but day and night they gathered to him, and hymns and prayers were the wings upon which the hours flew swiftly by. Ambrose had written many hymns, and these, together with the hymns of Hilary, were sung frequently during those months of trial. Among those who sympathized with and sustained the persecuted pastor was Monica, the mother of Augustine. Patricius, her husband, was not a Christian; and Augustine, her noble boy, had grown to manhood and was leading a vicious, sensual life: and his mother's heart yearned for his salvation. He was a gifted, brilliant young man, who was then giving a course of lectures in the city, which delighted those who heard them. Years before, she had given her boy to the Lord as the most precious offering she could make. During this period of persecution, he often went to the church to see her, and greatly enjoyed the singing he heard there. Ambrose, the good Bishop, loved music, and had labored hard to develop the psalmody of his church. That mother persistently pleaded with God for the salvation of her son, and God

used the sweet songs of the church as a means of answering her prayers. Some considerable time afterward, Augustine openly confessed his sins, and accepted his mother's Saviour as his Saviour, but he traced his impressions back to the time when he heard the singing in the church. Speaking of his conversion, he said: "The practice of singing had been of no long standing at Milan. It began about the year that Justina began to persecute Ambrose. The pious people watched in the church, prepared to die with their pastor if need be. There, in watching and praying, my mother sustained an eminent part. Hymns were sung to preserve the people from weariness, and by the sweetness of these hymns I was moved to tears. As the voices flowed into my ears, the truth distilled into my heart until it overflowed with divine affection, and I was happy." It was not a case of instantaneous conversion, however. It was a long struggle against sinful habits which bound him as if with chains of steel. But at last God gave him the victory; his mother's prayers were answered, and "the mighty, the stupendous Augustine," was given to the church as one of the great leaders of God's hosts. Soon after his baptism, his mother was taken to heaven. One evening he stood by her side, when she said: "Augustine, I have no clinging to life. It was your conversion alone for which I wished to live, and now God has given me this, there is no more for me to do here." In less than two weeks from that time she was "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." But the death of his mother was a sore trial to Augustine; yet even then the hymns of Ambrose were a great source of comfort to him. He says: "I slept, and woke up again, and found my grief not a little softened; and as I was alone in my bed, I remembered those true verses of Thy Ambrose. For Thou art the—

'Maker of all, the Lord
And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that sink and cower,
And sorrows be subdued.'"

Augustine was soon ordained to the ministry, and became Bishop of Hippo in Africa, where he ended a life of consecrated service in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His published works

are yet read with profit, and rank very high in patristic literature.

Bishop Ambrose was the great hymn-writer of the Western Church. At the fourth council of Toledo it was decreed that "Hilary of Poitiers and Ambrose of Milan be recognized and honored as the great fathers of Christian song in the Western Church, and that their hymns be sanctioned and commended." Several of Ambrose's hymns are yet doing service in the church. Perhaps the best known is:

"O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne,
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in Thee."

We are not attempting a history of psalmody. That must be the work of some abler hand than ours. We only intend to invite attention to this interesting theme by sketching the history of a few prominent hymn-writers, and that only so far as is needed to illustrate their work as hymnists.

We must now leave Italy, and turn our attention to Ancient Gaul. May we not venture to use its modern name, and call it France? Our story has to do with the Merovingian or German dynasty of Frankish kings. Clovis, the first king of the Franks, was a heathen warrior. His name was an old German one which meant "famous warrior;" translated into French it would be Louis, and doubtless the seventeen kings of France who bore that name took it from Clovis, the old German king of the Franks. One of the wisest acts of his life was his marriage with Clotilda, a daughter of the king of Burgundy. His wife was a child of sorrow; for her father, mother and brothers had been cruelly murdered by her uncle during her childhood. Probably these sufferings were the means of drawing her nearer to her Lord, for Clotilda was a Christian lady. At the time of her marriage, her husband was a heathen. He could not, however, have placed great confidence in his idol gods; for, while fighting a great battle in which he was hardly pressed, he began to pray to his wife's God, invoking His aid in the conflict, and promising that if victory crowned his arms, he would abandon idolatry and become a Christian. The enemy was routed, and Clovis declared himself a

BAPTISM OF CLOVIS AT OUR LADY OF RHEIMS, 25th DECEMBER, 496.

follower of Christ. What kind of Christian he became may be left to conjecture; but Christianity was afterwards the recognized religion of the court. Clovis was greatly interested in music, and sent to Italy for a musician. William du Peyrat had access to the archives of the chapel of the kings of France, and from an old manuscript has furnished a description of the arrival of the musician, together with an instrumental performer, at Clovis' court. "Clovis' priests and singers formed themselves after his style, and sang with great sweetness, and also learned to perform on various instruments; and the great monarch used them ever after at Divine service, which practice was continued by all his successors; so that music was much used at the courts of our first sovereigns."

At his death, Clovis was succeeded by his son Clotaire, the details of whose life and reign are not necessary to our purpose. Suffice it to say that he made war upon a district now known as Upper Saxony, where he was victorious; and he returned home to France with the spoils of the war. The most precious of these was a dear little interesting girl of twelve years of age, the daughter of Berthar, a prince of the conquered country. The little captive's name was Radegunda. It must have been a fearful trial for her to be removed from the care of those who loved her, and placed among a people of strange habits and strange language. Her lot was a hard one, and all she could do was to call upon the heathen gods which she had been taught to worship. But she made the best of her life, and conducted herself so as to gain the hearty respect of those around her; and her captivity proved a blessing, because it brought her in contact with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, whose name she had never heard in her own land. She soon grew interested, and learned to read the Bible in the Latin tongue; and it pleased God, by His Holy Spirit, to open her eyes to her lost condition, and to lead her to accept Christ as her all-sufficient Saviour. During her girlhood she became a general favorite in Clotaire's palace. She carefully attended to the improvement of her mind, was conscientious in all she did, and so developed into a beautiful womanhood. Then came her time of trial. The king, who had brought her from her own land as a prisoner of war, became passionately in love with her, and entreated her to be his wife and queen. This was much against her mind, for she had long resolved to spend her life in some

nunnery in religious seclusion. But Clotaire was so earnest and persistent in urging his plea that, after a long time, she gave a reluctant consent. But that consent was a serious mistake, and, under such circumstances, she ought not to have married. They lived together, but she was not happy, and her husband complained that "he had married a nun, rather than a queen." After a few years she obtained his consent to separate from him, and was ordained a deaconess of the church. Then she founded a monastery at Poitiers, which from her great wealth she very richly endowed, and there she spent the remainder of her life. She was passionately fond of music, and carefully developed the psalmody of the monastery. She wrote many of the hymns which were sung in the daily services; and thus the little heathen captive became a celebrated hymn-writer in the Western Church.

It was an age when there was much real piety mixed with much gross superstition. A few years before the monastery was ready to be devoted to sacred uses, the Empress Helena had startled the world by declaring that, under Divine direction, she had found the true cross. All the cathedral churches and religious houses were wild with excitement and extremely anxious to obtain at least a small piece of the much-coveted wood. At an enormous cost Radegunda secured a portion for her monastery, and the day upon which it was to be transported thither was anticipated with much concern.

Just then a stranger called at the monastery and asked an audience with Queen Radegunda. He introduced himself as Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, and said that he was an Italian poet and had come to Gaul that he might improve himself by coming into contact with the best minds of that land. He showed her specimens of his literary work, and the queen was so much interested that she requested him to remain at the convent for an indefinite time. He occupied his first days in preparing a hymn to be sung upon the important occasion of the arrival of the piece of sacred wood. The queen was delighted with the magnificent hymn, "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt," and Fortunatus was entreated to devote his life to the work of the convent. For more than thirty years he remained as the guest of the queen, and so enjoyed the confidence of the people that in the year 599 he was unanimously elected Bishop of Poitiers, and assumed the important duties that had once been so faithfully discharged by Hilary.

His poems, hymns and other literary works fill several large volumes, and some of the hymns are yet used by the church. Perhaps the best known is the one which Jerome of Prague used as his death-song by singing it whilst he was being burnt at the stake. The first verse reads as follows:

"Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living,
God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS, OR SONGS OF THE MIDNIGHT.

"Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes."

The dark ages of the world's long midnight! A night of six hundred years, during which "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." The light of Divine truth was almost extinguished, and, as a consequence, the world was left to grope in midnight blackness. It is impossible for us to realize the condition of society during the wearisome period from the sixth to to the twelfth centuries. Knowledge was absolutely unattainable. For the most part the clergy were as densely ignorant as the people whom they ought to have taught. The art of printing was unknown, and the few written books in existence were lying forgotten among the rubbish of old monasteries. The whole people were grossly superstitious. Omens and signs were matters of intense daily interest. Ghosts were believed to walk in open day. Witchcraft was a dread incubus whose crushing weight made life an unceasing burden. The laboring people were known as "hinds" or "villains," who performed their daily task of allotted drudgery and were as much the property of their masters as were the horses they tended, the latter being much better cared for than the former. The popular theory was that the poor were created for no other purpose than to toady to the wishes or caprices of the rich. Society was utterly disintegrated. Public safety was unknown and unthought of. It was a time of intense

selfishness. "Each for himself" was the motto of the men whose castles and estates formed the centre and circumference of all the country they cared for.

The sixth century was a period of wild, cruel, brute force. Barbaric hordes swept over the suffering nations like tornadoes of fire, leaving little but death and ruin in their path. National and social life were overthrown by savage lawlessness. Robbery and murder were the ways to wealth and position, and were regarded by their perpetrators as commendable deeds of chivalry and heroism. Labor was stigmatized as low and degrading. The laborer was constantly plundered of the results of his industry by those who boasted their social and intellectual superiority. Herdsmen were frequently murdered, and their cattle driven away. The farmer often gathered his crops to see them garnered by his thievish oppressors. The earth rocked beneath the rude shocks of wars that were accompanied by every species of savage brutality that hellish cruelty could devise. The reeking earth had become corrupt with the putrescent blood of its own children, and lay bruised and bleeding under the iron hoofs of savage oppression. The tottering thrones and demoralized governments were powerless to afford protection to their hunted and downtrodden peoples.

The monasteries were a necessity of the times. Benedict, "the father of Western monasticism," simply organized a society for mutual protection, known as "The Monks of Saint Benedict." These men constructed massive, strongly-fortified monasteries, where they could shelter themselves and protect and enjoy the fruits of their toil. For the first three centuries after their organization these monasteries were public blessings. The early monks were usually men of sterling character who proved themselves benefactors of their kind. Their industrious habits and kindly disposition enabled them to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless. The monastery was a hospital for the sick, a protection and court of appeal for the oppressed, a school for the student, an inquiry office for the illiterate, and a convenience for the whole neighborhood. The monks and nuns were the teachers, the helpers, the true friends of the people. For ages the religious houses were the only post-offices in existence; the monks wrote and forwarded and received and read the letters of the community. This was necessary, because the ordinary people could neither

read nor write. These monasteries were schools of music and song, because to sing the praises of God was a most important part of their ritual. Some of the precious, grand old hymns which were composed and sung in the cloisters, have come down to us venerable with age; and, while they express the pious thought of to-day and bear our worship to heaven, they are also the echoes of the religious life of far-off centuries.

It was only when these monasteries grew so wealthy as to tempt the cupidity of the unprincipled and unscrupulous that they lost their high character; and, instead of being the friends, the monks became the oppressors of their race. Luxury and idleness opened the way for dissipation and debauchery, and the corruption of monasticism rendered it insufficient to support the weight of its own existence. Monasticism began as a blessing, but it ended as a curse. At the time of the Reformation the monasteries of England were reeking hot-beds of vice, superstition and fraud. The monks fattened upon the credulity of the people. Walking and talking and winking and weeping images were the means by which they extorted enormous revenues from their deluded victims. The monks often went to matins in a beastly state of intoxication, and the scandalous stories of the monasteries were a bane to public morals. The abbots grew immensely rich, whilst the people, of course, became correspondingly poor. Poor godless Henry VIII., criminal as he was, was an unconscious instrument in God's hands for accomplishing much good.

The darkness of the mediæval night was intense; yet, as in the darkest and stormiest night there will probably be some cloud-rifts through which the quiet stars may shine to remind us that all is serene and tranquil in heaven above, so during the world's long night there were some bright spirits who lived above the thick, turbulent atmosphere that environed them; whose light shone before men, and whose memory and work remain, to "shine as the stars for ever and ever." Among these were gifted hymn-writers, whose sweet strains have come down to us from out of the darkness and are indeed "Songs of the Night."

Of course it would be both unreasonable and absurd to judge these hymn-writers by the ordinary standards of our own times. The wisdom of one age will often appear but as folly, if thrown upon the background of a succeeding century. Were it possible that those men could live and act in our day, just as they did in their

own, they would now be regarded as monstrosities, and every one would avoid them. We could not tolerate their intolerance, nor endorse their erroneous creeds or endure their superstitious bigotry. Yet, had our lot been cast in that age, we may not have acted our part better than they did. The careful and devout student of history will recognize the privilege of living in this century and being a citizen of this country

Gregory the Great lived at the beginning—the evening—of the long night, and was—as we think—in part responsible for it. He belonged to a wealthy Roman family, and held many high offices in the state. But, under a sense of duty, he used up the whole of his wealth in building and endowing a monastery in Rome and six others in Sicily; and stripping himself of his costly robes, together with his gold and jewels, he gave the entire proceeds to the poor of the city, and then—in absolute poverty—withdrew from the world, to share the privations of the monastery he had prepared. His friends, however, refused to permit him to spend his life in retirement; and, after having conveyed a commission from the Vatican to the court at Constantinople, upon his return he was appointed secretary to his holiness the Pope. At the death of Pelagius II., Gregory was chosen as his successor, and is said to have been one of the best of popes. Dr. Hatfield says: "He was a faithful preacher of the Gospel, a thorough scholar, a profound thinker, a genuine reformer, and had the reputation of being a truly holy man." We think this language too strongly put, and regard it as misleading. The Gospel of Gregory was the doctrines and dogmas of the Romish Church. He taught transubstantiation, and was a zealous advocate of the doctrines of purgatory and the necessity of prayers for the dead. We think that Gregory's greatness consisted in his marvelous executive ability. Dean Milman says: "Nothing seemed too great, nothing too insignificant for his earnest personal solicitude." In this lay his great power. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the details of ecclesiastical polity, and to him the Romish Church is indebted for her almost perfect organization. He was a great churchman, and the marks of his genius can be found in every part of the ritual of the papal church. We fail to see why Dr. Hatfield should regard him as "a genuine reformer," unless he refers to Gregory's efforts to improve the psalmody of the church. It is true that we are indebted to him for the simple

system of musical notation now in use. He was also the inventor of that kind of chant which yet bears his name and is known as the Gregorian chant. He was a great musician, and, as we think, unfortunately succeeded in reducing psalmody to a fine art. But we gravely question whether that is sufficient to entitle him to the name of "reformer." "May the devil fly away with the fine arts," said Carlyle, in one of his outbursts of frenzy. Were it not profane, we would almost cry, Amen. We remember having met with the following sentence in the works of John Ruskin: "I never met with a man whose mind was fully set upon the world to come, perfect and right before God, who cared for art at all." The sentence astonished us, coming from Ruskin. But, so far as psalmody is concerned, we endorse the sentiment. We have seen that in the early church the whole congregation joined in holy song. As Clement has it, "Men, women and children blended their voices in praise." But the ecclesiastics soon showed a disposition to appropriate the exercise to themselves. In the council of Laodicea, in A. D. 363, it was decreed that "to restore decency and order in the churches, the laity should be forbidden to sing, except in certain simple chants, which may be sung for their benefit." This decree, however, seems to have been "more honored in the breach than in the observance." But under the guidance of Gregory, the Romish Church began to seriously infringe upon the liberties of the people in matters pertaining to the public worship of God's house. Its first act was to insert the thin end of a wedge—that has been used by choirs ever since—in the shape of music too difficult for any but trained singers to execute. Then the clergy began to teach that the singing of the Divine praises were too sacred for any other than clerical lips; and, in consequence of this priestly interference, congregational singing was a thing unknown for hundreds of years. The people of the dark ages did as most people of to-day do—worshiped God by proxy; the only difference being that, instead of priestly choirs, we pay a quartette to "render" the service for the congregation.

Gregory established a singing-school in Rome, which was in a flourishing condition three hundred years after his death. Every one has heard the story of his meeting with the fair-faced youths who were being offered for sale in the slave market at Rome. "From what country do these come?" he asked of the traders. "They are Angles from Angleland," was the reply. "Not Angles,

but angels," he said. "And what is the name of their king?" "Aella," answered the trader. "A good omen," said Gregory; "alleluias shall yet be sung there." True to his promise, he afterwards sent Augustine with a band of missionaries, to convert the people of England to Christianity. Gregory wrote at least ten popular and useful hymns. Luther said that "his hymns contain the very essence of Christianity, and must ever be regarded as standard songs of the church." Perhaps the most popular of those now in use is—

"O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust Thy word;
To those who seek Thee, ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear."

From the third century there had been a disposition to monastic seclusion. Some desired to retire from a world with which they had grown disgusted; others to enjoy the opportunity for quiet, uninterrupted study; and yet others to escape the bloody persecutions that so rapidly succeeded each other. Sabas, or, to use his canonized title, Saint Sabas, founded the monastery that bears his name near Jerusalem in the beginning of the sixth century, an age when, as has been explained, monasticism was a necessity. There Sabas died and was interred in the monastery in the year 532. The old gray building is yet in use and was visited recently by the Rev. James King, who describes the place in his work on "Anglican Hymnology." He says: "This secluded convent has stood in the midst of savage desolation for fourteen centuries. Several times in the course of ages it has been plundered and the inmates put to death by Persians, Moslems and Arabs. The Sabaites at present number about forty, and their rule is very severe, being under a vow never to eat animal food. They have seven religious services every twenty-four hours, five by day, and two by night. They received us kindly, and we were carefully conducted by a monk through the whole monastery. We were shown a cave containing thousands of skulls of martyred monks. We also saw the bells of Mar Saba, whose beautiful chimes gladden the hearts of pilgrims who pursue their journey through the desolate wilderness. Two of the hymns now in use in our churches were written in St. Seba. More than eleven hundred years ago John of Damascus was a resident monk of that

monastery, and there he wrote the hymn the translation of which by the Rev. J. M. Neale is found in most of our modern hymnals.

"The day of resurrection, earth tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness, the Passover of God.
From death to life eternal, from earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over, with hymns of victory."

John of Damascus was born of wealthy parents, in the city whose name he bore. During his early manhood he was appointed governor of the city, and served his term with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the citizens. He was an accomplished orator, his extraordinary eloquence having gained him the popular and suggestive nom de plume of "Golden Stream." When thirty years of age he retired within the walls of St. Seba, and never reappeared in the world again. Dr. Neale calls him "the greatest poet of the Eastern Church."

During John Damascene's early life, he was in some way made responsible for the care of his nephew Stephen, a boy ten years old. We have no means of knowing whether the boy desired it or not, but in his tenth year his uncle placed him in the monastery, where he remained shut up from the world until the day of his death, which occurred fifty-nine years afterwards, and fourteen years after the death of his uncle. At some time during those years he wrote the hymn we still love to sing, and for the translation of which we are greatly indebted to Dr. Neale:

"Art thou weary? Art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

During his recent visit to St. Seba, Mr. King was shown the three tombs of three sacred poets, St. Cosmas of Jerusalem, St. John Damascene, and St. Stephen, the Sabaite. For long ages they have slumbered in the tomb, but their influence yet lives in the sweet hymns they gave to the church.

A year before the death of Stephen, in Palestine, the Emperor Charlemagne had appointed Theodulph to the Bishopric of Orleans in France. The bishop enjoyed the friendship of the illustrious emperor until the latter's death in 814. At first he also enjoyed the confidence of Charlemagne's son and successor, Louis le Debonnaire; but in the fourth year of Louis' reign, Theodulph was suspected of using his influence against his patron. He vainly

protested his innocence, and, being deprived of his charge and office, was imprisoned at Anjou. It is said that his hymn, now found in our hymnals, was written in his cell; and that on Palm Sunday, as the emperor passed the prison, the bishop stood by the barred window and sang so sweetly as to move the heart of the monarch to grant him his release. The story, however, is based upon very doubtful authority, and it is believed that the bishop died in bondage. It is probable that his popular hymn was written in prison, as were also a number of poems and songs which were the products of his gifted brain and consecrated heart. The first verse reads:

"All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One."

Eighty-two years after the death of Bishop Theodulph, Robert II. ascended the throne as King of France. He is said to have been a gentle, kind-hearted man, whose childlike disposition unfitted him to cope with the crafty intrigues of wily courtiers. He lived in a vile age and was environed with peculiar difficulties. One cause of serious trouble was his marriage with his cousin Bertha, the daughter of the King of Burgundy. They were tenderly attached to each other, and a council of bishops gave their consent to the union, the archbishop officiating at the wedding. But after its consummation the pope declared the marriage unlawful, and commanded them to separate from each other. This for a time they refused to do, but the pope placed the whole country under the ban of the church, and brought such a pressure upon the whole people, that the king was compelled to obey the ecclesiastical mandate. After some years Robert married a proud, imperious woman, whose peevish disposition and dominant temper was the bane of his existence. To be happy with her was impossible. He reigned for the long period of thirty-five years, and was known as the father of his country, the patron of the arts, and the friend of the poor. His last years were embittered by the cruel opposition of his sons. He built several beautiful churches, and contributed largely to all benevolent objects. For

many years he acted as leading chorister in the Church of St. Dennis. It is said that he loved to wear his royal robes whilst thus engaged in the service of the King of Kings. He died in 1031, and his body rests in the church where he was accustomed to worship. There are but few kings who have left a better legacy for their posterity than the hymn King Robert gave us, which is yet a blessing in the church. Ray Palmer's beautiful translation is as follows:

"Come, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray;
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to day!

Sixty years after the death of King Robert of France, a child was born in the home of Sorus Tessalin—or literally, Red Headed Tessalin—and his wife, the Lady Aletta, who lived at their ancestral home, in the castle of Fontaines, near Dijon, Burgundy. We suppose that Tessalin was a fair specimen of a feudal baron, the lord of the castle and estate. In his quaint way Hood says: "He was a pious fighting man. Two instincts ruled the world in that age: one for fighting, the other for praying. Tessalin, at a moment's notice, was ready for either. He had a rude sense of justice, and an ill-conditioned holiness within him." We confess that it was a strange kind of holiness, but perhaps almost the only kind current in those days; for the circumstances and conditions of the times called out all the rugged and the daring that was in men of Tessalin's class.

His wife, the Lady Aletta, was just the opposite of her fiery, hot-headed husband. She was a thin, frail, mournful woman, who had educated herself to measure the depth of her piety by the frequency of her tears. She had ruined her health by practicing the austerities of her creed, hoping to gain heaven by denying herself every comfort upon earth. Yet, spite of these superstitious observances, she was undoubtedly a sincere, godly woman, who from the hour of his birth had dedicated her boy to God. Bernard was born into a turbulent world. It was an age of fiery zeal for the recovery of the holy sepulchre from infidel hands; and amid wars and rumors of wars the restless nations were all in arms. When the boy was five years old, he must have heard

everyone talking of the crusade. In the spring of that year, hundreds of thousands from all parts of Europe started for Palestine. All through his boyhood and youth he must have constantly heard of the successes or failures of the crusaders. The hermit Peter had roused all Europe with the cry, "Deus Vult," God wills it. The more pious men were, the more they felt it their duty to fight for God and the Church. Countless hosts had started who had no more idea of the location of Palestine than they had of the location of Alaska. Six hundred thousand armed men had marched in different armies for Jerusalem. Hundreds of thousands died on the way of disease and starvation. The intense excitement of the times was likely to divert young Bernard's mind from the teachings of his Christian mother. But just before reaching his twentieth year that mother was taken sick, and after having solemnly commended her seven children to God, she told Bernard that she realized that her cares were ended and her work done. And then, turning her thoughts to heaven and fixing her heart upon Him who reigns there, she probably for the first time realized the joy of believing. A flood of holy light filled all her soul; joy gleamed through her eyes, and she burst out into a loud strain of gladsome song. Her face was radiant as an angel's, her song as sweet as a seraph's. She died while the words of praise were upon her lips, and ended that song in heaven. But her song had done its work. It was the means God used in answering that mother's twenty years of prayer. From that time Bernard became a Christ-loving, consecrated man. By arousing his dormant powers the religion of Jesus made a new man of him. Not only did a change of heart make him "a new creature in Christ Jesus," but, as a new motive in his life, his religion reinvigorated his moral power and so intensified his impulses that he became a stronger and more influential man. After his conversion he was a very whirlwind of energy. Every expression of his face told of his earnestness and sincerity, and his words never failed to carry conviction with them. Because he thoroughly believed in God, men believed in him. After finding Jesus for himself, his first work, Andrew-like, was to bring his father and five brethren to Christ; and in this he was successful. One of his brothers afterwards died; but Bernard said: "I have not lost him, he has only preceded me; like my precious mother, he died singing the praises of God."

In his twenty-second year Bernard withdrew from the world by entering the monastery at Citeaux. The rules of the house were so severe that in a short time he was reduced almost to a skeleton. They ate but one meal a day, and that of the coarsest food. Meat, fish, grease or eggs they were not allowed to taste. Two years afterwards, Stephen Harding, the Abbot of Citeaux, put a crucifix into Bernard's hand and bade him go into the wilderness and found a new monastery. Twelve monks were bidden to accompany him, and Bernard led them to a wild, gloomy forest infested with robbers and known as "The Valley of Wormwood," and there he founded the world-renowned Abbey of Clairvaux, where he literally made "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Meanwhile his reputation grew to be world-wide. Pupils flocked to him from all parts of Europe, and no less than seven hundred novitiates were at one time attached to the monastery. These years of study in the monastery prepared his massive intellect to comprehend things at a glance. He studied books, but he studied men more than books.

He was too great a man to be permitted to spend his whole life behind the walls of a monastery. The dignitaries of the church and the rulers of the states alike needed his wise counsels, and coveted the aid of his wide and commanding influence. So thoroughly did he identify himself with the great questions and interests of his day that a complete biography would fall but little short of being a complete history of his times. His quick perceptions and his sound judgment made his assistance invaluable. His consummate wisdom planned and his invincible energy and indomitable will completed his plans. The pale-faced, frail-looking, attenuated monk was a very giant, and a born ruler of men. He sat in the councils of popes and emperors and kings, surrounded by the wealth and influence and chivalry of Europe, amid men of mighty intellect and commanding presence; but all eyes instinctively turned to him, ready either to be influenced by his opinions or abide by his decisions. None dared to oppose him. Sturdy barons and steel-clad knights trembled before the burning words of the daring monk, and shrank from the stinging and terrible lash of his tongue.

On the fourteenth of February, 1130, Pope Honorius II. died, and on the same evening two popes were elected to succeed him. One party chose Cardinal Gregory, whom they called Innocent II.,

whilst another party declared that Peter Leonis was pope, under the name of Anacletus II. It was a serious time for the papacy. A council was convened, to which Bernard was specially invited by the king and the chief bishops; and, strange to say, that council of illustrious men unanimously decided to submit the whole matter to Bernard, and pledged itself to abide by his decision. He declared for Innocent, and the council broke up with vows of obedience to Innocent. He was the most powerful and influential man in Europe; he made and unmade monarchs at his will, and he held the destiny and policy of the nations largely under his control. Never was man more popular than he. When preaching for the purpose of exciting zeal in the second crusade, hundreds of thousands gathered with the hope of hearing his fervid words. At Vezelai, King Louis VII. and his queen were among his auditors. But no one thought of kings or queens. It was Bernard of Clairvaux whom the eager people wished to see. Similar scenes occurred in every city where he had been announced to preach. At Frankfort the crowds so thronged him that his life was in imminent danger from suffocation, and he would have surely died, only that the Emperor Conrad laid aside his royal robes, and, taking the half-starved monk into his brawny arms, hoisted him over his shoulders and carried him to a place of safety.

We will quote a passage from one of his sermons to the departing crusaders. It is a passage we cannot explain. Whether it was grim humor or scathing satire we cannot tell. A vast assemblage was before him, made up of all grades and classes of people, among them a large representation of the wealth and chivalry of France. And this is the way the daring monk harangued and belabored them:

"The most joyful and salutary result to be perceived from the crusade is that in such a multitude flocking to the East there are but few besides scoundrels, vagabonds, thieves, murderers, perjurers and adulterers, from whose going a double good will flow—a two-fold advantage. You will give as much delight to those you leave as to those you go to assist. Egypt is glad at your departure; and if Judah will rejoice at your arrival, a double good will result."

That crusade was an exceedingly disastrous one. Those vast multitudes were like sheep going to the slaughter. Nine out of ten never saw their native land again. The way to Palestine was

outlined by the bleached bones of hundreds of thousands who perished by the wayside. In a sermon to the Knight Templars, he said: "Certain things are especially needed by the soldier. He must be bold, yet vigilant; quick in his movements and prompt to strike. But you deck out your horses with silken trappings; you wear flaunting cloaks over your steel breastplates; you paint your shields, your spears and your saddles; your spurs and your bridles shine with gold, and silver, and gems; and in this gay pomp you rush upon your death. You cultivate long hair which gets into your eyes; your feet get entangled in your long flowing robes; your delicate hands are buried in your ample and spreading sleeves, and you fight for any frivolous cause to promote your own vain-glory."

It was the knights and barons who represented the proud chivalry of Europe to whom he talked in this plain and candid manner. The monk of Clairvaux never feared the face of man.

Bernard wrote some of our sweetest hymns, and these corroborate the testimony of his life, that, before God, this seemingly stern, strong man's heart was as tender as a little child's. Luther said: "If there has ever been a pious monk who feared God, it was Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other monks and priests throughout the globe." He died in his sixty-second year. When dying, some one asked him, "Do you feel able to answer for your sins?" With a quiet smile, he said: "No; so far from being able to answer for my sins, I cannot even answer for my righteousness." We select a sentence from one of his sermons and two verses from one of his hymns:

"Jesus, all the food of the soul is dry if it be not mingled with this oil; insiped if it be not preserved with this salt. If you write, I have no relish, unless I there read of Jesus; if you confer or dispute, I care not, unless I hear the name of Jesus."

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, nor tongue can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blessed name,
O Saviour of mankind."

Space will not permit us to lengthen this chapter. There are many sweet songs of the midnight to which we cannot refer. We

would fear to say how many translations we have of the celebrated Latin hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus." The first verse of the poet Dryden's translation is as follows:

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind."

The best authorities believe it to have been written by Rabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mayence, who died in the year 856. Master Peter Abelard's hymns are not now in use in the churches; and, passing by the shameful story of his life, we can afford to dismiss him with a single sentence. The sacramental hymn of Thomas Aquinas, the philosophical friar, deserves more than a mere passing notice. It was the production of a zealous churchman, a profound scholar and an astute controversialist. His hymn was written in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The first verse of Dr. Ray Palmer's translation is as follows:

O Bread to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!

It was early in the same century that Thomas De Celano wrote his magnificent hymn, which, as translated by Sir Walter Scott, commences:

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?"

The sublime grandeur of the original has led to perhaps extravagant praise of the hymn. Dean Milman says "there is nothing to be compared to it." Dean French call it "a masterpiece of sacred song." Daniel says it is "the most precious treasure of the Latin Church." We thank God for the numerous sweetly precious hymns that have come to us as voices from the world's dreary midnight, to tell us that, even in that gloomy age, there were some whose souls were illumined by "the light of life."

CHAPTER IX.

ANCIENT ENGLISH PSALMODY.

Still lingers in our noon of time,
And on our Saxon tongue,
The echoes of the home born hymns,
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood has its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poets' rhyme."

We regard Gregory the Great to have been, as far as it was possible for one man to have been so, the prototype of the Roman Catholic Church. We have seen how deeply he was interested in the appearance of the Angles whom he saw offered for sale in the Roman slave market; and how he resolved that alleluias should one day be sung in their far-off England. In a few years afterwards he was exalted to the papal chair, and from that high vantage-ground he watched and waited for opportunities to extend the Roman Catholic faith among the nations, with all the zeal of an enthusiast, and yet with all the patience of a skillful diplomatist. He evidently believed that success largely depended upon having his argosies sail in at flood-tide. That favorable tide was caused by the marriage of Ethelbert, the pagan king of England, to Bereta, the daughter of Charibert, the Christian king of Gaul. When the young Christian princess left her own land she was accompanied to England by a bishop of her own church. That was Gregory's opportunity, and Augustine, with a band of missionaries, was at once dispatched in pursuance of his previous design. So it was, that immediately after the marriage of the King of England, Augustine and his band of monks were parading the streets of Canterbury, bearing a large silver cross and singing, "Turn from this city, O Lord, Thine anger; turn Thy wrath from

Thy holy house, for we have sinned." At the instigation of his bride, the king had met these missionaries upon the coast as they landed, and promised them his protection. He refused, however, to enter any house with them, fearing they might use the arts of witchcraft against him. Their efforts to convince the king were so eagerly sanctioned and encouraged by the fair young bride, that in less than a year Ethelbert's conversion was announced, and in this way a perverted form of Christianity was introduced to the Anglo-Saxon people. The queen proved an enthusiast in missionary effort, and under royal patronage the new faith spread rapidly.

Many have erroneously regarded this as the first introduction of Christianity into the British Isles; but it is known that a Christian Church was established at Dover more than four centuries before Augustine set foot upon English soil. Saint Alban is believed to have suffered martyrdom for his faith three centuries before Augustine's day. It is also known that three British bishops formed part of the council of Arles, in A. D. 314. Irish Christianity was a great power in the Western World at the time when Augustine visited England. In 1865 the Irish Archæological Society published a volume of hymns that were composed by Irish priests during the sixth and seventh centuries, the manuscript of which had been discovered among some old papers in Trinity College, Dublin.

The first English hymn-writer of whom we have any knowledge was Bede, whose character and work so endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen that he was unanimously surnamed "The Venerable Bede." He was born in the year 673, and from his seventh year his whole life was devoted to study within the walls of Jarrow monastery. He was undoubtedly the greatest scholar of the age in which he lived, and amid the turbulence of human passion that beat and roared about him, he lived a quiet, studious, childlike, Christian life. "His calm and gentle spirit, the humanizing character of his pursuits, and the holiness of his life, presented a striking contrast to the violence of the world around him." Burke calls him "the father of English learning." He must have been an incessant worker, for, in addition to his ordinary duties as a monk, he often had as many as six hundred persons under his tuition. He says: "I have spent my whole life in the same monastery, and while attentive to the rules of my order and the service of the church, my constant pleasure has been

in learning, or teaching, or writing." He was a voluminous writer, his most important work being an "Ecclesiastical History of England." In musical matters, he was fortunate in having been educated by John, the arch-chanter of St. Peter's in Rome, who was sent to England to introduce the Roman choral service into the English churches. Bede wrote two important works on music and psalmody, and thus gained the distinction of being the first writer on hymnology. Probably he would not have committed himself had he known how many scribblers would follow in his footsteps. He was greatly assisted in his literary work by the valuable books which Benedict Biscop brought home upon each of his visits to Rome. All his life long he was passionately fond of singing, and died with the praises of God literally upon his lips. The closing scene of the good man's life was exceedingly touching. For many long days he had been engaged in translating the Gospel of John into the ordinary language of the common people. But as he drew near the end of his allotted task, he was seized with sickness that manifested itself by extreme weakness and loss of breath, accompanied with sleeplessness and consequent languor. From the first attack, he seemed to realize that these were certain signs of approaching death. He wrote the last chapters by the light of eternity, and was conscious that he was about to see that Saviour concerning whom the apostle bore witness, and for whose glory he was translating the life-giving words. Cuthbert, one of his pupils, says, "We all felt that we were to lose him, and his last day's work was done amid tears and farewells." At evening he said to the scribe, "How much yet remains to be done?" "The last verse, dear master," answered the scribe. "We must finish it quickly," said the dying man. The verse was translated and written, and the scribe said, "It is finished." "It is finished," said the dear old saint. "Lift up my head and draw my chair to the place where I love to worship, and have so often sung God's praises." This was done, when he struck up a sweet hymn of praise, and while singing "Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," his voice failed him, his head dropped upon his breast, and the soul of "The Venerable Bede" joined the deathless songs of the immortals before the throne. His hymns are but seldom used. The one best known begins with the line—

"A hymn to martyrs sweetly sing."

We could not read the English into which Bede translated the Gospel. We quote the following specimens of Anglo-Saxon from the well-known "Book and Its Story," published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The words, "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come," translated into the language of Bede's day, would read, "Fader uren thu arth in heofnum, sie gehalgud noma thin, to cymeth ric thin."

Augustine established a school for ecclesiastical music at Canterbury, and a century afterwards Arch-chanter John devoted his time and skill in improving the choral service of the English churches. It is said that King Alfred founded a professorship of sacred music at Oxford in the year 886. Good King Alfred may be said to have laid the foundations of English literature, as he most certainly laid the basis of English liberty. He was intelligent, pious, conscientious, and in all respects far in advance of his age, and the thoughtful student of history cannot fail to recognize him as one specially prepared of God for the important work entrusted to his care. All he did was done well. A greater king never sat upon the English throne. He excelled in all those qualities of head and heart that constitute really successful kingcraft. He was a wise ruler, a judicious statesman, a brave and skillful warrior, a devoted student and a sincere Christian. He loved his people, who fondly called him "Darling of the English." All sorts of legends are associated with his name. Everyone has heard how the herdsman's wife scolded the young king for carelessly permitting the cakes to burn, that were being baked upon the hearth, and how he mollified her wrath by singing a song. All these old stories represent him as genial and good-natured. He had a musical voice, and dearly loved to sing, and was consequently an accomplished musician, taking an especial interest in the psalmody of the church. He was a hymn-writer, and was the first to translate the Psalms into his native tongue. He set many of these psalms to music, and always carried a copy with him. In his "Illustrated History of the Hymns," the Rev. E. M. Long quotes a hymn which he says was written by King Alfred and translated by Earl Nelson. The first verse reads:

"As the sun doth daily rise,
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to thee, with one accord,
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord."

In the same age lived Dunstan, the famous abbot of Glastonbury, who was a sweet singer, a skillful player upon several instruments, and a gifted composer of music. He so delighted King Athelstan with his music that the jealous courtiers denounced him as a dealer in the black art, and the frightened king permitted him to be driven from the palace. Among the first organs used in England was one which Dunstan presented to the church at Glastonbury. During this period of English history we only get brief glimpses and unsatisfactory hints concerning music and song. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in 1180, says that "the North Britons excelled in the use of two-part music." John Wycliffe delighted in teaching his people at Lutterworth to sing the Psalms of David, which he had translated for their use. Henry III. is said to have been proficient in the art of music. Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," wrote a hymn for holy days, and constantly refers to the use of music in the fourteenth century. Henry VIII. excelled in music and taught his children to play upon several kinds of instruments. He was not only a musician, but a composer of music; for Camden says "he did set two goodly masses which were sung oftentimes in his chapel, and afterwards in divers other places." Cardinal Wolsey was exceedingly fond of choral music, and delighted in assisting his royal master in arranging and elaborating the singing of the church. Wolsey's father was a butcher, whose will contained the following: "I will that if Thomas, my son, be a priest within one year after my decease, he shall sing for me and my friends by the space of one year, he to have for his salary ten marks." In this way his father hoped to escape Purgatory, for which he was willing that Thomas should be paid thirty dollars for his year's services. If son Thomas had been content with the humble position of parish priest, he might have been a better man.

The King and the Cardinal! What prominent figures they are in English history! One, the slave of his lust; the other, the slave of his ambition. Henry, with his new title of "Defender of the Faith;" Wolsey, taking half the population of London with him to meet the new cardinal's hat, which the pope had sent him. Henry on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold;" Wolsey at Paul's Cross with his costly dais, his scarlet robes and golden shoes. Henry murdering wives; Wolsey burning bibles; both of them blocking the way, and confronting and retarding the progressive

thought that was the outcome of minds enlightened by the lamp of God's Word. Poor fools! They were but as tow before the flame: one, hurled to everlasting infamy as a monster of cruelty and lust; the other, held up to the sight of the ages, upon a pauper's death-bed, to illustrate how uncertain earthly honors are.

A group of influential C's had set the stagnant world into activity by awakening human thought. Columbus had discovered America, and Cabot had found the shores of Labrador; Copernicus comprehended the truth of the moving heavens and revolving earth. Caxton opened out the way of knowledge by connecting our language with the wonder-working printing-press. Colet's expositions of God's truth had quickened the spiritual life of thoughtful men in the universities. And, what more especially concerns us, Coverdale had translated the Psalms into English metre. Greater, grander than all besides, Tindale had translated the New Testament into our English tongue. Coverdale's Psalms were published in 1538, and entitled, "Goostlye Psalmes and Spirituall Songes, Drawen out of the Holye Scriptures." Coverdale's prose version of the Psalms is that now used in the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer.

In the year 1549 another psalm-book was published, bearing the following title: "Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David and drawen into Englyshe meeter, by Thomas Sternhold, Grome of ye Kynge's Maiestie's Robes." The book contained a metrical version of thirty-seven Psalms, and was issued at the same time and by the same publishers who issued "The Book of Common Prayer." We are not sufficiently acquainted with kings' palaces to be competent to define the duties of a "groom of the king's majesty's robes." Perhaps he was a valet, or he may have had the care of the whole wardrobe. Whatever his duties, it is satisfactory to know that he was a Christian man, and it is not surprising to learn that his official duties brought him into daily association with people of depraved taste and immoral habits. We can readily understand that the court of Henry VIII. was not a congenial place for a truly conscientious man. He was especially grieved and annoyed by the obscene songs that were commonly sung, and he translated the Psalms with a desire to have them take the place of the offensive songs. Some have sneered at the simplicity of the man for having indulged such an unreasonable hope. But these critics forget that, at the same

time, no other songs were sung at the court of France than "The Psalms of David; translated into French metre by Clement Marot." Marot was the king's valet, who had attained considerable fame as a poet, and whose amorous songs had long been the delight of the court. But in some way he had become interested in the doctrines of Luther, and found himself drawn into sympathy with the great Reformer's work. From that time he could no longer write songs of a doubtful character; and, to counteract the bad influence of those he had written, he published a metrical version of the Psalms. Strange to say, these became so popular that all other songs were banished from the court, and Hebrew psalmody was sung to the accompaniment of the fiddle, for the entertainment of the royal family and nobility of France—the Catholics not suspecting that these translated Psalms were in any way connected with the teachings of Luther. With these facts before his mind, is it wonderful that Sternhold attempted the same thing in the court of England, though unfortunately without the same success? We regard it as a well-meant effort to do good, and God respects the good intentions of His people without holding them responsible for success.

Those who know anything of the reign of Henry VIII. will readily understand why it was that Mr. Sternhold did not publish his psalm-book until after the king's death and the young Edward VI. was on the throne. It was among the last acts of the good man's life, for he died in the same year in which his Psalms were given to the world. Immediately after his death a second edition was published under the title: "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternhold, late Grome of ye Kynge's Maiestie's Robes didde in hys lifetime draw into Englyshe meeter." In 1552 the whole book of the Psalms was issued, containing the translations of Mr. Sternhold, with additional translations by John Hopkins, a Suffolk clergyman; William Whittingham, afterwards Dean of Durham; Thomas Norton, Robert Wisdom, John Mardley, and Thomas Churchyard. The work was entitled: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into Englyshe meeter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, conferred with the ebrue, with apt notes to synge them withall. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening praier, as also before and after sermons, and moreover in private houses, for theyre godlye solace

and comfort, laieing apart all ungodlye songs and balades, which tend onlye to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

This version was bound up with the Book of Common Prayer, and was so superior to all others that it became popular, and for one hundred and fifty years was the ordinary psalm-book of the English Church. The book has been severely criticised and, as we shall see, in many cases misrepresented. Thomas Campbell said: "They joined the best intention with the worst taste. They degraded the spirit of Hebrew psalmody by flat and homely phraseology, and, mistaking vulgarity for simplicity, turned into bathos what they found sublime." As an offset to this, it seems strange that the elder Scaliger, with all his profound learning and unfathomable conceit, should have said that he "would rather have been the author of Sternhold's version of the Eighteenth Psalm than of all the works he himself had written." Selections from that Psalm are found in most modern hymnals. Two stanzas will call it to remembrance:

"The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

This Psalm is, of course, exceptional. There are many stanzas that may be placed anywhere between the vulgar and the ridiculous. Old Thomas Fuller found comfort in the thought that "their piety was far better than their poetry." In several works on hymnology we have seen absurd doggerel verses given as specimens of Sternhold's poetry, and said to be selected from the book. As we write these lines a copy of Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms lies upon the table before us. Not one of these comic or comical verses can be found between its covers. It is unsafe to attempt to quote from a book which one has not seen. It may be well to write an amusing book; but no author can afford to be "funny" at the expense of truth. Sternhold's Psalms are bad enough, but it is wickedly wrong to attempt to represent this first English psalm-book as being worse than it really was. It would be as unreasonable to compare it with our modern hymnals as to compare the old dip-candle with our electric light. The rough, un-

couth verses, as seen in the light of our age, appear to us as dull and flat and uninteresting. Yet our fathers sang them. Brave men and women were our fathers and mothers! We feel vain that we are scions of such noble and heroic stock! Our fathers and mothers often sang from fifteen to twenty verses of Sternhold's psalms at one standing. They drew inspiration from sources where we could not find it. Let us imagine ourselves singing such verses as these:

"As men once dead are out of mind,
So am I now forgot;
As little use of me they find
As of a broken pot.
I hear the brags of all the rout,
Their threats my mind did fray;
How they conspired and went about
To take my life away.
All men despise as they behold
Me walking on the way,
They grin, make mouths, and nod their heads
And on this wise do say."

This is neither better nor worse than many others in the book. Throwing it open at random, our eye first caught this:

"The bellygods and flattering train
That all good things deride,
At me did grin, with great disdain
Turning their mouths aside."

The book is extremely interesting, because it is the first psalm-book printed in our language, and for generations these were the only songs of the church

CHAPTER X.

OLD ENGLISH PSALMODY.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

The Reformation spread upon the wings of sacred melody. Soon as the good work began to make itself felt, Luther said: "I am looking around everywhere for poets to make psalms and spiritual songs for the common people, that the Word of God may dwell among them in psalms, if not otherwise." The psalms were provided, and soon became the ordinary songs of the people, who sang them at home in their families, and in their workshops and places of business among their associates. Coleridge says that "Luther did more for the reformation in Germany by his hymns than by his translation of the Scriptures." So was it in England. Soon after the publication of the Psalm Book the English Church introduced vocal psalmody, in which all worshipers were encouraged to join. The effect was startling! We have seen that for ages the choirs had been formed almost exclusively of ecclesiastics, the people being shut out from "part or lot in the matter." But when the interdiction was removed the churches were thronged with delighted and enthusiastic worshipers. The Scriptures, which for ages had been shut up in a dead language, were now open to their perusal in their own tongue; and, in like manner, the songs of the Lord's house were provided to express the praises of all who wished to blend their voices in unison with those who thus

worshiped God. Strype, the ecclesiastical historian, informs us that "in the month of September, 1559, began the new morning prayer at St. Atholine, London; the bell beginning to ring at five o'clock, when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion, all the congregation, men, women and boys singing together." He adds that "at Paul's Cross, six thousand persons, of all ages and conditions, often blended their voices together in the new songs of praise." The custom soon spread over the whole land. Bishop Jewel writes: "As soon as they had commenced singing in public in one little church in London, not only the churches in the neighborhood, but towns far distant, immediately began to vie with each other in the practice." Of course, the Catholic party was indignant, and vainly tried to frown down what Wharton describes as "the infectious frenzy of sacred song."

The Elizabethan age was one of advance in all departments of human thought and enterprise. An earnest spirit of inquiry was abroad, and men were leaving the old landmarks behind them. It was pre-eminently an age of great men. We need but recall the list of names to realize that "there were giants in those days": Shakespeare and Bacon, Spencer and Marlowe, Raleigh and Drake, and hosts of others, who were illustrious in their own spheres. As might be expected of such an age, Charles Knight tells us that "music was the especial delight of the time. In every household there was a love of music, and in many families this was cultivated as an essential part of education." Archbishop Parker is said to have been "pre-eminently skilled in music," and with him were celebrated composers, great masters in the art of song, among whom were Tye and Tallis, Bull and Marbeck, Byrd and Blithman—illustrious names that yet form a bright constellation in the musical firmament. Among the writers of sacred verse were Archbishop Parker, the poet Edmund Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, who, with the assistance of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, prepared and published a metrical version of the Psalms. It is said that Queen Bess put some psalms into metre, but this is doubtful, and we have no desire to include her name among our hymn-writers of the church. It is almost certain that her successor, James I., wrote a metrical version of the Psalms, which his son afterwards vainly tried to force upon the Scottish Kirk. We do not think that a copy of James' Psalms is in existence, but in his "Preparation of the

Psalter," George Wither quotes a verse of the royal poet's composition, which is as follows:

> "For verses' power is sike, it softly glides
> Through secret pores, and in the senses hides,
> And makes men have that gude in them imprinted,
> Which by the learned worke is represented."

In 1643 George Wither published his "Hymns and Songs of the Church," and managed matters so adroitly that it proved a good business speculation. He was the only hymn-writer whose productions brought him money. The authors of our day are clamoring for an international copyright law, as an act of justice to protect their interests. Mr. Wither protected his interest by obtaining a royal patent, which did not, however, protect any other interests than his own. He not only had permission to publish his own hymns, but he had authority to prohibit the publication and sale of any other book, unless the author of said book would bind up Wither's psalms and hymns with his own; for which privilege he, of course, had to pay a very liberal sum. In the very expressive language of our enlightened age, Mr. Wither had "a good corner on hymn-books." But, in spite of royal patronage, his book had not sufficient merit to keep it alive. In the preface to his "Preparation for the Psalter," he says: "The Divell is not ignorant of the power of these divine charms. There lurks in poesy an enchanting sweetness, which steals into the hearts of men, and the most powerful exorcisms cannot conjure them out." That Satan is no friend to the original psalter we can readily understand, but we incline to scepticism upon the matter of his being really afraid of Wither's poetry.

"Honest George Wither," as his many friends and acquaintances loved to call him in those days, lived in stormy times. He says: "I lived to see eleven signal changes, in which not a few signal transactions occurred. I began life under the government of Elizabeth, and have lived through the governments of James I., Charles I., the King and Parliament together, the King alone, the Army, Cromwell's Protectorate, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament, and now under Charles II." This will explain the fact that his life was a turbulent one. He was fined and imprisoned over and over again. In his seventy-third year he was committed to Newgate jail because of some statements made in a pamphlet he had published and which the author-

ities regarded as seditious. Whilst there he wrote the following lines:

"And is this Newgate, whereof so afraid
Offenders are? Is this the dismal place
Wherein, before I came, I heard it said
There's nothing but grief, horror, and disgrace?
I no worse here than where I was before
Accommodated am; for, though confined
From some things, which concern my body more
Than formerly, it hath enlarged my mind."

The reason why he endured so much suffering is expressed in his couplet—

"My mind's my kingdom; and I will permit
No other's will to have the rule of it."

His poetry once saved his neck from the halter. When the civil war broke out, Wither at first took sides with the king, but because of some slights he received in the royal army, and the conduct of the cavaliers, he went over and joined the Puritans against the king. Just when the war was at its bitterest and the king was desperate, Sir John Denham, who commanded Charles' troops and was himself a poet of considerable repute, was one day surprised to have his soldiers bring in Wither; and Sir John could do nothing else than march him into the royal presence as a prisoner of war. All prisoners taken by the Royalists at that time were speedily executed. When Wither was brought in and the matter explained, Charles grimly said: "Take him out and hang him." "Please don't, your Majesty," said Sir John. "If you have any respect for me, don't hang him, because his death would place me in an embarrassing and painful position." "Why?" asked the king. "Why," said Sir John, "if your Majesty should hang Wither, I would then be the worst poet in England, and rather than be that, I would almost as soon be hanged myself." Charles smiled and bade them start Wither from his presence.

He wrote hymns upon all sorts of subjects and occasions: "A hymn for a house-warming," "A hymn to be sung whilst washing," "A hymn for a widower, or widow, after having been delivered from a troublesome yoke-fellow." He published nearly one hundred books upon a great variety of topics. Some of his poems are yet read, and entitle him to a modest place among the poets of England.

While Wither was writing and suffering, Holy George Her-

bert was quietly working in his little parish of Bemerton. He was pastor of a small church, but he lived and discharged his duties in such a manner that he immortalized his name. He never sought renown or thought of fame. His life was very short, but his influence has been a lasting benediction to the world. He was "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile." Passionately fond of music, he usually went to Salisbury twice every week to attend divine service in the cathedral, and he tells us how the music so filled his soul as to make him forget the tedious length of the homeward journey. We read the story of his quiet, uneventful life, and gaze upon and admire the saintly man, as sketched by the loving hand of dear old Izaac Walton, until the music of his heart and life thrills our natures and chimes through our souls. We all love his sweet hymn, at once so beautiful and practical:

"Teach me, my God, my King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do as unto Thee.
A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy cause,
Makes that an action fine."

Who has not admired his quaint poetry? O how he must have enjoyed those quiet Sabbaths at Bemerton, of which he so sweetly sang:

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on life's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the Eternal King."

He died in his thirty-ninth year. On the Sunday before his death he called for his lute and sang the beautiful death-song:

"My God, my God, my music shall find Thee,
And every string shall have Thy attributes to sing."

The beloved servant of God spent the next Sunday in heaven.

Izaac Walton, the friend and biographer of Herbert, was the brother-in-law of Thomas Ken. When Ken was four years old, he lost his mother—the greatest loss a child can sustain. When he was nine years old, his sister Annie was married to good Izaac Walton, who was then more than forty years of age. Five years afterwards Mr. Ken died, and Thomas, then in his fourteenth year, was left parentless. But Mr. Walton proved himself to be

a friend in need, and watched over the lad's interest with tender and judicious care. Young Ken appreciated and reciprocated this kindly feeling, so that a close and life-long friendship existed between them. It is unnecessary for us to trace the events of his early life more than to merely say that those events were largely shaped by the circumstances and conditions of the times. His early collegiate life was necessarily subject to Puritan influence and control; but before he finished his course Cromwell was dead, and Charles II. being on the throne, Puritanism was a by-word.

Studied in the light of English history it would be a most difficult undertaking to form a correct estimate of the character of Bishop Ken. He doubtless belonged to the highest type of High Churchism. He has been severely criticised for attending the Pope's jubilee; but, apart from this one act, his private and public life reveals nothing that could be regarded as manifesting Romanistic tendencies. We regard him as an average specimen of English conservatism. As a Tory, he was of course a Royalist and an Episcopalian. He believed in blue blood, and doubtless gratified Charles Stuart by being sound concerning "the divine right of kings." But, as we understand the Bible, a man may be very much of a bigot and yet be a Christian—a Christian in spite of his bigotry. While Thomas Ken was chaplain to Charles Stuart, the prisons of England were thronged with the best Christian people that breathed English air. Hundreds and hundreds died of the pestilential jail fever, martyrs for their righteous convictions. Devoted servants of Christ were daily hoisted into the pillory, and the hangman's knife slit their nostrils or cut off an ear. Sometimes, to carry out the brutal sentence, a hand was ruthlessly amputated. Well might Madame Roland cry: "O Justice! What crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" But these things were probably done without a single protest from the bishop. The profligate king often said on Sunday mornings: "Now I must go to church and hear Ken tell me my faults." Ken doubtless rebuked him for much of his scandalous behavior, but we have not the faintest idea that the preacher reproved him for his barbarous cruelty to the Nonconformists, or raised his voice in condemnation of the iniquitous conventicle, and five miles acts. When Ken—basking in ecclesiastical and royal favor—was made Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, John Bunyan had spent nine years in Bedford jail, but the Prebendary of Winchester had

THO. KEN.

no sympathy for suffering prisoners of Bunyan's class. Yet, is it not possible that these men were brethren? It takes a broad charity to bridge over the gulf that separated them, but we think that New Testament charity will cover all the ground. We have often looked at the picture of Bunyan's wife pleading her husband's case before Sir Matthew Hale, and thought that the imprisoned tinker and the chief justice were brethren. They did not, perhaps, recognize each other as such when upon earth, but in heaven they blend their voices in the same song. One cannot but feel that there must have been strange recognitions in heaven! Error is always bigoted. We believe Ken to have been a sincere Christian; but we realize the fact that an intolerant ecclesiasticism is a serious blemish upon Christian character. Ken and the tinker had nothing in common but love to Jesus, and that was sufficient to ultimately bring them together as one.

In his own narrow sphere Mr. Ken was doubtless a conscientious and devoted Christian, who used his naturally fine abilities for the most commendable purposes. After two or three useful pastorates he was appointed chaplain to the Princess Mary; and, after her marriage, he was called to the court as chaplain to Charles II., where he discharged his duties in a manner that won him the respect of the English people. He never permitted himself to be the mere vassal of the king, but, living before the court as a model of Christian integrity, he was universally respected as the servant of the "King of Kings." In that day the court was often held at Winchester; and upon one occasion, because of some repairs being made, they were somewhat overcrowded, and Charles asked his chaplain to give up one of his rooms to accommodate the notorious Nell Gwynn, the vile mistress of the king. But Charles was somewhat astonished when Ken looked him in the face and said: "No, anxious as I am to have your Majesty's good opinion, I will not try to retain it by disgracing my profession as a minister of Jesus Christ by opening my doors to such people as your Majesty encourages." With all his faults Charles had sufficient sense to see that the good man was doing right, and soon afterwards he appointed him Bishop of Bath and Wells. He did not, however, forget the incident, but often spoke of Mr. Ken as "the good little man who refused poor Nell a lodging." The bishop was with Charles during his last sickness, but his ministrations were unheeded. In the midst of his disgraceful career

apoplexy had smitten down the king, but the awful warning made no serious impression upon his mind, and Charles died as he had lived, utterly careless concerning the consequences of his sins.

Under the administration of the Catholic James II., Ken had serious trouble. He had taken the usual oath of allegiance, but when the king's commands forced themselves between his conscience and his God, the bishop obeyed the superior authority. The declaration of indulgence he would not read in the house of the Lord. "Why," said the angry monarch to the seven bishops who refused obedience, "why, this is open rebellion!" "No," said Ken, "it is not rebellion, for we honor you, but at the same time we fear God." "You shall suffer for this," said James. "We are willing that the Lord's will be done," answered Ken. The next week they were arrested and imprisoned; but that step aroused an indignant public opinion that forced the tyrant from the English throne.

William, Prince of Orange, was crowned king, and the Mary whom Ken had long served as chaplain was then Queen of England. But the bishop found himself with a difficult case of conscience on hand. He had sworn allegiance to the deposed king, and felt that nothing but death could release him from that oath. Such being his opinion, he could not again swear allegiance to William. The result was that he had to resign his position and retire from public life in absolute poverty, and but for the kindness of Lord Weymouth, an old college friend, he would have been homeless. Mr. Ken was never married. He lived in the plainest manner possible, so that his personal expenses were but trifling; but he had always been the friend of the poor and suffering, and every dollar of his income had been given to the necessitous ones around him. All he possessed beside his clothing was an old, lame horse, a Greek Testament, and a shroud. That shroud was one of his weaknesses. Years before he had asked a lady to marry him, but she declined, and Ken never wished to ask another. A good, sensible wife would not have tolerated that shroud in the house. As it was, Mr. Ken always kept it near him; if he traveled, he would have the shroud in his satchel; if at any time he felt unwell, he would retire to bed and put on the shroud, ready to die. A wife would have cured him of that nonsense. The last twenty years of his life was spent at the country residence of Lord Weymouth, at Longleat.

We revere the memory of the good bishop, because we are indebted to him for his precious morning and evening hymns. We readily endorse the statement of Montgomery, that "Bishop Ken has laid the world under more abiding obligations by writing his morning, evening, and midnight hymns, than he would have done had he founded and endowed three hospitals." We claim for him a front place among English hymn-writers, because he wrote the first real English hymns. We care but little whether or not this evening hymn was suggested by Sir Thomas Browne's "Colloquy with God." His was pioneer work, for he had none to imitate in those qualities that go to make up a beautiful hymn. His hymns have been, and are, a benediction to the Church; in matter of graceful simplicity, reverential homage, devout petition, and fervent gratitude—indeed, in all the characteristics of a true hymn—they yet hold a front place, even among all the beautiful creations of modern genius and artistic taste.

As is well known, the hymns were specially prepared for the use of the students in Winchester College. At first they were printed upon cardboard and hung in each student's room; but afterwards they were bound up with the college "Manual of Prayers." In the Manual Mr. Ken urges the students to "be sure to sing the morning and evening hymns in your chamber, devoutly remembering that the psalmist upon happy experience assures you that 'it is a good thing to tell of the lovingkindness of the Lord early in the morning, and of his truth in the night season.'" Mr. Ken did not instruct others to do that which he neglected to do himself. Every morning before he left his room he would take his lute and sing the fourteen verses of the morning hymn, and the twelve verses of the evening hymn were sung every night. His hymn was sung by the students every morning at the chapel exercises of the college. It is said that the following verses afford a fair specimen of the psalm replaced by Ken's glorious hymn:

"Praise the Lord, ye Gentiles all,
Which hath brought you into the light!
O praise Him all people mortal,
As is most worthy and right!

For He is full determined
On us to pour out His mercy;
And the Lord's truth, be ye assured,
Abideth perpetually."

After using such rugged, uncouth stanzas, how those students would enjoy the smooth, sweet, graceful verses of Ken's morning hymn!

Bishop Ken's life at Longleat was peculiarly peaceful and pleasant. He enjoyed retirement, and was happy anywhere where God was.

> "Dead to all else, alive to God alone,
> Ken, the confessor meek, abandons power,
> Palace, and mitre, and cathedral throne
> (A shroud alone reserved), and in the bower
> Of meditation hallows every hour."

Soon after he had found a home with his friend, and realized how heartily he was entertained, leaving no ground for apprehension concerning the matter of welcome, he wrote:

> "I the small dolorous remnant of my days
> Devote to hymn my Great Creator's praise;
> Aye, nearer as I draw toward my heavenly rest,
> The more I love the employment of the blest;
> And should the well meant song I leave behind
> With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
> 'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know
> That in my verse saints sing God's praise below."

Dear old saint! As we ponder over his words, our hearts warm toward him. We forget his intolerance; we forgive his lack of sympathy toward good men who conscientiously differed from him.

> "'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know
> That in my verse saints sing God's praise below."

What a rapturous heaven his must be! His verse is unceasingly being sung. "People and realms of every tongue" sing Bishop Ken's immortal Doxology. In all lands, by all peoples, in all languages, it is always being sung in perpetual praise. No other verse has been sung half as frequently—sung in times of joy and of sorrow—sung in seasons of rest and in days of wearisome toil. It has been the death-song of martyrs, the triumphant pæan of victorious hosts. It has been sung when planning some great undertaking, and when reaping the reward of some successful enterprise. It saved the prisoners at Libby from absolute despair. The wounded at Shiloh sang it as they spent the long, painful night on the bloody battle-field. When Vicksburg fell, the music of Old Hundred rolled the Doxology like a voice of

mighty thunderings all over the Northern States. It was sung when the missing ocean steamer was signaled at Sandy Hook; when the first message from England flashed through the Atlantic cable; when the last rail of the Pacific railroad was laid, binding the eastern and western shores of this continent together. It will be sung as long as this world endureth; and when earth is depeopled and silent, heaven will sing the Doxology to all eternity.

When the bishop died, he chose six poor men to lower him into his grave at sunrise. He lies in Frome churchyard, without a stone to mark the spot. A simple iron fence denotes the quiet resting-place. The Sunday-school children of Frome Church have a beautiful method of keeping the dear old saint in memory. On summer Sabbath mornings the rector gathers them around the grave, where they sing the morning hymn as a loving tribute to the memory of the illustrious servant of God.

CHAPTER XI.

DIVERSITIES OF OPINION CONCERNING PSALMODY.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares."

Paul instructed the Christians at Colosse to "admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your heart to the Lord." We understand this Scripture to command the use of the inspired psalms, and also of uninspired hymns and spiritual songs. It is probable that the early Christians understood the passage as we do, because Tertullian, in his description of the agapæ or love feasts of the second century, says: "After washing hands and bringing in lights, each man was invited to come forward and sing to God's praise, something either selected from the Scriptures or of his own composition." This harmonizes with the truth as stated by the Apostle: "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit, who divideth to every man severally as he will." Writing in the same century, Caius speaks of "all the psalms and odes written by faithful brethren from the beginning, as hymning Christ, the Word of God, as God." We believe that Christians are entrusted with the liberty of choosing those compositions best suited to their needs and experiences. Those who "sing with grace in their hearts to the Lord" will not abuse this liberty; for a man with "grace in his heart" is likely to have discretion in his head.

But this has not always been the universal opinion of the

church, for some have regarded uninspired hymns as a dangerous innovation, and have earnestly protested against their use. In the year A. D. 269, Paul of Samasota, the Bishop of Antioch, was deposed from his office, one charge against him being "that he prohibited the use of hymns addressed to Christ, upon the ground that they were written by uninspired authors." In the sixth century, public opinion had veered round to Paul's way of thinking, for the first council of Braga, held in 561, forbade the use of all poetical compositions in the churches save those found in the Holy Scriptures. This decree shut hymns out of the church for more than seventy years, until it was revoked by the fourth council of Toledo.

That some such opinions were prevalent in England, at the time of the Reformation, may be inferred from the fact that many other portions of Scripture than the Psalms were "done into metre" and sung in the churches. The book of Genesis and the two books of the Kings were thus prepared and used in public worship. We do not suppose that these metrical versions were used in any large proportion of the churches, but the fact that they were used at all is suggestive of the existence of some such opinions as those to which we have referred. It must have been difficult to reduce some of the chronological chapters into metre; and when so prepared, we fail to see how the singing, even of some portions of God's inspired word, could have profited the church. We had rather sing some such uninspired production as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," than the inspired words of the tenth chapter of Genesis, consisting of hard, unpronounceable names and genealogical records. We do not underrate the words of Holy Scripture, but we fail to see what benefit could possibly accrue from singing them. Bible scholars regard the tenth of Genesis as one of the most important chapters of the book, because it is the key to the dispersion of the races, and is exceedingly interesting as a theme for ethnological study and critical investigation.

Influenced by similar opinions, the first fourteen chapters of the Acts of the Apostles were translated into metre by Dr. Tye and sung in the Royal Chapel of Edward VI. We have already referred to Dr. Tye as an eminent musician who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth. We will quote the title of his book:

"The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe Meeter,

and dedicated toe the Kynge's moste excellent Maiestye, by Christofer Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of ye Gentylmen of hys Grace's moste honorable Chappel, with Notes toe eche chapter toe synge, and alsoe toe playe upon the Lute; very necessayre for students after theyre studye toe fyle theyre wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge toe rede the goode and Godlye lives of Christ and Hys Apostles."

The work must have cost the good Doctor an immense amount of labor. The "Notes toe eche chapter toe synge" is said to have been most elaborate music "consisting of fugues and canons of a highly artificial and complicated description." The translation was creditably done, as may be seen from the following specimen. The first verse of the fourteenth chapter of the Acts reads:

"And it came to pass in Iconium that they went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake, that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed."

Dr. Tye gives it in this form:

"It chaunced in Iconium,
As they oft tymes did use,
Together theye dyd come
To the Synagogue of Jeus,
Where theye dyd preache, and onlye seke
God's grace then toe atcheve,
That theye so spoke to Jue and Greke
That manye did beleve."

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Tye as a poet, he is justly regarded as one of the first great English composers, whose eminent abilities entitle him to a front place among the gifted musicians of his age. Like all other men, the Doctor had his trials; but, instead of bravely meeting and mastering them, he unfortunately yielded to them, so that in his latter years he was known as an ill-tempered, peevish, cross-grained old man. He was the organist of the royal chapel, and in that chapel Queen Elizabeth was always mistress, and sometimes offensively so. If the preacher touched upon any of her foibles and sins, she would not hesitate to tell him to "shut up, and not trouble his head with things which did not concern him." "You leave that alone, Mr. Dean, and talk of something you understand," she said, one day, when one of the preachers condemned extravagance in dress. One morning she sent the verger to tell Dr. Tye that he was playing out of tune. The old Doctor was fearfully annoyed, and angrily

said: "Tell her Majesty that her ears are out of tune." The good-natured queen laughed heartily, and the insult was forgiven and forgotten.

Many of the Reformers, like Calvin, showed their "hostility to Rome by rejecting all the usages of her church." The Puritans were all controlled by that feeling, and were exceedingly annoyed by the choral services of the church, and petitioned the government "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is most grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to the other, with the squeaking of chanting choristers." To their minds, organs and instruments of music in church were regarded as a profane innovation, and as special inventions of the devil. Some of our Presbyterian brethren in Scotland have hardly yet gotten over their dislike to "the noisy instruments." But, in spite of prejudice, the sweet-voiced organ has won its way to the hearts of worshipers and is recognized as an aid to devotion. An old Scotch lady, who heartily enjoyed music, had allowed her prejudice to overrule her taste by solemnly, but vainly, voting against the erection of an organ in her kirk. But afterwards, when the instrument was played, her face beamed with satisfaction, and she was delighted. On her way home some one asked her how she liked the organ. "Oh," she said, with twinkling eyes, "'tis a bonnie chist o' whistles; but och, sirs, 'tis an awfu' way o' spending the Sabbath day."

In 1644 the English council of divines, known as "the Westminster Assembly," declared it "to be the duty of all Christians to praise God by the singing of psalms, both in the public services of the church and in the private devotions of the family." They urged upon all who could use them, the duty of providing themselves with psalm-books; but in congregations, where there were many who could not read, they recommended "that each single line of the psalm be read just before singing it." This was to be done, that the most illiterate might have opportunity to join in singing the praises of God, and thus promote congregational singing, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Enjoined by such high authority, no wonder that the practice of "lining out" or *deaconing* the psalm, became common among the churches of both countries. But we have only to call to mind the fact that they often sang from fifteen to twenty verses at one stand-

ing, to realize that this concession to the weaker brethren must have made the exercise somewhat tedious. They drawled out their notes so long that the singing of a single psalm often occupied nearly half an hour. This was usually followed by an equally long prayer, during which they were accustomed to stand with their backs toward the pulpit, and this long time upon their feet prepared them to sit quietly during a sermon varying from two to three and a half hours in length. From four to five hours was the average time for a service. We often wish that some of those brethren who are so clamorous for short services had been born a hundred years ago; then they would have been more patient and more wise than they are now. Best of all, they would have been in heaven before this time, and we would be able to say our "Finally, brethren," in peace, undisturbed by the click and snap of their watch-cases.

In singing by this line-at-a-time method some of the lines must have caused embarrassment. Try this line, for instance:

"The Lord will come! and he will not"

That would sound strangely, and the next line would not improve matters:

"Keep silence, but speak out."

Think of singing the first line of our popular hymn:

"Jesus lives! no longer now"

It would at least suggest a most frightful condition of things, the existence of which would rob life of all its joy and hope.

In his "Evenings with the Sacred Poets," Frederick Saunders suggests another form of embarrassment which may have occurred. The story is old and threadbare now, but it may be new to some of our young readers. A good old minister had intimated to the choir his intention to close a winter afternoon's service with a psalm which they had arranged to sing to the tune "Old Hundred." But at the close of the service it had grown so dark that the minister could not see to read, and attempted to dispense with the singing by the remark, "My eyes are dim, I cannot see," when the ready choir sang his words and the confused pastor stammered, "I meant but an apology," and again the choir sang, and stood waiting for more, until the indignant preacher bewildered them with a torrent of words far too numerous to be set to "Old Hundred."

One of the most important works published in connection with the history of early psalmody was entitled:

"The Whole Booke of Psalmes, with the Hymnes Evangelicall, and Songs Spirituall. Composed intoe 4 parts by sundry authors, with such seueral tunes as have beene and are vsvally sung in England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands. Neuer as yet before in one volume published. Alsoe a brief abstract of the Prayse, Efficacie, and Virtue of the Psalmes, by Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Musicke. 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.' London. Printed by Thomas Harper, for the Company of Stationers, 1621."

It was the first book of its kind ever published, and all similar books of later date have borrowed from it. John Milton, the father of our poet, composed two tunes, "York" and "Norwich," for the book, and these are yet treasured among the choice melodies of the church. Among other contributors were Tallis, Tye, Dowland, and others. The tunes named St. David, Canterbury, and Bangor, were composed by Ravenscroft himself. The music was in four parts, "and," to use his own language, "is so composed that the musickfull may, with little practice, be enabled to sing them in parts after a plausable manner." He closed his preface with the words: "Accept kindly what I have labored earnestly, and use it to thy comfort. Thus I end: humbly wishing to all true Christian hearts that sweet consolation in singing praises unto God here upon earth, as may bring us hereafter to have a part with the 'quire' of angels in heaven."

Having psalms and tunes, our forefathers may have made their services delightful; but, as we shall see, things did not always move along pleasantly with them. Upon the subject of singing they were seriously divided. Some protested against any others than Christians singing in the churches, barely giving consent for the unconverted to join in the "Amen" which they usually sung at the end of the psalm; others thought it wrong to sing any other words than those of Scripture; some wished to confine the singing to the male members of the congregation, because Paul objected to women speaking in churches; one party contended against joining holy words with uninspired tunes; another party condemned both metrical translations and tunes—the one as an irreverent tampering with the inspired word, the other as an effort to introduce unhallowed things into the service of God's house.

With all this diversity of opinion and these strange modes of singing, it is not surprising that many churches discarded singing altogether. Even as late as Dr. Watts' day was this the case, for in his preface he says: "There are many churches that disallow singing as a part of public worship, and I am persuaded that the poor performance of it, even in the best congregations, with the mistaken rules to which it is confined, is one great reason for its entire neglect." Of course, there have been times in the history of the church when it was expedient to omit singing in its services, because the voice of song would have brought the informer and assured arrest and imprisonment. There have been times in this country when our Puritan forefathers were very intolerant toward those who differed from them. They loved freedom so much that they sternly refused to permit others to share it; and having fled from persecution themselves, they were, nevertheless, ready to crush good men who conscientiously differed from their creed.

But many churches in both countries ignored singing from choice. The church of which Mr. Spurgeon is now pastor was organized at Horsleydown, and for many years Benjamin Keach, a name fragrant in Baptist history, was its minister. The church would not permit singing, although Mr. Keach expostulated with them upon the matter for many years. He made it the one aim of his ministry to create a sentiment in favor of singing the praises of God in the church. In pursuance of this design he published a book, entitled, "The Breach in God's Service Repaired." At last, after all those years of controversy, the majority of the church agreed "to sing a hymn or psalm of praise to God every Lord's day." But this decision so annoyed the minority that they withdrew and organized an anti-singing church at Maze Pond, where for forty years they stubbornly withstood an ever-growing public sentiment in favor of Christian song. In this country a similar state of things existed. In 1656, the First Baptist Church of Newport, R. I., was thus divided, and twenty-one persons left and organized an anti-singing church, which is now known as the Second Church, in that city. One of the reasons by which the seceders tried to justify their act was that "they disapproved of psalmody." For more than one hundred years there was no singing permitted in the Second Church. In 1765, after long years of agitation and opposition, permission was

given, by the vote of a small majority, to sing one psalm at the commencement of each service; but a number of the members always waited outside the church until the offensive exercise was ended. In memory of all this, we cannot but thank God for the present unity of the churches in relation to the service of praise in the Lord's house.

The blessed influence of Christian song is to harmonize and unite the church, and in all matters of Christian feeling and sentiment to assist in maintaining a delightful reciprocity of cordial fellowship and affectionate regard. The churches were never in better condition than they are to-day. We have no sympathy with the chronic grumblers, who so persistently declare "that the former days were better than these." We often meet these pessimists, but they never do us any good. They wring their hands and whine about the worldliness of the church, about their brethren's lack of spirituality, and the low-down condition of things in general. A half dozen of such people are sufficient to cripple the energies of any church. They howl over other men's sins, but never over their own uncharitableness and back-biting and evil-speaking. We believe that the churches were never more united, more aggressive, or more successful, than they are at the present time.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PURITAN PSALMODY OF NEW ENGLAND.

"O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

Thou heardst, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour."

Since the secession of Henry VIII. from the papal church, the Anglican establishment had been divided into two parties: the conservative or Catholic faction, who wished to preserve the ceremonies and ecclesiastical prestige of the church, and the extreme Protestant or Puritan party, who protested against the retention of anything that savored of Romish usages. Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms were published under royal and high ecclesiastical authority, which was probably the reason why the book never obtained much favor with the Puritans. We have seen that from the time of its publication it was a success among the ecclesiastical party. Burney says that "soon as Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne of England, the Psalms were roared aloud in almost every street as well as church throughout the kingdom." Hawkins tells us that "so popular were the Psalms that they were sung by soldiers on march, and parade, and at lord mayors' dinners, and city feasts." This form of popularizing the songs of the church was undoubtedly distasteful to the Puritans, who upon all occasions were ready to make their disapprobation manifest to the whole church, until the antagonism of the two parties became a strong factor in the history of the times. As usual, the strongest party grew tyrannical, and the harshness of Elizabeth's ecclesiastical commission drove large numbers of Puritans out of the estab-

lishment, and many of them out of the kingdom. There were thousands who withdrew from the former, because they believed a national church contrary to the teachings of God's Holy Word. To them "the church, as by law established," was "the corrupt Babylon of the bishops, where the priest wore a surplice and read his prayers from a book." They rejected ceremonies as idolatrous and the rule of the bishops as unscriptural; and, consequently, as "the Lord's free people," they organized themselves into churches, bound together by the simple fellowship of the Gospel.

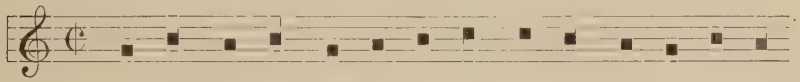
Among these despised and persecuted people were the men who were destined to figure in history as the Pilgrim Fathers. They were a little band of people whose "peculiar notions" led them to affiliate with each other for counsel and sympathy. We can imagine that their neighbors would speak of them "as notional people, for whom the parish church was not good enough." They often met for worship at Mr. Brewster's, who kept the post-office at Scrooby. But the relentless hand of persecution was raised against them, and they were driven from the land of their birth to other shores. The English people regarded them with suspicion, refused them the rights of citizenship, and they were hounded from place to place. But these peculiar men were making history, and how wonderfully history vindicated their character and endorsed their principles! Only two centuries afterwards, when the magnificent houses of parliament were being finished, the artists of England were asked to select some historical scenes of sufficient national importance and world-wide interest to form a suitable theme for the genius of England's greatest painters, and worthy of being represented in the audience chamber of British peers, and deserving of the most prominent place among the art treasures of the oldest and wealthiest government of the world. The assembled artists realized the responsibility of such a choice; but, after a brief consultation, they were unanimous in recommending the "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," as a subject that would best afford scope for the painter's skill and room for a nation's pride. How history revenges itself upon the intolerance and bigotry of men!

They fled to Amsterdam, where they enjoyed liberty of conscience, but found it difficult to procure bread. Then they removed to Leyden, where, to save themselves from starvation, they en-

gaged in occupations of the humblest kind. Elder Brewster, beng in better circumstances than his brethren, started a printing office and afterwards published Puritan books. William Bradford, without an idea of being governor of New England, apprenticed himself to a silk-dyer. At Amsterdam they had formed the acquaintance of one of their own people, a young man who was a bookseller's porter, but who had far more knowledge in his head than he could carry upon his back. He was none other than the famous divine and scholar, Dr. Henry Ainsworth. Roger Williams said that he knew Ainsworth when "he lived in a blind lane in Amsterdam and supported himself upon eighteen cents per week and some boiled roots." Mr. Ainsworth is said to have been "not only the most cultured, but the most steadfast and resolute champion of those principles of civil and religious freedom represented by Independent Noncomformists." In Amsterdam he published a metrical version of the Psalms, which became very popular among the Puritan party, being sung in their churches and families. This was used by the church at Leyden; and when the Pilgrims had determined to leave that place for America, they spent their last evening at the house of their pastor, singing Ainsworth's Psalms, and commending each other to the heavenly Father's loving care. And when, to use their own expression, they were "huddled together" with others in the over-crowded little "Mayflower," on the wild, wintry Atlantic—cold and wet, sick and sad—these Psalms were sung to the hoarse accompaniment of Ocean's waves, the boisterous winds being the winged messengers which bore their praises to heaven, until their weary souls found rest in realizing the presence of Him who stood by the side of Paul at midnight, on the wreck in the stormy Mediterranean, and said, "Fear not, Paul." Doubtless the same Presence was seen, and the same Voice spake similar words to the Pilgrims during those trying days and nights on the Mayflower.

On the ninth of December, 1620, when anchored off Cape Cod, we are told that "the men landed and worshiped God with prayers and the singing of psalms," whilst the women remained on board and manifested practical piety in serving God and their families, by washing the dirt out of their clothing. Brave Pilgrim Mothers! Why do we hear so little of them? This occurred several days before the whole company landed upon Plymouth Rock. That first song of praise that ascended to God from the

bleak shore of New England from the Pilgrim Fathers was undoubtedly selected from Ainsworth's book, which for more than twenty years held its place as the psalm-book of the colony. It was entitled, "The Book of Psalms, Englyshed both in prose and meeter, with Annotations, opening the words and sentences by conference with other Scriptures, by Henry Ainsworth, 1612." The prose and metrical versions were printed in parallel columns on each page. This first edition was without music. In his preface the author wrote: "Tunes for the Psalms, I find not any set of God; therefore, all people may use the most grave, decent and comfortable manner of singing that they know;" which simply meant that each person should bawl out the psalm in his own way, and we may vainly try to imagine the discord. But the second edition, published in 1618, contained the music of five tunes, printed in the old square and diamond-shaped notes and without bars. The following is the tune Canterbury, as composed by Ravenscroft, and printed in Ainsworth's book:



O bless - ed men, that doth not in the wick - ed coun-sels walk,

nor stand in sin-ner's way, nor sit in seat of scorn-ful folk.

The edition containing these tunes was the one the Pilgrims brought with them. A copy is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston, which was presented by the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Plymouth, in the year 1732. As a specimen, we give Mr. Ainsworth's rendering of the one hundredth Psalm:

"Showt to Jehovah, all the earth,
Serve ye Jehovah with Gladness;
before him come with singing—mirth,
Know that Jehovah he God is.

Its he *that* made us, and not wee;
his flock and sheep of his feeding;
O with confession enter yee
his gates, and court-yards with praysing.

Confesse to him, blesse ye his name,
Because Jehovah *he* good *is.*
his mercy ever *is the same;*
and his faith, into all ages."

The one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm is as follows:

"By Babel's rivers there sate wee
Yea wept when we dyd minde Sion,
The willowes *that* amidds it *bee*
Our harps we hanged them upon.

For songes of us, there aske dyd they
that had us captives led along,
And mirth, they that in heaps dyd lay,
Synge unto us some Sion's song.

Jehovah's song how synge shall wee,
Within a forreyn people's land?
Jerusalem if I doe thee
forget, forget let my right hand.

Cleave let my tongue to my palet,
if I doe not in mind thee bear;
If I Jerusalem do not
above my chiefest joy prefer.

Remember Lord, to Ædom's sonns,
day of Jerusalem; who sayd
rase, rase to her—foundations,
Daughter of Babel, wasteful layd;

O blessed he that thy reward
payes thee, which thou rewardest us.
O blessed he, that takes, and hard
against the rocks, thy babes doth crush."

James I. had threatened to make the Puritans conform to the church, or "harry them out of the land, or something worse." That "something worse" was broadly significant, and was an honest expression of his feelings toward the Nonconformists. This policy he pursued with unrelenting vigor until his death, when Charles Stuart so consistently and undeviatingly imitated his father's hatred of religious liberty, that as early as 1636 there were no less than thirty prominent English ministers, eminent alike for learning and piety, who had been "harried" from their native land, and driven to seek a home in New England. In that year a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable psalm-book for the American churches, consisting of the Rev. Thomas Welde, who had just resigned the first pastorate of the church at Roxbury; John Elliott, who had succeeded Mr. Welde at Roxbury, and who was designed by Divine Providence to be afterwards known to the world as "The Great Apostle to the Indians;" and

Richard Mather, the devoted pastor of the Dorchester Church, and the gifted author of numerous theological works. But, great as these men undoubtedly were, modern criticism has dealt very severely with their attempts at poetry. Professor Nicol, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, says that they produced "the worst of many bad psalm-books." Better things may have been expected, seeing the work was four years in preparation. It was known by two names, "The Bay Psalm-Book," and sometimes "The New England Version of the Psalms." First published in 1640, it ran through nine editions during that century. A copy of the ninth edition is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Bennet street, Boston. It was "Printed by B. Green and J. Allen, for Michael Perry, under the west end of the Town house, Boston, 1698."

The first edition was entitled "The Psalms in Meeter," but in the second edition, published in 1647, a few hymns and spiritual songs were added, and the title was given which was borne by all the thirty subsequent editions: "The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, faithfully translated into English metre, for the use, edification, and comfort of the saints, in publick and private. Especially in New England."

But bad as it was, there was nothing to supplant it, and it had an enormous circulation. Thirty editions here in America, twenty-two editions in Scotland, and eighteen editions in England. Psalmody may be said to form the foundations of our American literature, insomuch as the first edition of these Psalms was the first book printed in the colony. It was published at Cambridge by Stephen Day, who was granted three hundred acres of land as a recognition of his enterprise in having introduced into the colony that mighty engine of civilization, the printing press. All honor to the memory of Stephen Day, the first printer in New England. Some one is responsible for the story that when Benjamin Franklin was working in Philadelphia as a printer's boy and boarding with the Reed family, he ventured to ask parental permission to pay his addresses to Miss Deborah. But, for a time, Mrs. Reed objected to the intimacy upon the ground of his inability to support a wife by his trade as a printer, because there were already half a dozen printing offices in New England, and she doubted whether there would be work to sustain them all.

In reading selections from this first American psalm-book, it

should be borne in mind that these old translations of Scripture for the purpose of song were not valued so much for their rhythm and general adaptation to the end in view, as for their literal rendering of the phraseology of the Bible. The one which varied the least from the original was regarded as the best work. The following is its rendering of the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm:

"O all ye servants of the Lord
behold the Lord bless yee;
Yee who within Jehovah's house
i' the night-time standing bee.
Lift up your hands and blesse the Lord
In's place of holines;
The Lord that heaven and earth hath made,
thee out of Sion blesse."

The first and second verses of the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm are as follows:

"How good and sweet to see,
its for brethren to dwell
together in unitee,
Its lyke choice oyle THAT *fell*
the head upon,
that down dyd flow,
the beard unto
beard of Aron;
The skirts of his garment,
that unto them went downe."

We have stated that some spiritual songs were added to the second edition in 1647. One of these, the song of Deborah, was rendered as follows:

"Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife
'bove women blest shall bee,
Above the women in the tent,
a blessed one is she.

He water asked, she gave him milk;
in lordly dish she fetch'd
Him butter forth; unto the nail
she forth her left hand stretched;

Her right hand to the workman's maul
and Sisera hammered!
She pierced and struck his temple through
and then cut off his head.

He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
he at her feet bow'd where
He fell; whereas he bowed down
he fell destroyed there!!"

The singing of the Puritans of the olden time would now be regarded as peculiar and monotonous. Part singing was unknown amongst them. Lively music was regarded as being wholly of the devil. To sing by note was to imitate the papists. They sang so slowly that Rev. Thomas Walter said: "I have often paused twice, upon one note, to take breath." Three or four tunes constituted all their musical knowledge, and it was not very uncommon for all of these to be sung at the same time by different portions of the congregation. When they all united with *one* tune they sang so badly that, to those who possessed any musical taste, the discord was intolerable. Selected choirs were unknown, and enthusiastic choristers love to refer us to the early history of the New England churches as an illustration of musical degeneracy at a time when choirs were ignored and the churches had congregational singing with a vengeance. Perhaps things had reached their worst in 1721, when the Rev. Thomas Walter, of Roxbury, wrote: "Our tunes are left to the mercy of every unskillful throat, to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their odd humor and fancies. In some churches the tunes are tortured, and twisted, and quavered into all medley of horrid and discordant noises, until the singing often sounds like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time." Probably it was *very* bad singing, but some of us feel that we would like to hear our people "roar" a little while God's praises are being sung. We think we could endure it, even if there should be a little discord. We would prefer that, rather than to look over our silent audiences who listen admiringly to the solos of the prima donnas of the quartette. "Let *all* the people praise Thee, O God! Yea, let all the people praise Thee!"

CHAPTER XIII.

GERMAN PSALMODY.

"The Monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

Half battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized with tears;
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years."

We can easily imagine that, to a native of the Fatherland, it may seem presumptuous for one of another clime and tongue to attempt to write upon the psalmody of that land of music and song. We all realize that the birth-place of Handel and Haydn, of Beethoven and Weber, Mendelssohn and Mozart, must be pre-eminent as the home of genius and the abode of art. Music is regarded as one of the necessities of German life. Almost every home is the school of song, and some in almost every family are votaries at the shrine of Apollo. Mr. J. W. Moore, in his Encyclopædia of Music, says: "The culture of music in Germany is simply astonishing. Even down to the most insignificant charity school the art of singing is publicly taught, and no school-master is allowed to exercise his profession unless he is capable of teaching at least the elements of music." The most of the great magicians of sound have been children of the Fatherland, which is, consequently, richer in musical literature than any other country in the world. Miss Winkworth calls Germany "the home of Christian poetry." To corroborate this we have but to remember that the hymn-writers of that land have given to the world no less than eighty thousand Christian hymns. The fame of many of these authors has crossed their national boundaries, and their songs have flown to all the lands as an inspiration and benedic-

tion. The expressive force, and subtile distinctions, and delicate shadings of other languages, have been used and made to comprehend and convey to the world the rich thought and illustrative ability of the Christian poets of Germany.

We are glad to notice that all our modern hymnals have enriched their pages with selections from the poets of the Fatherland. In the book used in our own church, "The Calvary Selection of Spiritual Song," we have fifty such selections from the works of twenty of the best German hymn-writers. They are not equal to our best English and American hymns. It would be absurd to compare them with the best works of Watts or Wesley; but they do not suffer when compared with the productions of many of our successful hymn-writers. We must not forget that a hymn is almost invariably injured by translation. It cannot be torn from the mode of expression by which its author gave it existence, and be refitted to the strange idioms of another language, without losing some of its original beauty and force. We can best realize the value of these hymns by reflecting upon what our hymnals would be without them. How such a loss would impoverish us! It would be a calamity to have Martin Luther's hymns taken from our books. It is true that we would scarcely miss them in our public services, because we have but two or three of his productions, and these we do not sing. We seldom sing Rinkart's Thanksgiving Hymn, but it would be an irreparable loss to have this old historic song taken from us. How we would miss Paul Gerhardt's sweet hymns of trust, or Count Zinzendorf's "Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness." Thank God that these hymns are the property, not of a church or of a country, but of the whole Christian world.

We are aware that this is an utilitarian age, and, as we turn the pages of some of our hymnals, the fact is impressed upon our minds with peculiar emphasis. The grand old war-songs of the church are omitted as unsuited to the needs of our time. All the hymns are cut down to three or four stanzas. If you complain of this vandalism, you are told that three verses are sufficient for all the needs of this busy, practical age. Who are those men who dare to assume the responsibility of curtailing the praises of God's house? Who are these self-appointed legislators who dictate to the whole church as to the length of their worship? If three verses are sufficient, please give us the right of selecting them for

ourselves. If you publish a hymn-book give us some hymns. We know of some hymnals that, in all honesty, ought to be entitled "Mutilated Fragments of Hymns, Cut to Regulation Length." Why do we not cut all the trees down to a given number of feet, and so have them accord with each other? You can no more cut a good hymn without spoiling it than you can cut the top off a tree without disfiguring it. We are told that such vandalism is to meet a necessity of the times, by preparing a book just suited to the pew. Suited to the needs of one hour per week! That is not our idea of a hymn-book. We want a book that is a repository of Christian song, and in which the historic songs of the church have a place. These old battle-songs were the swords that carved out victories and won the privileges we enjoy. If they are a little rusty with age, we ought to venerate them the more, and preserve them as the trophies of the power of God's truth and of our forefathers' faith. We need a hymn-book to use in the family, until our children learn to love it as they would the kindly face of a dear friend. We need a hymn-book to be a personal companion, in whose society we can find enjoyment and assistance; a pleasant associate in our gladsome hours; a sympathizing comforter in times of sorrow; a friend to whisper holy and encouraging thoughts, suited to the ever-varying conditions of our lives. We want a hymn-book that we can love and revere, and from whose fullness we can fill our souls, and whose utterances are the ever-ready means of conveying our worship to God.

We regard the hymn-book as the great portrait gallery of the church, and, as we look over its contents, we seem to recognize the faces of its writers, and are thus brought into association with the illustrious and holy dead. In his "Story of the Hymns," Mr. Butterworth reminds us of the fact that the Holy Spirit has preserved the circumstances under which many of the Psalms were written, in order that we might have the opportunity to study them in the light of their own history. Surely, it must be an advantage to study our hymns in the same manner. The inherent qualities of "The Pilgrim's Progress" are sufficient of themselves to make us love it; but who shall say how much our interest in the book is enhanced by the fact that it was at least partly written in Bedford jail? The history of the hymns cannot fail to make us more interested in them.

We would not have Martin Luther's hymns taken away from

our books, for never was a greater hymnist than he. The Reformation in Germany was brought about by the instrumentality of Christian song. This was the weapon with which Luther beat back and discomfited the hosts of popery, who had so long boasted of their power to subjugate human reason as a proof of the Divine authority of their church. Among his first efforts in the great work of his life was the preparation and publication of a psalm-book. In a letter written to Spalatin, in the year 1524, he said: "We are looking everywhere for poets who will write hymns in simple language suited to the capacity of the people." He wrote sixty-three hymns himself, which soon became so popular that they were sung all over Germany by the common people. In Erfurth four printers were constantly employed in publishing his hymns. The Catholics were alarmed, and said: "His hymns do more harm than his sermons; the whole people are singing themselves into his pernicious doctrines." Coleridge made an assertion which we regard as doubtful, when he said that "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Holy Scriptures." In another place, the same author said: "Luther was a poet, as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country, but his poetic images were so vivid that they overmastered his own mind; hence, he did not write so much as he acted poems." Carlyle said: "Luther was not only permitted to enter the sphere of poetry, but to dwell in the centre thereof. He was the most inspired of all teachers since the Apostles."

His whole life was a sublime poem that seemed to move to music, a noble epic that needs no pompous or heroic language to portray its graphic dramatic incidents. He was always a singer. We are first introduced to him at Conrad Cotta's door, where he was singing for bread. To get an education at Magdeburg, he had to depend upon his voice and the charity of the citizens. But, in leading the friendless boy to Conrad's door, God led him to the right place. Death had caused a vacant chair in Conrad and Ursala's home, and there was a vacant place in Conrad and Ursala's hearts for the poor student to fill. The benefits were mutual; he found a home, and they found some one to love. Conrad was fond of music and spent his evenings in playing on the flute, and during that winter young Luther made himself master of the same instrument. To him music was what Coleridge says it always is. "a consoler, and its own exceeding great reward." At

the monastery at Erfurth his rich, musical voice gained him the position of chorister. It was there that he experienced that great change so aptly called in Scripture "a passing from death to life." It was a fearful struggle for him. So much to give up: so many sources of confidence and hope to be abandoned! All the religious education of his life to be swept aside as useless, and even misleading. Then, in addition to all this, his soul was the arena where fearful temptations contended for the mastery. All this intense mental perturbation made his work as a student exceedingly difficult. One day they found the poor young monk lying unconscious on the floor, and many thought him dead. They used every possible means for his restoration, until they despaired of success. It is common in Germany for the attendants around a dying person to sing some suitable hymn. In this case, one of the choristers struck up a sweet, soul-stirring hymn, and, as usual, the music acted like a charm upon Luther. Music would always reach his soul, and he quickly revived under the inspiring influence of holy song. Another instance was during his trial at Augsburg, when utterly overcome by mental toil and anxiety he fainted, and while his frightened friends were bathing his face, he partially recovered and with a smile said, "Let us praise God, and shame the devil, by singing the forty-sixth Psalm." That precious psalm was his usual remedy under such circumstances. He sang it on his way to meet the Diet at Worms, and it was always a comfort and inspiration to his soul.

In public or in private, music and song were the solace of his life. In his home it was his custom to get his lute after dinner and spend half an hour in singing the praises of God. "Music," said he, "is the best soother of a troubled man, whereby his heart is again quickened, refreshed and made contented. It has often refreshed and relieved me from great sorrows. The devil specially hates good music, because thereby men are made joyful; for he loveth nothing better than to make men unbelieving and cowardly by means of melancholy and gloominess."

How faithful the man was to his conscience and his God! When he encountered the infamous Tetzel, he knew that all the power of the Vatican was upon his side, sanctioning his villainy; but what cared the intrepid servant of God? Luther said that when he publicly challenged him, "The fellow bellowed like a wild bull." "That man makes a great noise," said Luther to a

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

friend, "but, God willing, I will make a hole in his drum." Think of him openly attacking the whole papacy by nailing his ninety-five propositions upon the church-door at Wittenberg. "There," said he, "that is truth, and I am here to defend it." "The pope will be displeased with you," some one said to him. "If it is true, I care little what pleases or displeases the pope," was the reply. Many a one had been burned to ashes for saying much less than that. When he felt that he was upon the side of God's truth, he was invincible. Summoned to appear before Cardinal Cajetan, the pope's legate, the great man expected to overawe the refractory monk, and began to argue with him; but in a few minutes he was helplessly, confessedly defeated, and infinitely disgusted. "No, no," he said with flashing eyes, "I will not argue with that beast again; his eyes are too deeply set in his head, and his looks have too much meaning in them." When threatened with the anger of Duke George, if he went to Leipsic, Luther said: "If it were to rain Duke Georges for nine days, I would go." When Spalatin sent messengers to persuade him not to appear before the Diet at Worms, he said: "If there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the houses, I would go."

Luther before the Diet! Who were they? Never was man summoned before a more august court. There sat the Emperor Charles V., whose empire extended across two hemispheres; the Archduke Ferdinand; six electors and governors of states, each of them with the power and pomp of a king; twenty-four dukes; eight margraves; thirty archbishops and bishops; seven ambassadors from foreign courts, besides a large number of special representatives from the pope. It was no light thing to stand upon the defensive in such a presence. It was an all-important moment, when the Chancellor of Treves arose and said: "Martin Luther, will you, or will you not retract?" Every eye was fixed upon the monk's face. O, had that man yielded, how different the history of the world would have been! Yield! He was firm as the everlasting hills! All the world and the papacy upon one side, and on the other side a poor, solitary monk! O no, not solitary, for God was with him! Was his face blanched? Did he tremble? He was the calmest man there! He realized the gravity of the moment; but he did not hesitate. Calmly looking Charles in the face, he said: "I neither can nor will retract anything. I stand

here, and can say no more. God help me, Amen." Dear, brave servant of God, what a debt of gratitude we owe him!

The scenes of Luther's life are intensely dramatic, and his own burly form is the principal figure in them all. As we read, we imagine we see his good-natured, laughing face, and his exuberant humor compels us to laugh with him. We almost shout our admiration of his daring acts, as he nails his Thesis to the church door, or throws the pope's bull into the flames at Wittenberg. His life is almost a constant appeal to our senses. At his wedding, we realize that it was more than a wedding; it was a practical protest against the celibacy and vices of the clergy, and we cannot withhold our tearful congratulations from the child-like yet daring couple. Our own eyes are moist as we watch the tears roll down his cheeks as he sat by the death-bed of his darling Madeline. We look with awe, and pity his overwrought brain, recognizing both the strength and the weakness of the man, as he threw his ink-stand at the devil's head in the Castle of the Wartburg. We stand reverently watching as he breathed out his great soul into the hands of his God, at Eiselben, the place of his birth. We admire and venerate and love him. We will not think of his faults, his harsh judgments, and his sometimes overbearing tyranny. We will only think of his sufferings, his courage, his success!

Yet, with all this rugged sternness, he had all the tenderness of a little child. When first appointed to preach, he trembled like an aspen leaf, and said to the vicar-general of his order: "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, I cannot do it; indeed I cannot do it; it would kill me in three months!" "Well, Martin," said the good old Doctor, "if you must die, why, you must; but if you do, they need good heads up yonder; so preach, man, and then live or die, as God sees best." Like all truly great men, he dearly loved little children, and they loved him in return. His letter to his five-year-old boy affords us an insight into his great child-like nature. Gentle as a lamb, powerful and daring as a lion! To-day crawling on his hands and knees to romp with the children; to-morrow out in the world as a whirlwind of energy, his great, passionate soul uttering words—like fire balls from a cloud—words that would set nations and continents into a flame. Armed with the omnipotence of truth, he would cut through hosts of opposing forces with the fierceness of a thunder-bolt.

As we have seen, Luther's hymns were sung all over the entire land, propagating his doctrines wherever they went. "The Catholics, finding that the people would sing them and were almost wild with delight in so doing, published hymn-books of their own, in which, with slight alterations, they incorporated almost all of the Reformer's hymns." But the priests soon discovered that they had made a mistake, because those hymns contained germs of truth that were fatal to the unscriptural dogmas of their church, and after a short time they found it necessary to strictly prohibit the use of their own books.

Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, was a man who did a great deal of faithful consecrated service for Christ. His father, who had been the prime minister of Saxony, died soon after our poet's birth. His mother was soon re-married, and the young count was placed under the care of his devoted Christian grandmother, to whom the world is largely indebted for having carefully trained the boy, and developing traits of character that made his life a blessing to his race. In his sixteenth year he entered the university at Wittenberg as a law student; but the one great yearning desire of his heart was to be a minister of the Gospel of Christ, although the very decided opposition of his relatives frustrated this design. On September seventh, 1722, in the twenty-second year of his age, he married a devoted Christian lady and settled upon one of his large estates. About that time he met a Moravian refugee, named Christian David, who told him how cruelly his people had been persecuted by the Austrian Government. Moved by compassion for them, the count invited them to settle upon his estate. A piece of land was given them at the foot of a hill called Hutberg hill. This they named Herrnhut, which meant, "Under the protection of the Lord." According to their ability the people built cottages for their use, and with the count's liberal assistance they erected a suitable church; and there for a while they worshiped under "their own vine and fig tree, none daring to make them afraid." The little band of Christians soon became an important missionary organization, whose agents were busily working among "the dark places of the earth." This was most congenial work to Zinzendorf, who wholly identified himself with the settlement. This aroused the suspicions of his own government, and a charge of heresy was brought against him, and for

fifteen years he was an exile from the land of his birth. During that time he visited Christian workers in other lands, making his influence felt wherever he went. He spent the year 1742 in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Indians in our own land. The last five years of his life was spent at his beloved Herrnhut, and there he yielded up his spirit to God in the sixtieth year of his age.

Zinzendorf began to compose hymns during his boyhood, and continued the practice until the close of his life, having written more than two thousand of such compositions. His wife was a gifted hymn-writer, as was also his son Christian, who died in London, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Thus the whole family made very valuable contributions to the sweet songs of the church. Herrnhut is now a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and is still the great heart of Moravian effort, the blessed influence of which is felt to the ends of the earth.

The compositions of Paul Gerhardt entitle him to rank as the prince of German hymn-writers. He was being educated for the ministry at the commencement of the calamitous "Thirty Years' War," but, unable to obtain a pastorate, because of the turbulence of the times, he engaged as tutor in the family of Andrew Bertholdt in Berlin. There he fell deeply and irrecoverably in love with his his pupil, Anna Maria Bertholdt, who subsequently became his wife. After a short pastorate at Mittenwalde, he was called to the Church of St. Nicholas, at Berlin, where he was exceedingly popular, and, in the truest sense, successful. Crowds thronged to hear him preach, and he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the whole city. He published a number of his beautiful hymns, and these extended his fame through the whole of Germany. But trial soon overtook him, and from that time his life was one of peculiar difficulty. He continued to write hymns, and often said that the best of these had been "crushed out of his heart by the weight of the heavy cross." The Prince of Brandenberg requested him to sign a declaration which he regarded as compromising his faithfulness as a Christian and his influence as a minister, and his conscientious refusal resulted in his being deprived of his office. When the fact was made known to him, he said: "This is a small matter; but I am willing and ready to seal with my blood the evangelical truth, and, like my namesake, St. Paul, to offer my neck to the sword." The people of Berlin pleaded with the Prince

for Mr. Gerhardt's restoration; but it was more than a year before he was reinstated, and then he was officially informed that the Prince expected him to obey his commands. Mr. Gerhardt felt this acutely, and openly expressed his conscientious feelings upon the matter; the consequence of which was that another was appointed to fill his place. This trial was speedily followed by the death of a beloved son. He could not find another pastorate, and the family had to depend upon the kindness of friends to keep them from actual starvation. The next year his devoted wife was taken from him. That was his heaviest trial. When dying, she requested an attendant to read her one of her husband's hymns; and, while this was being done, she passed away to her eternal rest. A few more years of exceedingly trying work, during which he was slandered by those who should have befriended and sustained him, and his labors were ended. Miss Winkworth says: "Paul Gerhardt is without doubt the greatest of the German hymn-writers, possessing loftier poetical genius and a richer variety of thought and feeling than any other." He gave one hundred and twenty-three hymns to the church, and some of these will continue to be sung until the day when sweet hymns of trust will be no longer needed, because faith will be lost in sight. His portrait hangs in the church at Lübben, where he spent the last seven years of his life, and underneath is the inscription: "A divine, sifted in Satan's sieve." He died a peaceful death. His lips moved, and listening, the attendants heard him repeat a verse of his own hymn:

"Him no
Death hath power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill
Bears his spirit safe away:
Shuts the door of bitter woes,
Opens yon bright path, that glows
With the light of perfect day."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

"Oh! for the animating fire
That tuned harmonious Watts' lyre
To sweet seraphic strains;
Celestial fire that bore his mind
(Earth's vain amusements left behind)
To yonder blissful plains!"

The sudden changes of public opinion, as manifest in the revulsions and reactions that occur in history, are often bewildering to those who look for the motives which produce such results. In the majesty of a righteous indignation, and in the name of outraged justice, the English people had dethroned and beheaded the First Charles; but why did they so speedily welcome and enthrone his debased and unprincipled son, and tamely submit themselves to a more degrading tyranny than they had endured during his father's reign? Charles II. had neither character nor conscience; but, as a hard man of the world, he was not deficient in a certain kind of shrewd common sense. He knew that it was the intelligent and conscientious portion of the community who had arraigned, condemned and punished his father's crimes, and his vindictive nature caused him to be their relentless and persistent foe. He was thoroughly unscrupulous in his methods, and readily pandered to the low tastes and vulgar prejudices of the most vicious and depraved, in order to have their co-operation in crushing the true nobility of the country. "The Uniformity Act" was a vile onslaught upon the integrity of true men, whilst "The Conventicle Act" was meant to be a deadly thrust at true piety. "The Five Miles Act" was a pitiless form of savage persecution, which even pagan Rome would have blushed to enforce. The consequence of these iniquitous enactments was that the prisons of England were crowded with the best people

in the realm, many of whom spent long years in jail, and more of whom—which was better for them—took the pestilential jail fever, and, succumbing to their sufferings, passed out through the gate of death into glorious liberty. The only term descriptive of the prisons of that day would be to call them "hells of suffering." No provisions were made for ordinary decency; consequently the filth was indescribable and the stench intolerable. Godly men and women were often "huddled" together with thieves and murderers, whose behavior and language were a constant annoyance.

Next to these prisoners, in degree of suffering, were the Nonconformist ministers, who were not in jail, but who were, nevertheless, virtually outlawed. The authorities regarded them as the enemies of the state, and they were constantly under the espionage of informers, employed by the government for that purpose. If a minister conducted family worship in his own house, and five persons besides the family were within hearing, he was arrested and imprisoned. Sometimes the spy would hide from sight, and count himself as one, to make up the illegal number. These ministers dared not go within five miles of any borough or place where they had previously ministered. They were compelled to remain among strangers. Holy Richard Baxter has described their sufferings. He said: "Many hundreds of the clergy, with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread. Though they were frugal as possible, they could hardly live. Some existed on little else than brown bread and water. Many had but forty or fifty dollars a year, with which to support a family. A piece of meat did not get to their table for many weeks at a time." To make the starvation of these ministers certain, the law would not permit them to keep boarders or to teach school. When the vicious and immoral classes are in the ascendency, they are always ready to insult and ridicule the unpopular and down-trodden. It was so in that day especially. These godly ministers were not only persecuted by the officers of the law, but when they ventured on the streets they were hounded and hooted by the mob.

It is said that during the winter of 1674 a lady might often have been seen walking to and fro in front of the old jail in Southampton, England. She usually carried her baby in her arms, and as she passed a certain window she would occasionally

stop and lift up her child at arm's length, so that any one within might look through the rusty iron bars into the baby's face. A stranger seeing this, and noticing the marks of suffering in her face, would naturally have supposed her to have been the unfortunate wife of some prisoner who had clouded her life by his crimes. But that would not have been all true. She *was* a prisoner's wife, but her husband was not a burglar. He had never stolen a watch, or picked a pocket, or in any way disgraced his family by his crimes. He was a true, brave man; a sufferer for conscience's sake, who dared to do right, even though the right led to a prison cell. Mr. Isaac Watts was a deacon of the Independent Chapel, and, as such, was a suspected man. His father, Thomas Watts, who was captain of a British man-of-war, did excellent service for his country. But upon one occasion the enemy was too powerful, and was about to take his ship. Would he permit them to take his ship and run up the Dutch colors at the masthead? No, never! The Union Jack should wave over his head to the last! So he fired his pistol into the powder-magazine, and his vessel and crew could not be taken by the enemy. Brave Thomas Watts was willing to die, but he would not yield. Probably his son Isaac had some such grit. We know that he suffered two or three terms of imprisonment. Our readers will have recognized the baby as one afterwards known and revered by the world as Dr. Isaac Watts, the prince of English hymn-writers.

Mr. Isaac Watts, senior, had for many years been the principal of the Southampton Academy, and had gained an enviable fame as a most successful educator. The early settlers in New England knew the reputation of the school, and many of them were personal friends of the principal. Consequently, as there were then but few educational advantages in America, many young gentlemen from this country were enrolled as students at Southampton. When the term of imprisonment expired, the good deacon returned home to his family and his school.

Meanwhile Baby Watts grew to be a remarkably precocious child. We think it was a case where the schoolmaster usurped the place of the father. If so, we think Mr. Watts deserved another six months in jail for cruelty to that poor little child. The shameful story which has been handed down, to show the smartness of that boy, is to our mind sufficient evidence to prove the

absurd cruelty of the parents. Here is the record as preserved by the lad himself. Please remember that he was born on the seventeenth of July, 1674: "Began to take Latin of my father, 1678; to Latin school and writing, 1680; began to learn Greek, 1683, or before; I had the small-pox, 1683; learnt French, 1684–5; learnt Hebrew, 1687 or '88."

Think of it! Latin at four years old! Greek at nine! French at ten! Hebrew at thirteen! He had small-pox at nine, but small-pox was more merciful than that father. It is said that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," but it requires a great deal of charity to cover his sins. We would like the prince of hymn-writers to have had a magnificent physique and robust health. As it was, Dr. Watts was a diminutive, consumptive-looking creature, whose appearance provoked the smiles of strangers, and sometimes the sneers of the ignorant and ill-behaved. With all these disadvantages he reigns king in the realm of hymnology, and is known as "The Father of English Psalmody." But he might have astonished the world and benefited the church yet more, had he had good health. Poor Dr. Watts was an object of pity! He lived and labored under most unfavorable conditions, which crippled all his efforts and frustrated all his plans. When he fell in love with Miss Singer, what a happy man he would have been could he have married her. He loved her with all his soul. But no such wife for him! And he not only lost her, but suffered the unutterable misery of knowing that she despised his frail appearance. O, of course, she greatly respected his character; but she said that "whilst she admired the jewel, she could not bring herself to love the casket that conained it." No use to blame her and call her heartless. She was at least honest; and it was better so, than for her to have married a man she could not love. No sensible woman would marry a man simply because she pitied him. God does not ask any woman to wreck her own life for the sake of pity.

We are simply disgusted with the absurd stories of the infant prodigy. We feel like writing "the infant monstrosity." When eighteen months old, before he could articulate plainly, he would cry, "A book! a book!" When a farthing prize was offered for a rhyme, he wrote the couplet:

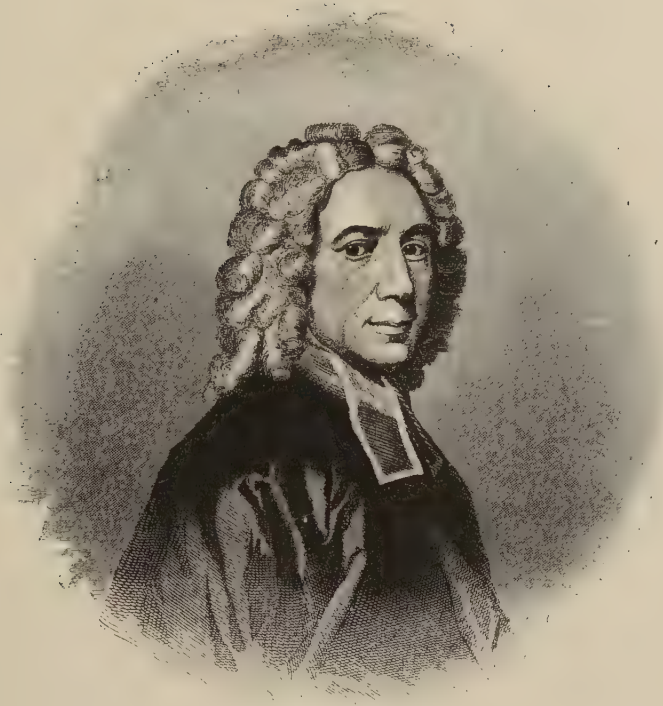
> "I write not for a farthing, but to try
> How I your farthing writers may outvie."

It would have been much better for the dear boy had he been trundling a hoop instead of jingling rhymes. It is exceedingly painful to read the story of his wrecked constitution and ruined manhood. The descriptions of the man by his biographers do not in all respects accord with the portraits that have been preserved. He is said to have been "not more than five feet tall, with low forehead and prominent cheek-bones, his eyes small and sunken, and his personal appearance not prepossessing." If some of the stories told were true, how excruciatingly his keenly sensitive nature must have suffered. For instance, we are told of a gentleman who, upon being introduced in some public place, was astonished, and stammered out: "What! do you mean to tell me that *this* is the great Dr. Watts?" The story says that the annoyed, but ever-graceful Doctor, turned upon his critic and said:

> "Were I so tall to reach the pole,
> Or grasp the ocean with a span,
> I must be measured by my soul:
> The mind's the standard of the man."

We regard it as improbable. Some such thing may have occurred, but the story is surely incorrect in detail. It were a gross misnomer to call such a rude fellow "a gentleman." No gentleman would permit himself to be surprised into such vulgarity. Nor does it seem likely that Dr. Watts would have thrown such a pearl before a boorish—nay, permit us to follow out the Lord's metaphor and call him—a boarish man.

At the age of sixteen, Mr. Watts entered the academy of the Rev. Thomas Rowe, in London, where for four years he was an indefatigable student, and completed his course with the greatest credit. While there he consecrated his life to Christ, and united with the Independent Church meeting in Girdler's Hall, of which Mr. Rowe was pastor. In his twentieth year, he returned home to Southampton for much needed rest. There he of course worshiped in the little meeting-house, with the church of which his father was yet deacon. A "tradition," which is something more than a tradition, has come down to us concerning the circumstances which first called out Mr. Watts' powers as a hymn-writer. The little church used Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms, which, after the usual custom, were read and sung one line at a time. Young Watts was so dissatisfied with the cumbrous and uncouth compositions, that he complained of them in the presence



ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

of the deacons of the church, his father being one of these. "Don't complain of what we have, unless you can give us something better," said one of the old men. "If I do furnish something better will you sing it?" asked young Watts. The matter was discussed, and, before they separated, the promise was given. The next Sabbath morning written copies of a hymn were handed to the deacons and sung by the congregation. The hymn was—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown."

This "song before unknown" is believed to have been the first of those hymns whose composition immortalized the name of Dr. Isaac Watts. We have said that the story is something more than a mere tradition. Indeed, the Rev. John Morgan's testimony has almost corroborated its truthfulness. In a letter to Dr. Gibbons, dated 1780, he said that fifty years before, the Rev. Mr. Price, who was a personal friend and pastoral assistant of Dr. Watts, had told him the story virtually as we have given it. He also adds that the Southampton people were so delighted that they entreated a second, and a third, and a fourth, until they had sufficient to form a small volume.

In his twenty-second year, Mr. Watts engaged himself as tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, at Newington, then a suburb of London, where he remained for six pleasant years. Upon his twenty-fourth birthday he preached his first sermon, and was called to the pastorate of the Mark Lane Independent Church in London. But his lack of health prevented him from assuming the entire charge; an assistant was procured, but for fifty years Mr. Watts was the recognized pastor of the church. Sometimes he could not preach for many months; and when he did, he was often compelled to go home to bed, and spend the rest of the day in a darkened room. In his thirty-eighth year, Sir Thomas Abney invited him to spend a few days at his residence in the suburbs of London. Mr. Watts accepted the invitation, and prolonged that visit for thirty-six years. He never left that home until they carried him out to his grave in Bunhill Fields. Upon one occasion when Lady Huntingdon called upon him, he said to her: "This day, thirty years, I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single

week, and I have extended the visit to thirty years." Undoubtedly Mr. Watts was one of the very best of men. Dr. Johnson said of him: "Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages."

The people of Southampton have erected a beautiful monument in Western Park to the memory of their illustrious citizen. It is of polished Aberdeen granite, inlaid with basso-rilievos of pure white marble. One of these represents him as a Christian, with heaven turned gaze. Underneath is a line from one of his hymns: "To heaven I lift my waiting eyes." Upon another side he is instructing a group of children, and underneath the words: "He gave to lisping infancy its earliest and purest lessons." Upon the opposite side he is depicted as a philosopher, with globe and telescope, and Dr. Johnson's words are graven beneath: "He taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars." A long inscription, descriptive of his many excellencies is upon the remaining side. It is a beautiful testimony to the value of a good man. To regard him simply as a theologian and hymn-writer is to have but a very imperfect idea of his profound learning and vast attainments. We know the book is out of date, and consequently neglected; but if we were asked to name a book which we regard as being likely to prove of use to intelligent young men, we would say, get Dr. Watts upon "The Improvement of the Mind."

We claim for Dr. Watts the front place among English hymn-writers. He wrote at a time when "poetic taste was not only unformed, but when it was invariably deformed." He was almost the creator of English hymns. And the real worth of his productions is seen in the fact that they continue to live, and far more of them are used to-day than those of any other writer. Isabella L. Bird, who is regarded as a good authority in such matters, says that Watts wrote two-fifths of the hymns now used in the English-speaking world." There is a disposition on the part of some to give Charles Wesley the pre-eminence as a hymn-writer, but that can never be done. Watts was a pioneer, whilst Wesley had Watts as a guide. Watts wrote his hymns during a time of great religious dearth, whilst Wesley wrote during the time and under the influence of a gracious revival. We do not contend that Watts wrote anything better—perhaps nothing to equal—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

but we do claim that Watts wrote more hymns that live and retain their usefulness than Wesley did. Wesley wrote seven thousand hymns. Watts wrote but six hundred and ninety-seven, yet, the latter far outnumbers the former in hymns in actual use. "The Calvary Selection" has one hundred and sixty of Watts' and fifty-five of Wesley's. The most of the hymnals have about the same proportion. Both were glorious men, and both names will ever be dear to Christ-loving souls.

Of course Isaac Watts wrote some very inferior hymns which are already consigned to the realm of forgotten things. We remember hymns that were sung in our boyhood days, nearly half a century ago, which are no longer heard or known. We have a keen recollection of the impressions then made upon our minds, by some of Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," which were sung in Sabbath-school. Some of these feelings were of so painful a character, that to this day we have scarcely forgiven the Doctor for having written some of those songs. We had two sessions of Sunday-school, one at nine in the morning and another at half past one in the afternoon. In those days we had to rise early and work hard during the week, and it was no trifling matter to begin the day of rest by rising, dressing and breakfasting before eight o'clock, and then walking three miles to Sunday-school. Frequently, when we reached the place, our school was opened by singing one of the Doctor's songs:

> "'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
> 'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'
> As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
> Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head."

That hymn always hurt us. It did not condemn us, for we knew we were not sluggards. Doubtless there were such people then in bed, but why we had to rise so early, and walk so far, to make them the subjects of our song, was something we could not understand. There was another of the Doctor's hymns frequently sung, that severely condemned pride in dress. In those days our peculiar temptations did not assume that form. We were not exposed to danger because of extravagance in apparel. We sometimes had to go to Sunday-school with a hole in our shoe, or with our Sunday coat looking decidedly seedy, and the singing of that hymn made us supremely conscious of the fact, and we felt that every one in school had their eyes fixed upon that much-worn

coat or broken shoe. If memory serves us right the hymn began in this way:

"Why should the garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin."

We forget the next verse, but we never disputed the truth that—

"The tulip and the butterfly
Are dressed in gayer robes than I."

Somehow we have never been enthusiastic concerning Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children."

In those days the Sunday-school was not regarded as "the children's church," but the members of the school regularly attended the public services of God's house. We teach the children not to attend church, and they incline to our teaching. But fifty years ago the children attended church. We remember some of Watts' hymns, which were then sung by the congregations, that would exceedingly startle our people, if read from the modern pulpit. We have often heard the following hymns sung.

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain."

Another of Watts' hymns was:

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dreadful hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both Thy hands.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinners, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide, to wait your fall."

In our childhood we heard so much of this kind of preaching and singing that we often wished we had not had a soul. In Sunday-school there was a hymn that must have been a favorite with our superintendent, because it was sung nearly every Sabbath:

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?"

We sung those words when seven years old, and we did not hope to "escape that cursed end." We could see no prospect of anything else than to have our dwelling-place with the devils. We can honestly say that, from the hymns we sang and the sermons we often heard, our abiding conviction was that God hated us.

We have referred to these old hymns simply to use them as a background, by means of which we may, by way of contrast, make manifest the fact that modern Christian teaching is characterized by the mildness of the Christian spirit, and is, as we believe, in more blessed accord with the truth that "God is love." The great majority of Dr. Watts' hymns are permeated with this spirit of kindly sympathy and tender love. No other man has ever bequeathed a richer legacy to the church, or conferred a greater blessing upon the world than did Dr. Isaac Watts, whose precious hymns are an abiding blessing.

CHAPTER XV.

HYMN-BOOKS, THEIR CONTENTS AND USES.

O Lamp of Song! whose heaven-lit pages
Flash out the thought of poet sages,
Whose light shone through their lands and ages,
By love first fired!
Gift of the gifted and ingenious,
Whose songs blazed out extemporaneous
Through burning words, alight with genius,
But God-inspired.

A very large proportion of the so-called poverty of men is simply the result of their inability to correctly estimate the value of their possessions. A man with good health and good sense cannot be really poor. It is both wicked and unfortunate to habitually underrate the real worth of things. And it is also wicked to be ignorant of the value of the things we possess, when our ignorance is simply the result of inattention. Ignorance is the child of indolence. All this will apply to the topic before us. There are thousands who own a hymn-book who have not the remotest idea of the mine of wealth it contains. If you were to ask them, "What is a hymn-book?" they would look at you in a bewildered and half-insulted sort of way, and say: "A hymn-book! Why, a hymn-book is, of course—a hymn-book!" What was a primrose to Wordsworth's Peter Bell?

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

"Only a hymn-book," is a common form or expression. If people do not expect to find it interesting, why it is not likely that they will find it so. Those who are interested in the book find it interesting. There are thousands of people who never afford themselves an opportunity to get acquainted with their hymn-book. They only see it once a week, when they go to

church. The book is part of the furniture of the pew, just as is the cushion, or the foot-rest. Of course they recognize it upon such occasions, but they never get intimate with it. They do not know the book, and therefore cannot love it, and if they do not love it, they will not delight in using it. It is necessary to have our people interested in their hymn-books, as a pre-requisite to their being interested and profited by the psalmody of the church. We believe that, next to a love for God's holy word, there is no other book so likely to promote spiritual growth in the individual, and develop vigorous life in the church, as the book of praise. Those who love it most will be found to be the most consistent in character and the most useful in the church. It is a blessed privilege to have the music of these sweet songs chiming through the soul, making the normal condition of the mind to be one of enjoyment. A spirit of thankfulness is a condition of development. As it is with the individual, it must necessarily be with the church. The spiritual status of any church can be estimated with tolerable accuracy by observing the way the people use their hymn-books. If during the time set apart for singing, one half of the people are without books, and the other half not using them; if the janitor is busily using the time in attending to little matters pertaining to his office, and the minister is arranging his manuscript and preparing for the sermon as the great event of the service, you may readily infer that that church is not in a healthy spiritual condition. But singing churches are composed of vigorous, aggressive, and successful workers. We recently heard a judicious Christian gentleman say that "he would be almost as much profited by hearing the Newington Tabernacle congregation sing the Doxology to the tune 'Old Hundred,' as by hearing one of their gifted pastor's soul-stirring sermons." That gentleman did not fail to appreciate Mr. Spurgeon as a very prince of preachers, but he did realize the mighty power of a singing church. In all well-balanced churches the singing and the preaching will inspire and assist each other. No minister can do his best work while preaching to a people who neglect to sing, because in such circumstances he is conscious of working at a great disadvantage. But nothing is so easy and delightful as to preach when the heart has been stirred and warmed, and the congregation roused to enthusiasm, by the sweet songs of the house of the Lord.

Our desire is to do some little service toward bringing about such an improved state of things by assisting our readers to have some correct idea of what an interesting volume the hymn-book really is. As we write these lines a score of psalm and hymn-books are lying upon our study table. Among them are some of the books our fathers were wont to use. Little homely small print affairs that, however useful they may have been, were certainly neither convenient nor ornamental. Among the rest are some half dozen of our modern hymnals, and the merest glance is sufficient to realize that in the preparation of hymn-books we have left the old world far behind. The modern books are handsome, well-bound volumes, in ornamental covers, with hymns and tunes printed in beautiful, clear type, and arranged with such good taste that our hymn-book is really a work of art. All the hymn-books before us have been used in God's service as books of praise, and therefore, in matter of literary merit and special adaptation, we may compare them with each other; but so far as appearance and convenience and workmanship are concerned, we can only regard them in way of contrast.

We will select one of these modern books—merely regarding it as a representative of all the rest—and use it to point out what we regard as some interesting facts concerning hymn-books. Because it is used in our own church, and we are consequently more familiar with it than with others, we will use "The Calvary Selection of Spiritual Songs," published by "The Century Company," of New York. We believe this book will fairly represent the best of our hymnals, so that, what we may say of it may, in the main, be applied to them all. We shall not attempt to compare or criticise different books; our aim is simply to show the points of interest that are to be found in some one hymn-book. Turning the pages of the book we notice that among its ten hundred and eighty-six hymns may be found nearly all of the old standard favorites of the church, but interspersed among them is a number of beautiful strangers whose presence gives a freshness to the whole selection. There are also a great variety of tunes, both of the old and stately music of the church and of the new and popular melodies of our own time; yet the book is singularly free from specimens of dullness selected from standard music, and from samples of frothiness taken from modern compositions. Its topics are multifarious, but not bewildering, because its complete

indexes bring the resources of the book to our finger-ends. Those who have used and become accustomed to it, tell us that its conveniences charm and its excellencies delight them.

It is not too much to say that the book contains the choicest productions of the choicest minds, and is made up of the most precious gems of poetical excellence that can be gathered in the mines of human thought. Our hymn-books do not merely represent the wisdom of any one age, or country, or section of the church, but they consist of the cream of the hymnology of thirty generations, and are enriched by all lands and all denominations of Christians. And these hymns are not only great in their origin, but each has an unwritten history, which is none the less real because it can only be conjectured. Their kindly influence have always been upon the side of the true and the good. Who shall say how many souls they have led to Jesus? How many despondent ones they have encouraged, how many afflicted ones they have sustained, how many sorrowful ones they have comforted? They have accompanied tens of thousands of souls through the river of death, and have sung them to the very gates of heaven. Ofttimes portions of these hymns are sung by lips that death seals into silence before they can reach the end of the song. Jerome and Huss, and hundreds of others, sang them as their death-songs amid the devouring flames of martyrdom. History tells us of one hundred and forty Albigensian Christians being martyred in one huge fire during the persecution under Simon De Montfort in the thirteenth century. When brought to the place of death they struck up and sang a sweet hymn of praise, each one singing as he was forced into the flames. But these hymns have not only consoled and sustained martyrs in suffering; they have also inspired heroes in service. As war-songs, many a victory has been won because of their animating influence, and many a soul has been urged to deeds of daring under the spell of their exhilarating power. Yet their ability to rouse to action has been no greater than their capability to soothe to quietness. They are being constantly used as songs of faith in trial, of confidence in sickness, of resignation in bereavement, of hope and sometimes of triumph in death. They have been sung by persecuted Christians in the Catacombs, by hunted covenanters upon the Scottish moors, by the Lollards at Smithfield, and the Huguenots in France. The echoes of these songs reverberate

through all the history of the church. Keeping in mind their beneficent influence, it needs but little thought to enable one to endorse Professor Edward's definition of a hymn as "the combined product of earthly genius and heavenly inspiration."

"The Calvary Selection" contains one thousand and eighty-six hymns, written by three hundred and twenty-eight authors, who wrote the original hymns. There are eight translators whose renderings are given but who have not written any original hymn found in the book. Adding these names makes a total of three hundred and thirty-six authors. There are fifty-four hymns marked anonymous, but we have, however, discovered the authors of nineteen of these, bringing down the number to thirty-five. Could we obtain the names of these anonymous authors they would increase our list to at least three hundred and fifty. Two or three other hymns are virtually anonymous, for though we have a name, we have nothing but the name. The well known and much loved hymn—

"Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,"

is marked "Hayward." Who was Hayward? No one knows. Probably he has now ceased to welcome the return of earthly Sabbaths, and is enjoying that perpetual Sabbatic rest of heaven. But many hymn-writers have not left even a name, and are totally unknown to us; but God knows them, and He is not unfaithful to forget their work of faith, and their labor of love." They may be dead, but, by these precious hymns, they "being dead yet speaketh." "Their works do follow them." Dead or living, their work remains an unceasing blessing to the church. Perhaps as they used their consecrated pen they felt as did Henry Francis Lyte, who, when dying of consumption, wrote:

"Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart;
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart."

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,
Might I thus live to bless my fellow men,
Or Glorify my God."

In order to assist us in forming some adequate idea of what a hymn-book really is, we will suppose an utterly impossible thing.

In imagination—for we can do it in no other way—we will gather the three hundred and thirty-six writers of "The Cavalry Selection" together in one place. We would suggest a church, but if any of the trustees hesitate about granting the use of the building for such a purpose, we will at once build an air-castle for our convenience. We will make it large enough to comfortably accommodate six hundred persons, and there we will hold our novel meeting of hymn-writers. Were the meeting held anywhere else but in an air-castle, we would not like to be placed in charge of it, or be expected to entertain the guests we intend to invite. What an heterogeneous assembly it would be! Gathered from all the countries, and brought down to us from far-off centuries, they would represent all the varied forms of human civilization, and all the multiform phases of church life. They would differ as widely in creed as in either age or country. Although their hymns are bound up in one book, nothing but an air-castle would hold them together even for an hour. There would not be any fraternal feeling on the part of some of them. Even should Mr. Fawcett give out his hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," they would not all sing it. But if it were not a fraternal gathering, it would, in many senses, be an imposing and distinguished one. Should our hymn-writers come in chronological order, the early arrivals would surely embarrass us. The first would be Saint Clement, of Alexandria, the Christian philosopher of the early Church. Then Ambrose, the good bishop and sweet singer of Milan. Then we would be startled by the entrance of the sovereign pontiff, his holiness Gregory the Great. Gregory was the first pope who assumed the title "*Servus Servorum Dei*," which means "Servant of the Servants of God." But the Roman pontiffs have always been more ready to receive than to render service. We have been told that high-born ladies have often traveled long distances in order to enjoy the unspeakable privilege of kissing the pope's toe, but many of us would regard the act as savoring much more of the ridiculous than of the sublime. The next arrivals would be John and Stephen, the two old Sabaite monks, wearing the coarse and peculiar habiliments of their order. We would again be greatly embarrassed by the entrance of His Majesty, Robert II., king of France. We are not sufficiently acquainted with matters of king-craft to understand how we ought to entertain royalty. The king would be followed by Rabanus

Maurus, the Archbishop of Mayence, and the dignified ecclesiastic would probably expect more homage than the king. Then we would look for the frail-looking pale-faced monk of Clairvaux. He would be dignified, but his dignity would be that of a great soul, which would command the love and esteem of those about him. With him would be his friend and namesake, Bernard, the poet-monk of Cluny. These would be followed by Thomas Aquinas, the distinguished scholar and the austere churchman, a man who would repel, rather than attract us to him. Thomas De Celano, the Franciscan frair, and the abbot of Worms would come in order, followed by Jacobus DeTodi, the Italian poet and satirist. His satire had offended the pope, Boniface VIII., and the poet would have to come to us from his prison cell, where he wrote his beautiful hymn :

> "Near the cross was Mary weeping,
> There her mournful station keeping,
> Gazing on her dying Son."

So far, our gathering would consist of distinguished Catholics. A pope and king, archbishop and bishops, monks and frairs ; but how would we introduce Dr. Martin Luther to these? Would they regard him as the arch-heretic, and refuse to breath the air tainted by his presence? Fortunately for us—having charge of our air-castle—we can keep these together sufficiently long for our purpose. Another king would follow Luther, and we would have to welcome his majesty Gustave Adolphus, the king of Sweden. Space will not permit us to introduce these guests individually to the reader. We must fill the seats and then we may overlook them. What a wonderful gathering it would be! We would be wild with excitement as we attempted to recognize individuals in the illustrous assembly! Dear reader, you would never again say, "Only a hymn-book," if you could be brought face to face with its authors. You would go out from that assembly and declare that the hymn-book is—with one exception—the most wonderful volume in all the world. You would reverence the book, and delight in studying the sublime productions of the world's greatest minds. Allow your imagination to hover over the scene, while we call attention to some of the great assemblage. Many of them are ministers. We know that socialists often speak of the clergy as "the great non-producing class," but the world owes something to its ministers. They

have done much, and suffered much, to stem the torrents of evil that threatened to wash out the foundations of the commonwealth. There is no class of men upon earth who have done more for civil and religious liberty, who have been more enthusiastic for popular education, and who have done as much to build up a pure literature, or who have been more faithful friends of the down-trodden and the oppressed. They have called out and wisely directed public benovolence, and have ever been the unwavering advocates and supporters of good government: and all this without reference to the special work of their lives, in promoting the spiritual and eternal welfare of the people. No less than one hundred and eighty of the hymn-writers represented in this one book have been or are clergymen. The names of many of these are "familiar as household words," a bright galaxy of ministerial excellence in the sky of the church: George Herbert and Bishop Ken, John Newton and John Berridge, Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, Rowland Hill and Augustus Toplady, Robert McCheyne and Horatius Bonar, and many others who rank among the truest grandest men whom God has created.

Fifty of our hymn-writers bear feminine names, and, as would be expected, they wrote the sweetest hymns we have. O, could they be brought together, what a noble band of women they would form: Charlotte Elliot, the Episcopalian; Pheobe Brown, the Congregationalist; Mrs. Van Alstyne, the Methodist; Anne Steele, the Baptist.

"Only a hymn-book! A book written by pious old ladies," sneers some cynic. Yes, we cheerfully admit it was partly written by old ladies, and they wrote our most precious hymns. But there are some others who have contributed to our book. Who is that blind man? Lead him up carefully to a front place. That is the prince of poets, glorious John Milton! Yonder is another great poet, the illustrious John Dryden, who in his own day was the recognized monarch of the literary world. There Joseph Addison, the friend of Dryden, whose poems excel others in smoothness of style and gracefulness of diction. Why, almost all of the great poets would be here! Alexander Pope and Thomas Campbell; William Cowper and James Montgomery; Michael Bruce and Kirke White; Thomas Moore and the literary giant, the immortal Sir Walter Scott! Among the ladies are Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Havergal

and the peerless Miss Cary. There must be some literary talent in the book, for nearly all of the great poets have contributed to its pages! Our American literature is represented by such names as John G. Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, N. P. Willis, and G. P. Morris. There must be a great deal of literary talent in the hymn-book!

All lands have contributed to its pages. One hundred and seventy-four of these hymn-writers belong to England. Eighty-four are Americans—a good showing for so young a country. Twenty-two hail from the land o' cakes, bonnie Scotland. Nineteen would be Germans, seven belong to the Emerald Isle, six from France, five from Italy, four from Wales, two from Syria, two from Sweden, one from Egypt, one from Switzerland, one from Canada, one from India, and one of our own North American Indians.

The book also represents all sections of the church and all phases of Christian thought. Twenty-one of its authors were Roman Catholics, and they wrote some of our most precious hymns. Their lives were scattered along the ages from the fourth century until the present time. Some worshiped with the church in the days of her pristine purity, others bowed before her polluted altars during the dark ages, and yet others kneel at her shrines to-day. Eighty-four would be Episcopalians, forty-four Baptists, fifty-one Independents and Congregationalists, forty-three Presbyterians, eighteen Lutherans, sixteen Unitarians, thirteen Methodists, seven Moravians, three Plymouth brethren, four Calvinistic Methodists, one Universalist; three would refuse to take off their hats, but we would not feel annoyed at the hobby-horse our good Quaker friends ride.

Yet, with all this variety of opinion, a sweet spirit of evangelical religion pervades every hymn. Christian men are often better than their creeds. If a man serves the devil, he puts the worst part of himself into his work, but if he serves God he puts his best things into what he does for the Lord. He does not put in his weakness, but his strength. These hymns are the best work of the best men. There is not a smell of heterodoxy in all the book. "Punch," the London comic paper, gives us an illustration of the truth that heterodoxy does smell. A gentleman—a member of the upper ten—who resided in Belgravia, upon entering his front door, called James, the hall porter, and said:

"I notice a very unpleasant smell here: what is it?" James' reply was characteristic: "Well, my Lud, the new butler is 'igh church, and he 'as fitted up the pantry for a horatory, and he burns hincense there. On saints' days it is perfectly hawful here, because the cook is low church, and she burns brown paper, to hobviate the smell of the hincense."

We built our air-castle large enough to accommodate six hundred persons, but we have but three hundred and thirty-six, a little more than half full. But these are not all the poets of the book! We must re-open the doors and admit at least two hundred and twenty composers of music. These poets of nature found words too clumsy to convey their exquisite idea. Their subtile thought could not be embodied in the gross garb of human speech. Their God-given talents are expressed in music, which we may use in the service of God. Our book gives us some of the best work of two hundred and twenty composers; these, added to the hymn-writers, would give a total of five hundred and fifty men and women of ability and genius, whose consummate skill enabled the editors to give us this marvelous book. All the great magicians of sound would be among the congregation we have imagined—men around whom the delighted crowds gathered, and whose presence in any of the European capitals caused the wildest excitement and the most intense enthusiasm. Handel and Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Haydn and Bach, Rossini and Weber, Pleyel and Purcell, Spohr and Cherubini, would be all before us. We think of them as they were hushing the excited throngs into stillness and working upon their passions, or upon their emotions, at will: Handel in kings' palaces, frowning princes into obedience to his wishes; Mozart the confidential companion of emperors—and then, after having thrilled the nations with his genius, composing his sublime requiem whilst the death-angel was chilling his heart; Mendelssohn enchanting the listening multitudes—and then, amid the excitement, and while yet in his youth, dying; Beethoven, with his own ears closed, yet pouring ecstacy into the ears of all who loved music; Haydn kneeling before the instrument, praying for inspiration; Bach's blind eyes so strangely regaining the power of sight just before they were closed in perpetual darkness; poor, sensitive, modest, affectionate Weber, dying amid disappointment and mortification in a foreign land, with his heart yearning for a

glimpse of the dear faces at home. We would have old John Milton, the father of our poet, among the number. Oliver Holden, the Massachusetts carpenter who composed the tune "Coronation," would be sure to attract the attention of the American people who delight to use his soul-stirring melody. Our American composers have largely assisted in making up the book. Dr. Lowell Mason, William Bradbury, and Dr. Thomas Hastings, are all dead, but they left their music in the heart of the world as a benediction and blessing.

Have we assisted the reader to a clearer idea of what a hymn-book really is? Have we proven that the book is a marvelous creation of the consecrated talent of the world?

CHAPTER XVI.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

"A prayer on the wings of an angel is borne to the portals of light:
I feel in my heart the assurance that mother is praying to-night.
My spirit is wounded and broken, my sins with contrition I see;
To Jesus I'll go and confess them, while mother is praying for me.

Too long I have wandered unheeding her warnings so tender and true,
The tears she has wept o'er my childhood, that fell on my cheeks like the dew;
But now, while she kneels in her closet, where no one but Jesus can see,
I'll ask for his loving forgiveness, while mother is praying for me."

When some officers were discussing the social and moral condition of their country in the presence of the First Napoleon, the great general said: "Gentlemen, the most pressing need of France is good mothers." The illustrious warrior realized the truth of the adage that "those who rock the cradle rule the world," a saying which is as true as it is pithy: for who can estimate the power of a mother's influence? She stamps the first impressions upon her child's mind, and these impressions often remain as the force and purpose of that child's future life. The boy is largely what his mother makes him, because she gathers up the warp and woof of the child's nature and weaves it into character. When a mother once asked Henry Ward Beecher at what time ought she to begin the education of her child who was then four years old, he replied: "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost four years of precious opportunity." "The mother's heart is the children's school-room," where they are fitted to play their part, in the endeavor to win success in the great arena of human activity. Yet how few realize the great importance of the mother's work! Those are accounted great whose abilities enable them to yoke the forces of nature and make them subservient to the interests of men; but how much greater

she who shapes and guides and regulates the faculties and qualities of a human mind, until it is well proportioned and beautiful, and then sends her child out into the world to be a blessing to the race! That mother has done a noble work whose children are ambitious to be good and do good for her sake—the mother whose influence is an abiding incentive to effort and high resolve. "I am weary," said the proud Cornelia, "I am weary of being called Scipio's daughter! Do something, my sons, do something, that I may be called the mother of the brave."

We are always hearing of great men, but we seldom hear of a great woman. Is it that women are not as truly great as men? Was not Grace Darling great when she saved the crew of the wrecked vessel? Was not Florence Nightingale great when she tenderly cared for the wounded in the hospital at Scutari? Were not the women of America great when they tore their own clothing into bandages for the boys? But they are not often called great, and we confess that we are not anxious to have them so spoken of. We speak of good women, and goodness is always great. A good mother does a great work, as we shall see in this chapter. Some one has said that "when God wants to make a great man, he has first to make a great woman to be his mother."

Yet many mothers realize that the grand possibilities of their work is but little more than a synonym of its grave responsibilities. What mother is there who possesses the necessary qualifications to fit her to shape the temporal and eternal destiny of her child? The world is full of failures, and the wreck-drifts of bright hopes are all about us. Worldly wisdom is sadly at fault, and stands confounded amid the ruins of its own efforts. Theories for the proper training of children are being constantly devised and promulgated to meet the exigency, but as constantly and rapidly they pass into the category of inefficient things. Maternal love—the strongest of human affections—cannot attain even to mediocrity in its endeavors. Who then is sufficient for these things? Thank God that there have been, and still are, God-fearing, soul-loving mothers, who reply, "Our sufficiency is of God."

"One good mother," said holy George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters." When a little boy, Benjamin West, drew a rude sketch of his baby sister as she lay in her cot, his mother saw the resemblance and rewarded him with a sweet, loving kiss, and Mr. West always declared that it was that kiss which made

him a painter. Praying mothers! What difficulties they have overcome! What wonders they have wrought! What victories they have achieved! Prayer is the mightiest force in God's great universe. Because it is unseen the world does not always recognize its power. The gigantic forces of the natural world are all invisible. No human eye ever saw pure steam; gravitation has never been perceived by the organs of sight; electricity, in its natural state, cannot be made manifest to our vision. We see results, but often fail to discover the power that produced them. The world admires the man of genius, whose ability seems well-nigh omnipotent over the difficulties he encounters, and it always tenders its homage to the greatness that achieves that which it regards as success. But the world does not usually take account of the mother's prayers as having laid the foundations of that beautiful character, and as having developed and fostered the principles that shape and regulate that successful life. In this chapter—so far as our space will permit—we intend to draw aside the curtain that often veils the true cause of the success of illustrious men. Should any of our readers be sceptical concerning the power of prayer, we will be grateful to them if they will explain to us any theory that will better interpret the secret of the changes and successes of the men whose history we may adduce as illustrations of the influence of mothers' prayers.

Those who have read the history of "The Thirty Years' War" will remember that, at the battle of Weisenberg, Protestant Bohemia was crushed before the Catholic power of Austria. That disastrous battle was but the first stroke of the terrible persecution which destroyed thousands of Protestant lives upon the scaffold; while thousands, deemed more fortunate, were stripped of all they possessed and driven from the land of their birth. Among the latter was the Rev. John Bauman, who, although a wealthy man, with large estates of his own, had devoted his life in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. The whole of Mr. Bauman's property was confiscated to the church; even his clothing was stripped off him and an old ragged suit of workman's clothes was thrown him to put on, and then, upon pain of death, he was ordered to leave the country. They thought him moneyless, but fortunately they did not notice a belt he had secured round his waist, next to his skin, in which he had secreted about one hundred small gold pieces. The good man reached London in absolute

poverty, but provided for his family by securing a position as school teacher.

After a residence of many years in London a young man began to pay special attention to Miss Bauman, the good old minister's only child. He was a minister's son, and his father was also a sufferer for conscience's sake, having been driven from his living by the iniquitous Uniformity Act. The young man kept a little store in a poor neighborhood, and made a scanty living as a retail oil merchant. The couple were married and Philip Doddridge was their twentieth child. Eighteen had died in infancy, one little baby girl being left them. Mrs. Doddridge's life had been a constant struggle with poverty and privation. Her children had been born to die immediately after birth, and the last did not seem to be an exception to the rest, for when born they thought him dead, and the little body was laid out for the grave; but an attendant thought she saw signs of life, and taking him up, she so tenderly cared for him that the tiny spark of life revived, and Dr. Philip Doddridge was given to the world as a blessing to the race. That child was consecrated to God from his birth. Before he could read his mother stored his mind with a variety of Scripture incidents, which were depicted upon some Dutch tiles that were set around the old-fashioned fire place. As she explained the rude pictures she would tell him of the loving Saviour and kneel and pray with him. In after years the Doctor said: "My mother taught me the history of the Old and New Testaments by the assistance of some blue tiles, and her pious reflections were the means of enforcing such good impressions on my heart as never afterwards wore out." In his thirteenth year he lost both parents by death, and was left an orphan in the world. But the godly mother's work was done. She had wisely improved her opportunity, and on her dying bed she had the joy of knowing that Philip was a Christian. "She had done what she could," and she had done well. The simple fact was, that mother believed with all her heart what some of us only half believe—she believed in the possibility of a child's conversion. It is impossible to tell what a wonderful train of influences may be set in motion by the conversion of a little child. By his pulpit ministrations Mr. Doddridge won hundreds to Christ. He trained one hundred and twenty young men for the ministry, whilst his immortal book, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," has been more

honored of God, in the conversion of souls, than any other book —save the Bible—ever written.

The mother of William Wilberforce had for years prayed for the conversion of her gifted son, but seemingly in vain, until he read Doddridge's book, and then, as the result, he laid his splendid abilities and princely fortune at the feet of the Lord Jesus, who used him as the principal agent in the abolition of slavery in the British dominions. Then Wilberforce wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," and hundreds were converted by its instrumentality. The reading of that book was the means of the salvation of Leigh Richmond, who—in his turn—wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," a book God has used in the salvation of thousands.

Dr. Doddridge was a great man—great as a preacher, as a teacher, as an author, and as a hymn writer. We have thirty-six of his hymns in "The Calvary Selection." Some of these are exceedingly popular and useful.

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,"

will always be a favorite. But what shall we say of his—

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God."

If Dr. Doddridge had done no more than give the world that one hymn, that of itself would keep that praying mother in everlasting remembrance, and lead all right-minded people to regard her as the benefactress of her race.

Mrs. Hart was another praying mother, who, amid all kinds of discouragement, wrestled with God for the conversion of her son until she prevailed, and Joseph Hart was a testimony both to her persistent faith and to God's abundant grace. From his infancy she consecrated him to the Lord, and the yearning desire of her heart was to see him converted and devoting himself to the ministry; and with this in view she denied herself ordinary comforts to educate him for such a life-work. He was an apt student, but, alas, as he grew to manhood he was not only indifferent, but manifested pronounced hostility to his mother's designs. She did all she could, but words and tears and prayers all seemed lost upon him. He yielded to temptation until he became the prey of his lusts, and sank from one degree of sin to another until he became so abandoned that decent people shunned his society, and he

was regarded as the ringleader of the most depraved and vicious young men. Some years afterwards, when referring to this period of his life, he said: "I was a bold-faced rebel against God. I not only committed abominably vicious sins myself, but I poisoned the minds and perverted the way of all who associated with me." His mother wept and warned and prayed, but he ridiculed her prayers and laughed at her piety. He became an avowed infidel, and used his superior education in casting doubts upon his mother's bible and assailing his mother's God. An infidel club was organized, and that praying mother's son was elected chairman, and was the boldest blasphemer among them. Then he wrote and published a book upon "The Unreasonableness of Religion," and swore that he would exterminate the name of Christ from the world. The mother continued to pray, and the son continued to sin, until respectable people regarded him with aversion.

What made his case appear more hopeless was the fact that during all these years he had been the subject of strong religious convictions. Sometimes he would bewail his sinful habits and express a desire for a better life; and then he would be swept before the force of his sins into greater depths of infamy than ever. This suggested weakness of character, but the mother knew the Holy Spirit's power could regenerate the soul of her boy and make him "a new creature in Jesus Christ," and she continued to plead with God for his salvation.

The years rolled by, until one of the members of the club had been called to stand by the death-bed of an infidel friend. The awful scene made such an impression upon that young man's mind that he withdrew from the infidel club, confessed his sins to God, and sought and found pardon through the Lord Jesus. He then wrote a letter to Hart—just such a letter as a converted sinner can write. The Holy Spirit used that letter as a means of answering that mother's prayers, and, after a long season of doubt and spiritual darkness, Joseph Hart found pardon and cleansing in the atoning blood of Christ.

We have noticed a disposition on the part of some hymnologists to tone down and soften the depraved conduct of such men by keeping their moral delinquencies from sight. We have seen sketches of Mr. Hart's life that are in this respect misleading and incorrect. He was notorious for his indecency; so much so that,

while living at Sheerness, Mr. Shrubsole, of the dock-yard, interfered to have him sent back to London, because of his pernicious example and influence. The population of Sheerness was made up of sailors and seafaring men, whose profanity is proverbial; but in degrading wickedness young Hart could outvie them all. He was forty years old at the time of his conversion, but his constitution was hopelessly shattered by his immoral habits and vicious life. He afterwards devoted his life to build up the faith he had so earnestly labored to destroy, but he worked amid intense physical sufferings. He preached Christ to unconverted men with marvelous effectiveness, and hundreds were converted through his instrumentality. His hymns have always been popular, and his hymn "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched," has been one of the most useful in the language. He lived but ten years after he began to preach, but he crowded those years with consecrated work. His death caused universal sorrow, and on the day they carried his remains to Bunhill Fields for burial there were more than twenty thousand people at the funeral. His conversion was a marvelous change. The gospel made him a new creature. The degraded libertine became a consistent and devoted follower of Christ, and among the chief influences to bring all this about we recognize a godly mother's prayers.

Mrs. Toplady was a devoted Christian, when her husband, who was a major in the army, was killed at the battle of Carthegena. This heavy trial drove her closer to her Lord, who sustained her by His all-sufficient grace. When the sad news reached her, her baby boy was but a few weeks old, and, as was natural, she lavished all her heart's affection upon him. Gussie grew to be a bright, intelligent, smart little fellow, and the mother was exceedingly proud of her darling boy and sent him to the celebrated Westminster school, where he made such rapid progress as encouraged the professors to predict a bright future for him. But one thing weighed heavily upon her heart, concerning which she besought the Lord day and night with tears; her boy was not a Christian. She had tried every means in her power. They had gone from one London church to another, to listen to the most celebrated preachers. Oftentimes Gussie enjoyed these sermons as an intellectual treat; the oratory pleased, or the reasoning delighted him, but he never heard any sermon as a message from God to his own soul.

In his sixteenth year Mrs. Toplady found it necessary to visit Ireland, to attend to some business relating to an estate in which her husband, prior to his death, had an interest, and thither Gussie accompanied her. On Sunday they found themselves in the little village of Codymain. There was no Protestant service, and the day passed heavily for lack of their customary Sabbath engagements. But they were informed that a service would be held in a barn in the evening, at which a layman, named Morris, was to preach. Glad to have some way of spending the evening they decided to attend the service. But when they reached the place Mrs. Toplady regretted having done so, because the preacher was an illiterate man, who could not read a chapter from the New Testament with any degree of proficiency, and whose broad provincialisms sometimes bordered upon the ridiculous. She did not question the man's sincerity, and so far as she was concerned she could have passed these things almost unnoticed, but she greatly feared for Gussie, who was keenly sensitive to anything that seemed ludicrous, and would probably laugh at the good man's well-meant efforts. He had so often listened to the best pulpit orators of England that now the contrast would be all the more apparent. What his feelings were at first we have no means of knowing, but when Mr. Morris announced his text and began to preach we know that Gussie became interested. The text was: "Ye, who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ," and that sermon was the means of answering the mother's prayers, saving Gussie's soul, and bringing within the church one of the most efficient workers the Lord has had in his vineyard. Under God we are indebted to Mr. Morris for the glorious hymn "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Augustus Toplady soon entered upon the work of the ministry, and perhaps—with the exception of Whitfield—never had preacher greater power over his congregation. His voice is said to have "been like music, his face shone like a seraph's, and his manner was as that of one who comes from heaven with messages from God to men."

Who shall say how earnestly Mrs. Judson pleaded with God when she realized the awful truth that her beloved Adoniram was a sceptic. His associations at Brown University had been most pernicious and fatal to his mother's hopes, and he left the institution an avowed infidel. O how that godly mother must have prayed! Think of her boy starting out as one of a traveling the-

atrical company! When she wrote him he replied: "I am only seeing the world! I am in no danger; I need to see the dark as well as the bright side of things." That mother did not sleep much; she went to bed not so much to sleep as to pray. That night, at the country tavern, while he lay awake, there was probably one in the old home lying awake too. He was nervous that night! The landlord had told him that the man in the next room was very sick, and he lay listening to the stranger's groans until, in the middle of the night, they ceased, and he heard the attendant go for help, and he felt that the man was dead. Then he lay and thought: "What if it were me?" He could not sleep, and serious thoughts would come until he tried to drive them away by thinking of how loudly Edington would laugh at him if he knew he had indulged such thoughts—Edington, his gay, lively, sceptical friend, who had led him into scepticism. How absurd it was to lie awake because a stranger had died in the next room! O how Edington would laugh if he only knew!

"Yes," they said in the morning, "yes, poor fellow, he is dead; he was such a fine young man."

"Do you know his name?" asked Judson.

"O yes, we know of him; his name is Edington, of Brown University."

It was a frightful shock to young Judson, but it was God's way of answering a mother's prayers and preparing for his life-work the man whom the world was to afterwards recognize as "The Apostle of Burmah."

In a little room of a small house in the east end of London a Christian woman lay dying. She had long been sick, but she realized that her time had come to die. Her husband was a sailor and was then at sea. She had sometimes thought that she would probably see him again, but she had abandoned all such hopes, and knew that her own life-voyage was at an end. She was not afraid to die, because she "knew whom she had believed." She not only had to trust God for herself, but for her darling boy who was then seven years old. He was her only child, and at his birth she gave him to the Lord. The one great desire of her heart and the burden of her prayers had been that he might be a minister. That was the *one* thing for which she had desired to live. Her husband was not a Christian, and, of course, had but little sympathy with the desires that welled up from her heart.

Her life had not been a very happy one, because of her husband's indifference to all religious matters. But she had done all she could do for her boy. She had stored his mind with hymns, and passages of Scripture which she had coaxed him to commit to memory. And having sown the seed, she was called from the field. Feeling that her time had come, she had Johnny brought to her, and laying her thin hand upon his head, she offered her last prayer upon his behalf, unless mothers pray in heaven. Then she told him she was leaving him, but that Jesus would be his friend. One last kiss upon her darling's lips, and that mother's work was done. In a few moments she was listening to a voice that said: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A year passed by, and Johnny's father had made two or three short voyages; at the end of one of them he brought home a new mother; but the boy soon discovered that she was not like the lost one. She never prayed with him or talked to him of Jesus. She was not very kind to him, and always seemed glad to have him out of her way. Consequently, Johnny was usually on the street. Being absolutely without restraint, he soon learned to fight and swear, just as did all he associated with. He never knelt at night and uttered the prayer his mother taught him. O poor, dead mother! Were thy prayers but wasted breath?

Three years of this sort of life passed. Instead of being in school, Johnny was on the streets, and was probably as profligate a boy as any of his age in London. He was not known as Johnny any more; it was Jack his associates called him. He was the pest of the neighborhood. The children were afraid of him, and his filthy tongue made respectable people dislike to be within the reach of his voice. If some one had spoken to that boy about his soul, he would have laughed at them. Had they spoken of God, he would probably have sworn at them and said there was no God. But if they had spoken about his mother, he would have turned from them in silence and raised his hand to brush something off his cheek! Ah! poor, dead mother! What has become of thy seven years of prayer?

In his eleventh year he went on his father's ship, and during the following three years he made five voyages, when a merchant offered to take Jack, and for his father's sake give him a good position. But so vicious was he, and impatient of restraint, that

the merchant's well-meant effort was an utter failure. He returned home, however, with a decent suit of clothes, the first he ever had, and took a strange notion to go into the country to visit a family who were friends of his mother; and away he started to make his visit before the clothes were damaged. While visiting, he had a serious fall. He did not break any bones, but something near the heart gave way! He "fell over head and ears" in love with one of the daughters. Poor Mary Catlett: it did not promise much for her happiness. But John was on his good behavior while there, and they did not know his real character. He made another voyage on a merchantman, but upon his return he was impressed on board the "Harwich" man-of-war. Profanity was very common on board, but Jack was the worst swearer there, and old sailors declared that they were afraid to sail with him, lest his awful oaths should bring disaster upon the ship. Ah! poor dead mother, what did thy prayers avail? Forgotten alike by God and man? O no, God never forgets!

As a token of respect for Mr. Newton, senior, the captain gave his son a midshipman's berth. But Jack did not cease to think of Miss Catlett, and longed for a chance to see her. There was no such thing as obtaining leave of absence. The ship put in at Torbay, and there Jack foolishly deserted, for the sole purpose of a few minutes' talk with the young lady. He hid in the woods by day and traveled by night, and it took several nights before he reached her home. He was rewarded by an interview with her, but he had to pay dearly for the pleasure, for in the morning he was arrested and marched back to Plymouth like a felon, where he was tried, condemned, degraded to the forecastle, and punished by being tied to the tail of a wagon and severely whipped with the cat-o'-nine tails through the city streets. Such degrading and disgusting exhibitions were not uncommon in his day. The next day he was put in irons and placed upon an outward bound ship, where, as a disgraced man, he was treated with the greatest severity. The captain was his enemy, and the crew made his life as hard as possible. The brutal treatment, however, only hardened him, and he cursed God as well as man. Ah! poor dead mother! Small prospect of thy boy being a minister!

He soon succeeded in being transferred to a vessel bound for the coast of Africa, and on that ship good behavior would have ensured comfort; but as soon as they reached land he again de-

serted his post and fled to the woods, living on roots and berries until after the vessel had left the harbor. His sole object in remaining there was that he might sin without restraint. Morality was a principle unknown in a port whose only merchants were those who stole men, women and children from the interior, and sold them to the slave-ships that called there. He expected to find a place without any law to curb or restrain, but he soon discovered that the will of these slave-dealers was a governing and tyrannical power. To save himself from starvation he had to ask for employment, and the man whom he served had absolute control over him and regarded and treated him as a slave. At this time Jack's life was so disgustingly sinful that the rest of the slaves avoided him with evident dislike, and considered him as beneath them. Sometimes he was sick, and passed days and nights in delirium, with no friendly hand to moisten his fever-burning lips. His master's negro wife loathed him so much that her treatment toward him was most inhuman. When he was sick she would beat him to his work, or when tossing in delirium she laughed at his sufferings. His clothing was soon worn out, and he had not sufficient to keep the hot African sun from burning his flesh. He says: "I used to go in the dead of night to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterwards put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back while I slept. Shame compelled me to hide in the woods from the presence of strangers. My conduct, principles and heart were still darker than my outward condition." The very slaves would beat him and compel him to obey them. His frightful blasphemies shocked even the swearers upon a slave-coast. Poor dead mother! thy prayers were of little avail!

At last his sufferings were somewhat relieved by being transferred to another master, who treated him with some consideration, and he succeeded in sending a message to his father in England; and after weary months of waiting, an English ship hove in sight. He was taken on board, and during the voyage he met with Stanhope's "Thomas a' Kempis," and the reading of that book, together with an hair-breadth escape during a frightful storm, led to the salvation of his soul. Strange to say that in the very worst periods of his career he had been a student. When a slave of slaves in Africa he would work out mathematical problems on the moist sand of the sea shore. He landed in England a new creature in Christ Jesus. So great was the change that he soon won the

respect of all who were brought into contact with him. He was no longer known as Jack, it was John, and oftener Mr. Newton now. Mr. Newton was captain of a coasting vessel, and then "tide-waiter" at Liverpool, where he devoted all his leisure to study, in order to prepare himself to fulfill his dear dead mother's desire by becoming a minister. It was not Jack, but it was Mr. Newton, who stood with the hand of Mary Catlett in his, and, pledging his troth, made her his wife.

Four years more, and one Sabbath morning the church at Olney was crowded, and anxious eyes were fixed upon the vestry door to catch the first glimpse of the new minister who was appointed to the parish. The door opened, and there, in gown and bands, entered and walked to the reading desk, not Jack, but the Rev. John Newton of Olney. There was joy in heaven. The news must have been flashed up to glory that the African slave was "clothed and in his right mind," and preaching the gospel of Him whose blood had cleansed his filthy soul; the news, the glad news, that after years of waiting God had answered his dead mother's prayers!

A few more years, and a new hymn-book was introduced into the church, called "The Olney Hymn-Book," the hymns being composed by Mr. Newton and Mr. Cowper, who was one of the congregation. In that book were many new hymns, of which the world has since heard. One was:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

That hymn was written by Mr. Cowper and probably suggested to his mind by the strange story of his pastor's life. Another of the new hymns was:

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Among Mr. Newton's hymns was the appropriate one:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me."

Another of his precious hymns is:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."

A few more years passed, and Mr. Newton was pastor of St. Mary Woolnoth in London. There his church was always thronged, and multitudes were saved as the result of his ministry. In the

very zenith of his success he said: "My mother dedicated me to God in my infancy, and long as she lived she commended me to his care with prayers and tears, and I have no doubt but I am now reaping the result." He died in his eighty-fourth year, but he preached to the very last. In extreme old age he often said: "The old African blasphemer's tongue must never be idle while it has life." In St. Mary's church is a marble tablet with the following inscription:

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long laboured to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney, in Bucks,
And 28 years in this church.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE;

OR,

LESSONS SUGGESTED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF SOME HYMN-WRITERS.

"No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season looked delightful as it passed,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife."

"He who has a good God, a good wife, and a good home, needs nothing more," said Cornelius Winter in a letter to a friend. In a few words the good old man included the sum total of human happiness. God himself has declared that it is "not good for man to be alone." Marriage is an institution of peculiar importance. There is no union the quality of which is so intimate, the obligations of which are so binding, and the consequences of which are so momentous. How wonderful that two persons should, by a train of circumstances, be brought together and form one absolute communion of interests! In speaking of the marriage relation God's word emphatically declares it to be "honorable." Wedded love constituted a large portion of the happiness of Paradise. The Lord Jesus graced a marriage feast by his presence. And everywhere the Bible uses the loving connection as a symbol of the union that exists between Christ and those who love him. It brands with infamy those who "forbid to marry," by calling their teaching "the doctrine of devils."

The marriage bond is the national defence. Loosen it and you disturb the foundations of society. One of the first acts in the bloody drama of the French Revolution was to sweep aside the sanctity of marriage, and the history of the ages will prove that to do that is the certain way to national ruin. The family is the foundation of national government.

Marriage is God's provision for human happiness. Doubtless it is often misused and perverted, as are all the rest of God's gifts. There are, doubtless, people whose marriage relations are most unhappy, but such a condition is almost invariably the result of imprudence on the part of one or both of the contracting parties. "There are three things a mon needs in this warld," said an old Scotchman, "gude health, religion, and gude sense. If he can hae but one o' these let it be gude sense, for God can gie him health, or gie him grace, but if he has na common sense nae body can gie it him." No man's piety will take the place of common sense. It is no unusual thing to see a very pious man make a fool of himself by wrecking his own happiness. No uncommon thing to see a Christ-loving, consecrated young lady give herself away, body and soul, to some dull-headed young ignoramus, who will never appreciate her worth. O how painful a thing it is to see a bright, intelligent, cultured girl wreck her life by marrying a man who can never afford her even intelligent companionship. In such matters it should be remembered that pure affection must be founded upon esteem. Each party should be careful to keep their affection under their own control, until their judgment is satisfied as to the wisdom of the contemplated step. With true love marriage is the heart's palace; but without love it is the heart's prison-house. There must be some similarity of taste and feeling, or how can they understand or sympathize with each other? "How can two walk together if they be not agreed?" They may marry from motives of passion or greed, or convenience; they may marry because their parents' farms join each other, and because they wish to own a place which they will falsely call home; but such marriages will throw a black and baneful shadow over the lives of those most concerned. Such unions belong to the province of things which seem to lie beyond the pale of Divine blessing. True love may be disappointed of marriage, but, torn and bleeding as it may be, it can throw itself before the throne of God and obtain healing from the Divine sympathy, so that its sufferings may be sanctified and eventually prove a blessing. But marriage without love is such a hopeless thing, so void of good, so destitute of comfort, that over its portals may be written the motto that Dante inscribed over the doors of his Inferno: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

So much concerning marriage without love, but what shall

be said of love without marriage—a true love that is not reciprocated? This is undoubtedly often the cause of the keenest form of suffering which our humanity can either experience or endure. A greater misfortune cannot overtake one in this world. Tens of thousands have fled from such an appalling experience by way of a suicide's grave.

Who shall say how much of suffering has been caused by the diabolical art of flirtation? Vampires in human form, who feed themselves upon the warm affections of souls as much superior to their own as reality is superior to sham. Fellows with the outward appearance of men—half dude and half coxcomb—who force attentions upon innocent girls and scheme to make an impression, until, having gained their affections, they leave them and boast of their conquest—leave them to such sufferings as their puny little souls cannot comprehend. Or perhaps they are creatures with women's faces, but minus women's hearts, who devote their lives to the diabolical art, and count the success of their endeavors by the number of lives they have ruined. They are adepts in the accursed art of coquetry. They make it a business to fascinate. They fraudulently force themselves upon true men, and, by a thousand little tricks they know how to employ, they delude them, until they lay heart and life at the charmer's feet, and are met with a look of simulated surprise and told that such a thing cannot be. And whilst those men, with shattered lives, wander hopelessly through life, seeking a grave, the heartless coquette boasts of another triumph, and hangs another true man's scalp to her girdle.

Of course there have been no flirts among hymn-writers; there have never been brains enough in the tribe to write a Mother Goose rhyme. But some of our lady hymn-writers must have been very charming women. Miss Elizabeth Singer could have been the wife of either Dr. Watts or Bishop Ken, for both men were fascinated with her, but she preferred to be Mrs. Rowe, and for many years the hospitalities of her home attracted the literary and clerical celebrities of the metropolis. Just so did Dr. Doddridge feel toward Miss Elizabeth Scott, many of whose hymns are found in all our hymnals. Doddridge would gladly have made her his wife had she consented to the union. The Doctor had just written "The Life of Colonel Gardener," and his book had excited a great deal of public interest, when Colonel Williams, of Massa-

chusetts, arrived in London on some political business. The colonel called on Dr. Doddridge, who introduced him to Miss Scott as "another praying colonel." Colonel Williams was a widower, and, after a short acquaintance, proposed marriage to Miss Scott and was accepted. They were soon married and she accompanied her husband to America, where she spent the remainder of her life. That Doddridge greatly admired her we know from his letters, in one of which he said, "Miss Scott holds a furnished room in my heart." He addressed a poem to her, of which the following verse is part:

"Too lovely maid, possessed of every art
To charm the fancy and command the heart;
The blest youth to whom thy love is given
Will pass through Eden on his way to heaven."

But alas! that Eden was not for poor Doddridge.

Several of our hymn-writers suffered in a similar way. Montgomery was never married, because, as his biographers believe, of a disappointment in early life. It is understood that the following is a narration of his own experience. The Hannah of the poem was a Miss Turner, who resided in a fine old mansion near Barnsley:

"At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by love's delightful dart;
Keen transport throbbed through every vein;
I never felt so sweet a pain.

'Twas on the merry morn of May
To Hannah's cot I took my way;
And fancy sketched my married lot,
My wife my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang sparkling to my eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listened in my ear.

I reached the hamlet—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday.
I met a wedding—stept aside;
It passed—my Hannah was the bride!

There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?"

We have already referred to Dr. Watts' devoted love for Miss Singer. She admired Dr. Watts as a minister and as a hymn-writer, but she felt she could not admire him as a husband. She is said to have told him that she "admired the gem, but could not love the casket that contained it." Poor little pale-faced, homely-looking man; who shall blame her? But the trial was a fearful one, and poor Watts rested his aching heart against the bosom of infinite tenderness, but he was never a really happy man. After she had refused him, he retired for some days to the privacy of his own room, and there he wrote the hymn—

"How vain are all things here below
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure has its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

"My dear child," said an affectionate mother, "it is a very solemn thing to get married." "My darling mamma, I believe it," said her marriageable daughter; "but I think it much *more* solemn to remain unmarried." So evidently thought a lady who drove one day to the rectory door and solicited an interview with Mr. Berridge. She was shown into the parlor, and in a little while the quaint but devoted minister presented himself. In spite of himself, John Berridge was a wag. The tip of his nose was the most expressive part of his face. Many writers have vainly attempted to describe that nose. It was neither Roman nor Grecian, and it would be irreverent to speak of it as a pug; but upon one thing they all agree, it was an indescribable nose. He was a great humorist, and when his mind was under the influence of some ludicrous thought or incident, the point of his nose would turn up in such a droll manner as to give the whole face a wag-

gish expression and greatly add to the spiciness of his humor. What effect the lady's communication had upon his face can only be matter for conjecture. As soon as he entered the room she rose from her chair and said: "O! you blessed Mr. Berridge, I've had such a sweet vision!"

"Had what, madam?"

"A vision, a sweet vision."

"What's that, madam? Did you eat it?"

"Why no, Mr. Berridge, I saw it."

"Well, how do you know it was sweet, if you didn't taste it?"

"O! my dear Mr. Berridge, it was sweet · and it was about you."

"Madam, you are laboring under a mistake!"

"No mistake, Mr. Berridge, I assure you. I saw an angel, and he told me that I was to be your wife, and I shall be."

"Not if I know it, madam, unless that angel will come and tell me that I am to be your husband, and if he does I'll let you know, so you need not call upon this errand again. Good morning, madam."

Dear old bachelor! How useful he was! He entered the ministry with his own eyes blinded. He was sincere and conscientious, but he did not understand the plan of salvation. He preached a high-toned morality, and his people listened and grew more depraved. This disturbed his mind, for he felt that his ministry was a failure. Then he began to suspect that his own views of truth were erroneous, and brought them to the test of God's word, all the while praying earnestly for light, until at last the truth dawned upon his soul. This was in middle life. For long years he had trusted his own works as the ground of his salvation. When the light came, the first thing he did was to take all his written sermons into the garden and make a bonfire of them, and he said they "gave more light then than they had ever done before."

The next Sunday he preached Christ, and on Monday numbers of his parishioners went to the rectory in deep concern. He says: "I answered the door to one good woman, who said she was come to see what all this was about."

"Why, what is the matter, Sarah?"

"Matter? That's what I want to know. Those new sermons! I find we are all to be lost. I can't eat, drink or sleep. I want to know what is to become of me?"

The whole neighborhood was excited. The church became thronged to almost suffocation. But the new doctrine was "quick and powerful," for in that one year more than one thousand souls were converted to God. He went preaching everywhere. It was no unusual thing for twenty thousand people to gather to an open air preaching service. He preached Christ with such wonderful power that hundreds were sometimes saved at one service. In one year four thousand were professedly converted under his ministry. He wrote some quaint, but some very precious hymns, one of which is—

> "O happy saints that dwell in light,
> And walk with Jesus clothed in white;
> Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
> Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

His letter to Lady Huntingdon is in the line of the topic of this chapter. He said: "I have been so grievously plagued and tormented with housekeepers that I have had serious thoughts of looking out for a Jezebel for myself. But it was needful to ask advice of the Lord. So falling upon my knees, with a bible between my hands, I besought the Lord's direction; and then letting the book fall open of itself, my eyes first caught the words in Esdras: 'When my son was entered into his wedding chamber, he fell down and died.' This frightened me; but Satan, who stood near my elbow, not liking the heavenly caution, suggested that the book was apocryphal, and not to be heeded. So I fell upon my knees and prayed the Lord not to be angry, while I asked a second sign; then, letting the book open, my eye caught the words: 'Thou shalt not take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons or daughters in this place.' I now know my Lord's will, and am satisfied." Whilst we have but little sympathy with that way of using God's word, we can but admit the wonderful—probably we ought not to say—coincidence.

Love without marriage, and marriage without love. We may regard John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, as affording an illustration of both sides of the subject. We would not deal uncharitably, or in any way unkindly toward the memory of a great and good man, but every one knows that in love affairs he was one of the most imprudent and indiscreet of men. He suffered intensely from love disappointments; yet, when he was married, that marriage was the cause of a life of unhappiness.

There is an old proverb that "too many cooks spoil the porridge," and we have sometimes thought that Mr. Wesley's troubles sprang from some such source. His engagement in Georgia might have ended happily if he had not called in his brethren to decide whether he ought to marry. That was his and the lady's business. The brethren's opinion was adverse to his being married, and the engagement was broken. Had he married the lady he loved, it is probable that his life would have been a happy one. We know that in this case Mr. Wesley behaved in a childish manner, but the man was half beside himself with disappointment. Of course it hurt him to see another marry her, and he manifested his feeling by petulantly refusing her a place at the Lord's table.

The affair with Mrs. Grace Murray was ruined by the interference of his brother Charles. We have always regarded it as an unbrotherly act. Mr. Wesley regarded Mrs. Murray with sincere affection. She had been engaged to Mr. Bennet, one of the preachers, but the engagement had been broken, though there was probably a lingering attachment for each other. Charles Wesley sent money to Mrs. Murray at Newcastle, to pay her traveling expenses to Bristol—a distance of four hundred miles—where she was to meet him on business. When she reached Bristol, Charles was there with her old lover, Mr. Bennet, and the poor little woman was told that she had come to Bristol to be married. The preachers of that day had a great deal of influence over their people. There she was, in a strange city, four hundred miles from home, and no way of getting there but by long days and nights of travel in the stage coach. She yielded the point, was married, and brother John was left helpless. Mad! No wonder he was mad! Who wouldn't have been mad! The poor fellow said: "The whole world is against me, above all my own brother. The desire of mine eyes is gone with a stroke." After John Wesley's death some verses were found among his papers which were written at that time, and in which he described Mrs. Murray's excellences. In the closing verse he said:

> "Such was the friend, than life more dear,
> Whom in one luckless, baleful hour
> (For ever mentioned with a tear),
> The tempter's unresisted power
> (O the unutterable smart)
> Tore from my inly bleeding heart."

Two years before that disappointment Mr. Wesley wrote a hymn, and we think that if Mrs. Grace Murray had seen it, she was a wise woman for marrying Mr. Bennet:

"This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above!

I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part
And desecrate the whole.
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul!"

Dear old saint; he ought to have been a bachelor! That was poor theology. He evidently thought that, to allow his wife to share his heart would rob the Saviour of a part, and consequently he probably never did allow her to have any large share of his affection. He lived for the one purpose of preaching Christ. His parish was the whole of England, and he was often absent for months at a time. He regarded home duties as a sort of encumbrance, and never thought that neglect of them was sin.

Then came his marriage with Mrs. Vizelle, a wealthy widow, who, however, took care to secure her property to herself and children before the wedding took place. One Tuesday he was in London, and having summoned his preachers to meet him, he, among other things, warned them against marriage, and told them they should keep single for "the kingdom of heaven's sake." A day or two afterwards he sprained his foot, and was taken to Mrs. Vizelle's house to await recovery. He said in his diary that he spent the week in conversation and prayer. We may make a broad guess as to the topic of conversation, for at the end of the week the couple were married. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." That woman was the bane of his life. For more than twenty years she annoyed and abused and scandalized him, until his life was a burden. It was but seldom that he went home, but when he did her abuse was simply unbearable. She opened all his letters that she could put her hands upon, and if a lady member of his church began a letter by saying "Dear Mr. Wesley," she

regarded it as a clear cause for jealousy, and did not hesitate to try to raise a scandal about them. It was a happy day for Mr. Wesley when the miserable woman left him, though even then she did not cease to annoy him.

Another sad illustration of an unhappy marriage between ill-matched persons is seen in the case of Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld. As Miss Aiken she was regarded as one of God's masterpieces by all who knew her. Beautiful in person, fair in complexion, regular in feature, refined in manner, gentle in disposition, and cultured in mind, she would have blessed the life and graced the home of some distinguished man of genius. Instead of this she married a man in every way her inferior, whose ignorance mortified, whose insanity terrified, and whose suicide horrified her.

Just the same thing was true of Felicia Browne, "a lovely girl, with golden ringlets shading a fair face of radiant and changeful expression: a dream of delight, a vision of beauty, a creature all poetry and enthusiasm." She married Captain Hemans, and the glory of her life was eclipsed. "Her sun went down while it was yet day." Her poems remain to us, but her life is but a painful memory.

Poor Cowper's was another life ruined by blighted affection. He was devotedly attached to his beautiful and accomplished cousin, Theodora Jane Cowper. He never seemed to have thought of their consanguinity as a barrier against their union until the awful shock utterly prostrated him before its cruel force. He never rallied from that blow. We do not positively assert that that disappointment unhinged his mind, but we do say that soon after that his mind was unhinged. His brother found him on the floor of his room with a rope around his neck. He had tried to hang himself, but the rope broke and let him fall, and as his brother entered the room he uttered the piercing cry, "O brother, I am damned."

The next day he wrote the piteous lines:

> "Man disavows, and Deity disowns me;
> Hell might afford my miseries a shelter,
> But therefore Hell keeps her ever-hungry doors
> All barred against me."

Then he was sent to Saint Alban's Lunatic Asylum, and a large portion of his life was spent in the awful blackness of mental

affliction. Poor wrecked life! We can but recall Mrs. Browning's touching lines:

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing;
O Christians, to your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging.
O men, this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while you were smiling."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WAR SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

"Oh may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light."

Alexander Fletcher, of Saltoun, is reported to have said: "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I care not who has the making of her laws." As song is the most natural manner of expressing love of home and country, it is consequently a mighty factor in awakening and stimulating patriotic feelings and sentiments. Its power is universally recognized and employed as occasion demands. The excitement of a national election is largely the result of music and song, which is used by all the contending parties, both as a means of arousing their own followers to enthusiasm and of winning over the undecided and the wavering. Perhaps there is no place where patriotic music can be used to so great an advantage as on the battle-field. All nations have recognized its influence upon such occasions. The old Egyptians fought to the sound of drums and timbrels and bells. The Chinese use bells and triangles as their war music. With the Spartans the song of Castor was the signal for conflict. At the battle of Cunaxa the Greeks sang a war song upon the field. When Cyrus led his expedition against the Babylonians he ordered the war-hymn "Jupiter, Protector and Conquorer," to be sung by the troops, in order to inspire them with military and religious ardor. Music is an absolute necessity in military service, and the soldier has ever been grateful for its efficient aid. On the weary march the cheering notes of the regimental band enables him to resist fatigue by keeping step to the music; or, when facing death upon the field, it sets before his mind the principles and purposes

of the war, and thus nerves him for the conflict and incites him to heroism. Every good general is aware of the power of music, and takes it into account as one of the forces at his command. When Napoleon led his army over the Alps, he one day noticed a number of men vainly trying to lift a heavy cannon up a steep ledge of rock. They tried two or three times and almost succeeded, but the great gun rolled back upon them. The band was playing a piece of common-time music, when the great warrior quietly bid the band-master strike up a quick, popular tune, much used among the men. This was done and the cannon was swung up the ledge without any demonstration of painful effort.

"At a critical moment during the battle of Waterloo, Wellington noticed that the forty-second Highlanders began to waver. Concerned at this sign of weakness he investigated the matter and discovered that their band had ceased to play. Instantly he commanded the Scotch bagpipers to strike up in full force. The effect was wonderful. The brave regiment rallied, and, solid and unyielding as a granite rock, they went forth with tattered colors, over the blood-drenched field, to win the hard-contested conflict."

Every soldier knows the power of music. Ask the boys who killed out the American rebellion whether the Northern people owe anything to the author of the song "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave?" Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" helped the cause of freedom more than the raising of a score of regiments would have done. It is said that Nelson once paid a graceful tribute to Charles Dibden, the English song-writer, by declaring that the honor of the naval victories of the time should be divided between Dibden's "Tom Bowling" and the real "English Hearts of Oak."

We may trace the influence of song through the history of the nations. It was a mighty power during the civil wars of England, and helped—perhaps more than any other outward influence—in bringing Charles Stuart's head to the block. Both armies were accustomed to sing on the field. Old Thomas Mace tells of the use of psalmody under difficulties. He says that during the siege of York the Sunday services at the cathedral were largely attended. To use his own words, "it was squeezing full." "We had," he said, "a large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, that cost one thousand pounds, which sometimes let out all its fullness of stop, and, together with the choir, began the psalm; and when

the whole congregation joined, it sounded like thunder and shook the very ground, and filled our souls with unutterable delight. But sometimes a cannon bullet has come in at the window and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend or evil spirit."

Grand old Oliver Cromwell realized the power of song. At the battle of Dunbar, Leslie, with his twenty-seven thousand Scotch, occupied a strong position far up upon the sides of the Lammer-muirs; whilst Cromwell, with but eleven thousand men, with all chance of retreat cut off, was in a most unfavorable situation down in the valley. The night before the battle was a very comfortless one. The men could not sleep for cold, and the keen wind blew the sleet with stinging force into the faces of the sentries as they stood upon guard. The sea moaned mournfully all night as it beat against the Whinstone Cliff; and the wail of the night winds seemed prophetic of what would come when the day dawned. The first tinge of daylight was the signal for the attack. But, by the time that the sun rose over St. Abb's head, the Scotch began to fly. "They run," said Cromwell, in a voice loud enough to be heard half over the Lammer-muirs, "I protest they run!" and waving a sword that reflected the golden sunbeams of the morning, he made the hills echo the cry: "Now let God arise and let his enemies be scattered; let them also, that hate him, flee before him." It was a marvelous victory. The eleven thousand Ironsides had slain three thousand men, taken ten thousand prisoners, captured fifteen thousand stand of arms, and all the artillery; secured two hundred battle flags, and yet they had not lost twenty men. Is it any wonder that they stood upon the field and sang the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm?

"O, all ye nations of the world,
Praise ye the Lord always;
And all ye people everywhere,
Set forth His noble praise.

For great His kindness is to us,
His truth doth not decay;
Wherefore, praise ye the Lord our God;
Praise ye the Lord alway."

In another chapter we have referred to Luther's forty-sixth Psalm as one of the grand historic war-songs of the church. After Luther's death the doctrines he had promulgated spread with such marvelous rapidity that the Catholics were thoroughly alarmed

and organized themselves into "The Holy League," for the purpose of resisting protestantism; whilst the Protestants organized themselves into "The Evangelical Alliance," for the purpose of resisting popery. With a bitter spirit of animosity, of course, they appealed to the sword. The result was the bitter, bloody, cruel Thirty Years' War, which was at first waged between Austria and Spain on the Catholic side, and Denmark and the North German States on the other.

Then came a time when the Protestants were defeated in almost every battle they fought; the Catholics, of course, using their newly acquired power for purposes of oppression and tyranny. Just when things looked especially dark for the Protestant cause, Sweden came to their aid, and King Gustave Adolphus, known throughout Europe as "The Lion of the North," marched at the head of his troops in defence of the Protestant faith. He was the son of Charles IX., and his military skill entitled him to a front place among the distinguished Generals of the world. It means a great deal to say that he was beloved by his army as much as he was feared by his foes. This expedition was one triumphant march from victory to victory, until the foeman's power was broken. Like his illustrious contemporary, Oliver Cromwell of England, he was a man who feared God, and prayer was a necessity of his daily life. He wrote the war-song found in most of our best hymnals:

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end: Amen!"

We are aware of the fact that Miss Winkworth in her first series of "Lyra Germanica" attributes this hymn to Altenberg. But Mr. Mohnike, one of the best of German hymnologists, says the evidence is clear and conclusive that the hymn was composed by Gustave Adolphus. The Rev. Theodore Kubler, another great German authority, whose book is now before us, says "the king wrote the song after the battle of Leipsic," but being more expert with the sword than with the pen, he requested his chaplain to correct and improve it as he thought best. Altenberg composed a tune to which it was sung.

On the morning of November sixteenth, 1632, the two armies stood facing each other near Lutzen, ready for battle: the Protestant army, under the command of Gustave Adolphus, and the Catholic forces, commanded by the great General Wallenstein. Early in the morning it was so foggy that the armies could not see each other, but they could distinctly hear each other's preparations for battle. With a solemn mien Gustave rode to the front of his troops, and, dismounting, he knelt before the God of battles to invoke his aid. After a minute in silent prayer his clear voice was heard in a petition in which his army united. He closed his brief but earnest prayer by saying: "O Lord Jesus, bless our arms, and let this day's battle be to the glory of Thy holy name, Amen." Then the trumpets pealed out the keynote, and the whole army joined in their beloved leader's hymn. After the hymn the king gave the watchword for the day, "God with us." Then he bade the bands strike up "Ein Feste Burg," and Luther's hymn was also sung. The sun then shone through the fog, and their leader called out: "Now let us begin! God help us! Jesus, Jesus, help us to-day to fight for the honor of Thy holy name." It was a hard struggle, but the Protestants were successful. But, alas! the victory of the day was turned to mourning by the death of their beloved king. About eleven o'clock a ball shattered his arm, and as he was being led to the rear an Austrian Colonel recognized and shot him through the body with his pistol, and a riderless horse, which was known as belonging to the king, galloped back to the camp. They found him dying. A soldier had asked whether he was the king. "Yes," was the reply, "I am the King of Sweden, and to-day I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the whole German nation." As they turned him, the blood gushed from his wound, and he said: "My

God, my God!" In a few moments he spake his last words: "Ah my poor queen," and Gustave Adolphus had done with this world.

After the great General's death the war ceased to be one of principle, and was only prosecuted for selfish purposes. It was nothing but an inextricable maze of intrigues, the struggle of bands of adventurers for the purposes of robbery. The Swedish army lost its splendid prestige, and was soon greedily fighting for its own aggrandizement. In the autumn of 1639 it encamped before the little town of Eilenberg in Saxony, and attempted to exact a tribute equivalent to twenty thousand dollars. It was a cruel and unreasonable demand, because only two years previously the plague had swept eight thousand of the citizens of Eilenberg into the grave. During that awful time their pastor, the Rev. Martin Rinkart, had proven himself a hero by ministering to the sick and dying. He never thought of sparing himself, and it is said that he actually interred four thousand four hundred and forty bodies with his own hands. The year following the plague there was a frightful famine. Men and women died on the streets from starvation. It was impossible to pass through the town without hearing the cries and wails of hungry little children. And then the next year the Swedish Lieutenant-Colonel von Dorfling laid siege around the unfortunate and wasted city, threatening its instant destruction unless they paid twenty thousand dollars. Rinkart went to the invader's camp and interceded for the city, but the effort was in vain. Then upon his return he summoned his people to a prayer-meeting in the church. "We have pleaded our cause with men and failed; we ought, at first, to have gone to the Lord," he said. In that prayer-meeting the good old pastor announced Dr. Paul Eber's hymn, and the assembled citizens joined in singing it:

> "When in the hour of utmost need
> We know not where to look for aid;
> And thus we come, O God, to-day,
> And all our woes before thee lay;
> For tried, forsaken, lo! we stand,
> Perils and foes on every hand."

At the close of that prayer-meeting the Swedish officers were waiting for them, to say that they had reconsidered the matter, and, in view of their past sufferings, were ready to accept eight thousand instead of thirty thousand thalers. Mr. Rinkart assured them that such a sum was wholly beyond their ability, and

the officers were satisfied with a payment of two thousand. Five years afterwards the war ended, and upon the proclamation of peace, a day of thanksgiving was observed all over Germany. Upon that day the people of Eilenberg sang a thanksgiving hymn which their pastor had composed for the occasion. The hymn became so popular that to-day it is regarded as the thanksgiving hymn of the German people. It is spoken of as the German "Te Deum," and is sung at all their great gatherings, especially upon occasions of public thanksgiving.

The second verse of Rinkart's hymn was sung by the Prussian army on the morning of the fifth of December, 1757, just before commencing the battle of Leuthen. Frederick the Great commanded his own forces, and when the soldiers burst into song, an officer asked the king if he wished them to be silenced. "No," said the king, "with such men God will surely give me the victory to-day." And so it proved; for, in spite of the fact that their Austrian opponents outnumbered them almost three to one, after three hours' fighting the Prussians had gained a glorious victory, when, on the field, the whole army joined in singing the whole of the same hymn, "Nun danket alle Gott." (*See illustration.*) In spite of his professed scepticism the singing greatly affected Frederick, who said, as he looked over the ground strewn with the bodies of his foes: "My God, what a power religion has!" A hymn of such historic interest deserves to be regarded as one of the war-songs of the church.

"Now thank we all our God
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY AT THE BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

Singing Rinkart's Hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God."

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE'S LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days,
Thy all-sufficient strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that naught can move.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love has sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own."

Life's lights and shadows! What a strange alternation and intermingling of sunshine and storm it is! One day pleasant smiles, the next day painful tears! Heart-throbs to-day, heart-ache, perhaps, to-morrow! Our joys so uncertain, our sorrows so severe! And so we could fill our page by writing in this minor key; and when written, it would misrepresent life and dishonor God. The fact is that life is not half so bad a thing as some try to make themselves believe it to be. We regard it as a great blessing, as a season of precious opportunity, both for getting good and doing good. It is true that life has its shadows, but even these are essential to its real success. A period of improvement must necessarily be a season of discipline. We sometimes smart under the pain and shock of sudden trials, but we know that there are no casualties in a life which God controls. The covenant that God made with us is "an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." A Christian's life has no accidents in it. All of God's dealings with us are in the way of infinite wisdom and tender love. We have sometimes foolishly complained about the uncertainties of life: foolishly, because this uncertainty is but a veil that the tender hand of the heavenly Father has drawn down simply to save us pain by hiding inevit-

able sorrows from our sight. It is true we do not know what a day or year may bring forth, but, suppose we did know? If the mother knew that her baby would die on a given day six months from now! Or, if the family knew that mother would die on a certain day a year hence! If we could with certainty know the day of our own death, how much of enjoyment would there be in the home during the interval? It is true that life has its shadows, but we will soon have done with them, for to those who love Christ the promise is given that the shadows "shall flee away."

It is a most important thing to know how to live, for, after all, life is very much what we make it. Some people can use it to much better advantage than others. To learn the art of living is the most important part of our education. Some would have us believe that the chief aim of existence should be to learn to die. There are Christian people who pay altogether too much attention to death. We regard death as a something with which we have but little to do; a something which is God's business and not ours. The only way to prepare for death is to make the best use of life. To think of death does not necessarily prepare us for it. To merely think of death does not constitute religious meditation any more than talking of death constitutes religious conversation. To believers in Christ death is a conquered foe, and a really conscientious Christian would prefer to devote attention to some more profitable subject. It does not afford satisfactory proof of a man's piety to have him always talking about dying. Piety does not live among the tombs: her house is out in the sunshine, upon the broad avenue of daily life. The grave is no more a theme for pious talk than are any other topics that stand intimately related to our human experience. We shall have time enough for the grave when we are in it. We know men who have formed a habit of talking about the uncertainty of life and the vanity of earthly things, and every time you meet them they read you a homily upon death and eternity; but we have noticed that many of these men are as grasping after the vain, fleeting trifles of this earth, and hold to them as tenaciously, as do worldlings themselves. We distinctly remember reading Young's "Night Thoughts," in the days of our boyhood, and the book made a deep, but perhaps not a healthful impression upon our mind. We thought of its gifted author as a man so absorbed in eternal things as to have no concern about the frivolous toys of this world. But

we shall never forget our disgust when we read the story of his life, and learned that he was avaricious and grasping for money, and that he would cringe and toady to the wealthy, in order to gain patronage and preferment and position.

God evidently desires us to enjoy life, to live in the sunshine. He expects us to bear fruit, and the tree that gets the most sun will bear the best in quality and the most in quantity. We may make our lives happy, and 'tis Christian duty to do so. It is sinful to whine and be always fretting. It is our duty to try to live right, simply that we may enjoy life as it passes—not live that we may merely be prepared to die, or that we may gain heaven as the reward of right doing. A true Christian will do right from principle ; heaven or no heaven, he will cling to the right for righteousness sake.

Lights and shadows ! Blessed alternation of light and shade. But for the shadows light itself might seem monotonous. But for the shadows of the natural world there could be no peaceful eventide, or sweet morning dawn ; no starlit heavens, no refreshing rains, no quiet nights of rest. The shadows are a very important part in the economy of nature ; just as important are they in human experience. The light of heaven will by and by explain the shadows of earth. Just as we have seen the black thundercloud come so threateningly from the northwest; and, as it passed overhead, it seemed like a chariot of wrath driven by the furies of the storm, whose hoofs struck out the lightnings from the skies and made the thundering wheels shake the very earth. But soon the clouds parted, the storm ceased, and the sky cleared, and the very cloud that had terrified us, loitered in the eastern sky to bathe in the sunlight as a mountain of alabaster, whose steeps and hollows, and nooks and recesses of snowy down, illumined by the sun and dappled by the play of summer lightning, was a region which our imagination peopled with spirits of the blest, who there found rest and enjoyment. Just so will the shadows of earth appear when seen in the light of heaven.

Samuel Medley's early life had but little sunshine in it. Under the most favorable conditions the life of an English apprentice was not an enviable one. But his masters were harsh and cruel, and, rather than be the victim of their tyranny for seven years, he availed himself of the opportunity, which the law at that time afforded him, to leave his employers and use up the time

named in his indentures in the service of his country, by joining his majesty's navy. This Medley did, and served on board the man-of-war "Buckingham," and afterwards on the "Intrepid,' under Admiral Boscawen. In the fifth year of his service he took part in a terrible battle off Cape Lagos, where, being severely wounded, he was carried below among many other unfortunates, and when the surgeon examined him he shook his head and said: "I fear it is all over with you; that wound may prove fatal; but I will be able to tell you more about it in the morning." Young Medley had been a good sailor, who had cheerfully attended to his duty and stood well with his officers; but he was not a Christian. His father was a godly man, but Sam said: "It is easy to be a Christian at home, but a very different thing on board a man-of-war." And there was much truth in that. But that awful night he realized his danger and prayed as he had never prayed before. He promised the Lord that if he would save his life he would from that time serve him. The next morning, when the surgeon examined the wound, he said that the change was almost miraculous. In a few days Medley was sent home, but soon as he began to improve in health he forgot the promises he had made to the Lord in the hour of danger. One Sabbath evening his grandfather read aloud one of Dr. Watts' sermons in Samuel's hearing, and that sermon was the means of his salvation. After a short time he joined the Eagle street church in London. Afterwards he studied for the ministry and became pastor of a small church at Watford, from whence he removed to Liverpool, where he did the best work of his life. His previous experience just fitted him to work among sailors. His church was thronged and his work blessed to the eternal salvation of multitudes. For many years he preached Christ, but the old wound was the cause of his death, almost forty years after it was inflicted. He died very triumphantly. "Dying is sweet work, sweet work," he said. "I am a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the harbor, and oh, how sweet will be the port after the storm." He wrote many very precious hymns; among many others were:

"Awake my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise."

And also:

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!"

This hymn has for many years been wedded to Dr. Mason's tune "Ariel." Mr. Medley wrote two hundred and thirty hymns, many of which will be used by the church until the songs of earth will all be merged into a new song before the throne of God and the Lamb.

The Rev. Benjamin Beddome's life was beautiful, but, so far as striking incidents are concerned, uneventful. We all enjoy his precious hymns. He wrote more than eight hundred, many of which are yet sweet tones in the church. His hymn—

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep?"

will always be a favorite. Mr. Beddome never attempted to do anything greater than simply to conscientiously do the work that God had laid before him. He was pastor of a little village church for fifty-two years. He did not consider his great talents wasted in such a small field. Bourton-on-the-water was the name of the village—a little dull "sleepy hollow" sort of place. His congregation was largely made up of farm laborers; there were no brilliant people to appreciate the minister. A large London church tried to get Mr. Beddome to a field where he would be appreciated, but he said: "I would rather honor God in a station even much inferior to that in which he has placed me, than intrude myself into a higher without his direction." There is nothing to tell, only that for fifty-two years he faithfully ministered in that little sphere of service, enduring the privations, and performing the drudgery of such a field, without a word of complaint. O, that was true greatness! That was real worth! Nothing to tell; but the great Master and Lord of all said, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The Stennett family did noble work for the Lord. In the days of the First Charles the Rev. Edward Stennett was a Baptist minister, who threw all the weight of his influence upon the side of the commonwealth. He, in common with most other godly ministers of that time, underwent a term of imprisonment. He died in 1689. In 1663 his son Joseph was born, who became a Baptist minister and a successful hymn-writer. His son was also named Joseph, after his father. The young Joseph also became pastor, and was for many years settled over the Baptist church at Exeter, and afterward in London, where he ended his

course. His son was named Samuel, who was ordained and acted as his father's assistant, and after his father's death assumed the full charge and spent his life with that church. The father and son held that pastorate for nearly sixty years. Samuel Stennett's son was also named Joseph, and he, too, became a useful servant of Christ in the Baptist ministry. For five generations the Stennetts were devoted, talented ministers of the Lord Jesus.

Joseph Stennett, born in 1663, deserved more credit as a hymn-writer than he has received. He was a pioneer in the art. Watts had not begun to write, and it is doubtful whether Bishop Ken had written his morning and evening hymns at the time when Stennett wrote—

> "Another six days' work is done,
> Another Sabbath has begun;
> Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
> Improve the day thy God hath blest."

We are also indebted to his grandson Samuel for some precious hymns. Among others is—

> "How charming is the place
> Where my Redeemer, God,
> Unvails the beauties of His face,
> And sheds His love abroad."

Another favorite is—

> "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
> Upon the Saviour's brow"—

a sweet song of praise wedded to Dr. Hasting's Ortonville. Yet another is—

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

O Shade of Stennett! Take into account all the grand work that Dr. C. S. Robinson of New York has done for the church in the matter of Christian psalmody, and forgive his "rugged" taste in that one particular. We would almost be as satisfied to change the place of the adjective, and sing—

> "On stormy Jordan's banks I stand,"

as to render it thus—

> "On Jordan's rugged banks I stand."

What an illustration of "Life's Lights and Shadows" we have in poor Cowper. The shadow that overhung his life was intensely dark. What a touching scene is that presented to our

minds in connection with the composition of one of the earliest of his hymns. He left the Lunatic Asylum at St. Albans, after being an inmate for two years, on a Saturday morning. His brother, who then resided at Cambridge, should have met him, but failed to do so; and poor, sensitive Cowper made his way to Huntingdon alone, a stranger among strangers. Dr. Cotton had not only been the means of restoring his mental faculties, but also of leading the poor, despondent, weary soul to the Lord Jesus, where he had found rest. He felt lonely that day, and, dreading a return of his malady, he wandered out of the town. As he walked, the peace of God filled his whole soul. To use his own words, "the Lord was pleased to reveal Himself in His word, and to draw my poor, desponding soul to His bosom of infinite love." It was a charming day; the lanes and fields were so beautiful, and the scene was so calm and peaceful that its spirit entered his soul. He sat on a grassy knoll beneath a tall tree, and there poured out his heart in prayer and praise. It was an hour of holy joy; his soul had found a quiet resting-place. And there he wrote the beautiful hymn—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

This calm retreat, this silent shade
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy great bounty made
For those who worship Thee."

The next day he went to church and sat near a gentleman who sang heartily and sweetly. "I could not refrain," said Mr. Cowper, "from saying in my heart, the Lord bless you for praising Him whom I so much love."

There are various stories of the circumstances under which he composed the beautiful ode on Providence—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

but they cannot be depended upon as true.

He found a true friend in Huntingdon in the person of Mrs. Unwin, who received and treated him as one of her family. Two years afterwards Mr. Unwin died suddenly, and Mrs. Unwin with her son and daughter removed to Olney. Of course Mr. Cowper accompanied them, and in this way he became the inti-

mate friend of John Newton. Years afterwards Mr. Newton wrote: "Since Mr. Cowper came to Olney we have not been separated for twelve hours when we were at home. The Lord brought us together and so knit our hearts that we cannot be apart. He has been a great blessing to me and my people, by his advice, his conduct, and his prayers." Many of his most precious hymns were written to be sung at the little weekly cottage prayer meeting of the church. For that meeting, and probably never expecting that it would be known outside of Olney, he wrote his immortal hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Poor, poor Cowper! His last years at Olney were passed in mental darkness. It was sad, but he is in the light now.

Robert Robinson was a barber's apprentice in London, but his employer said he paid too much attention to books to make a successful workman at his trade. One day he was walking with a number of young men, when they met a gypsy fortune-teller who solicited them to pay her to tell their fortunes; and, simply for amusement, Robinson paid her a small sum, and she told him, among other things, that he "would live to be a very old man and see his children's children grown to men and women." He was not superstitious, but he thought that it was possible that the gypsy's words might prove true. He says: "Her words set me thinking. I thought if I were to live to see these children's children, I would like to have their respect. I would like to be an interesting companion. I know that if I would have a pleasant old age, I must begin to live to better purpose now. I ought to be a Christian now. I wish I was one. Whitfield is to preach to-night; I will go and hear him." That same evening he went to hear Whitfield, and these—as he afterwards told Andrew Fuller—were the influences and motives which led him there. Mr. Whitfield's text that evening was: "But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them: 'O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'" Young Robinson listened to the first part of the sermon critically; but, when the great preacher began to appeal to the consciences of his hearers, he was embarrassed by his own emotions, until he for a moment stopped speaking; and then, bursting into a flood of tears, he lifted hands and eyes heavenward and cried: "O my hearers! the wrath to come, the wrath

to come!" In common with scores of others, Robinson was utterly overwhelmed, and for many weeks afterwards the words continued to echo through his soul. Wherever he went the voice of the preacher seemed to follow him. He was deeply convicted, but it was nearly two years before he could rest his hopes upon the Lord Jesus as his all-sufficient Saviour.

After some years he married and began to exercise his gifts as a preacher, and after two or three brief pastorates was called to take the oversight of a little Baptist church in Cambridge, which, under his leadership, became one of the largest churches in the denomination. As one of the two great university cities of England, Cambridge was a stronghold of episcopacy, but Mr. Robinson's eminent abilities enabled him to sustain a commanding position there. It is universally conceded that he is entitled to a prominent place among the great preachers of England.

We have called him the farmer-preacher, because, when he first settled at Cambridge his salary did not amount to one hundred dollars per year, and, having a family of nine children, he had to depend upon some other way of living than preaching: consequently he rented a farm and succeeded admirably, as the following extract from a long letter will explain. We wish our space would permit us to give the entire letter, but we will quote enough to show the secret of his success:

"Old Friend—The length of this letter will depend upon how long this thunderstorm lasts. I will give you a diary of one day's work: Rose at three o'clock; crawled into the library and met one who said, 'Yet a little while is the light with you. My Father worketh hitherto and I work.' Rang the great bell and roused the girls to milking; went up to the farm and roused the horse-keeper; fed the horses while he was getting up; called the boy; put him to clean out the cow-house; went up to the paddock to see if the weaning calves were well; went to the ferry to see if the boy had cleaned boat; returned to the farm; examined shoulders, heels, traces, chaff and corn, of eight horses going to plow; mended the acre staff; pumped the troughs full; saw hogs fed, examined swill tubs; went and bought a lighter of turf for dairy fire; returned to farm; called the men to breakfast; cut the boy's bread and cheese; set two men to ditch the five roods, two to clean the yard; set the carpenter to repair corn cribs—and then the clock struck five."

Such a minister would not suffer from dyspepsia. He wrote the popular hymn—

> "Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing Thy grace."

Another hymn he gave us is—

> "Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
> May an infant lisp Thy name?"

Sometimes the gownsmen of the university would interrupt the services, and in a rowdy fashion annoy the congregation of the Baptist meeting-house, but if it came to a war of words they generally had the worst of it. It soon became known that the Baptist preacher was skillful in the use of edged tools and they wisely left him alone.

But his greatest trial was that dissenting ministers, his own brethren, manifested a spirit of hostility toward him. It may have been because of his success as a preacher, or by reason of his profound scholarship, that they grew jealous and treated him coldly and distantly. Robinson lacked the grace to submit to that kind of thing gracefully. He was too proud to attempt to heal up such breaches. It is true that upon some points of doctrine he was not on the popular side, but his preaching was blessed of God to the salvation of souls, and to the building up of the church. We have always regarded the popular story of the lady and the stage-coach as the work of an enemy. The lady is said to have met Mr. Robinson in a stage, and noticing that his conversation was unbecoming a clergyman, she referred to the hymn "Come, thou fount of every blessing." He burst into tears and said: "Alas, madam, I am the author of that hymn, and I would give a thousand worlds could I now enjoy the feelings I had when I composed it." The story does not look true. Mr. Robinson was always a gentleman, and especially in the presence of ladies. As we read the story, we feel "an enemy hath done this." No lady would converse with a stranger, who was speaking in an unbecoming manner, upon such a topic as hymns.

Robinson became unsettled upon some doctrinal points, but his brethren dealt harshly with him and declared him a Socinian. The fact of his dying at the house of Dr. Priestly was regarded as confirmation of the report, but only one month before his sudden death he said to his friend Mr. Feary, "My dear brother, I am

no Socinian; my soul rests its whole hope of salvation on the atonement of Jesus Christ, my Lord."

Rowland Hill wrote a few useful hymns. He was a tower of strength in the church and made his influence felt all over England. His humor only made him more successful in winning souls. All sorts of silly stories have been circulated concerning his oddities. But Mr. Hill was a devoted servant of his Lord, and was eminently wise in what he did and said. Humor was as natural to him as his breath, but he always kept it under judicious control. He died in his eighty-ninth year. During the last year of his life he was frequently heard to repeat the lines—

"And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, though I cannot tell why,"

and on his dying bed they were the last words he spoke in this world.

There is a touching story connected with one of our popular hymns. Mr. Fawcett was the pastor of a little Baptist church at Wainsgate. His people were poor and his salary small. When Dr. Gill resigned the pastorate of his wealthy metropolitan church that church extended a call to Mr. Fawcett. All his friends were delighted, but the poor little church at Wainsgate realized that it was a calamity for them. He preached his farewell sermon, and the day set for his actual removal soon came. His furniture and books were laden on six wagons to be conveyed to London. Members of his church and congregation, men, women, and children, gathered to wish him good-bye. Tears and sobs were the order of the day. The scene so affected Mrs. Fawcett that she burst into tears, and said, "O John, I cannot bear this, what will these people do? Is it right to leave Wainsgate?" "You feel just as I do," said her husband, and turning to a crowd of men he said, "Lend a hand in unloading these wagons, put everything in place, for we cannot leave Wainsgate." There were shouts and screams of joy. A letter was sent to London explaining the state of affairs, and on the next Sabbath morning the congregation sang a new hymn, composed by their pastor during the week:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH THE POKE BONNET.

"Earth's transitory things decay ;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude."

It is said that strangers who attended the services in Tottenham court road tabernacle were usually curious to obtain a glimpse of the celebrated Lady Huntingdon, and that she was frequently pointed out to them as "the little old lady with the big bonnet." We have used an Americanism and called it a poke bonnet. Webster says, "Poke bonnet is a bonnet of a long straight projecting form." Such bonnets as our grandmothers wore contained sufficient material to make half a dozen such trifles of headgear as are sometimes worn in our days. We do not profess to be well versed upon the subject of bonnets, but we would like to acquit ourselves creditably, that our fair readers may not condemn us for irreverently tampering with things as far beyond our powers of comprehension, as, we freely confess, they are sometimes beyond the power of our pocketbook. Of course we regard the bonnet as one of our most exalted and admired institutions, as the most imperial portion of human—shall we say superhuman?—attire.

After her conversion Lady Huntingdon always discarded a costly and showy style of dress. She is said to have been so unassuming in manner and deportment that no stranger would have recognized her as the human mainspring of all the religious activity around her. She was the second daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, and was born at the mansion of her parents in Leicestershire. In her twenty-first year she married Theophilus Hastings, the Earl of Huntingdon, and became the honored mistress of his

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princely home at Donnington Park. Like most of the old aristocratic families of England, they spent their winters at their town residence in London, where they, of course, associated with all the fashion and wealth of the metropolis. In the winter of 1738 all London was stirred by the ministrations of George Whitfield and John Wesley. Thronging multitudes followed these ministers wherever they were announced to preach. Conversions were numerous, and many who "went to scoff remained to pray." Among other ladies of wealth and fashion, Lady Margaret Hastings, the earl's sister, attended the services, and was there led to accept of the mercy of God as offered through the Lord Jesus Christ. Some time after her conversion she said in her brother's house, and in hearing of Lady Huntingdon, "that ever since she had known the Lord Jesus Christ, and had believed on Him for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." Those words deeply affected the heart of the countess, and a serious sickness stamped the impression upon her soul, and eventually she yielded up heart and life to the Lord. Her conversion was thorough, for from that time to the day of her death all she possessed was the Lord's. When the Lord opened her heart to His grace she opened her home to His people. Services were held in the beautiful parlors, and the gospel was there preached to those who would not have gone to the ordinary places of religious assembly. Her husband was in entire sympathy with her in this good work, and an immense amount of good was done. In her thirty-ninth year the earl died of apoplexy, and she was left with the entire charge of a fortune of more than five hundred thousand dollars. This she also laid upon the altar of her beloved Lord. Churches were built in needy neighborhoods; ministers were supported; Cheshunt college was founded and endowed, and she gave at least sixty thousand dollars a year to the cause of Christ. Frequently her annual income was all spent before the year closed, and she often had to sell the jewelry she had treasured in early life in order to keep the work in progress. Of course her aristocratic acquaintances were greatly annoyed at her for associating with the poor of the church. The Duchess of Buckingham wrote her thus: "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with inpertinence and disrespect toward their superiors in perpetually endeavoring to level all ranks and do away with all

distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."

One day at court the Prince of Wales asked: "Where is my Lady Huntingdon that she is so seldom here?" A lady of fashion sneeringly replied, "Oh, she is somewhere praying with her beggars." The prince shook his head and said, "When I am dying I think I would be happy could I seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle that she might carry me to heaven with her." One of the bishops waited upon George III., to enter a complaint against her. He said: "Lady Huntingdon's preachers are overrunning the whole country, and wherever they go they empty the parish churches and our clergy are annoyed." "I wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom," said the old king, and of course that ended the matter.

She composed the hymn—

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a sinful worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?"

Walter Shirley, who was a first cousin of the countess, wrote some useful hymns, some of which have a place in all our hymnals. He was a clergyman who spent many years in faithful work in Ireland. He was a brother of the dissipated Earl of Ferrers whose brutal conduct toward Lady Ferrers called out an expostulation from his steward, Mr. Johnson. The infuriated villain drew a pistol and shot his faithful servant dead. He was tried for the crime and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, his body to be afterwards dissected and anatomized. It was a fearful trial to his brother and also to Lady Huntingdon. All was done that could have been, but to no avail; the crime was so deliberate that the law demanded justice. His friends tried to bring him to realize his awful position, but in vain; the proud, high-born criminal determined to die as he had lived. The night before the execution prayer meetings were held on his behalf, but he spent the night playing cards with his jailer. In the morning he

dressed himself for execution in his wedding clothes. His behavior on the way to the gallows was scandalous. Before leaving his cell he wrote the lines which he left on the table:

> "In doubt I lived, in doubt I die,
> Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,
> And undismayed expect eternity."

It is impossible for us to form any adequate idea of the vastness of the religious work of which Lady Huntingdon was the life and centre. Among the devoted band of ministers who assisted her were many of our most eminent hymn-writers. We may name Watts and Doddridge, Hervey and Shirley, Berridge and Venn, Madan and Perronet, Haweis and DeCourcy, Hill and Toplady—a brilliant galaxy of distinguished Christian poets.

Glorious woman! Think what sort of Christian she must have been who in a letter could say:

"My whole heart has not a single grain of thirst after approbation. I feel alone with God; He fills the whole void. I see all mortals under my feet. I have not one wish, one will, one desire but in Him. He hath set my feet in a large room. All but God's children seem but so many machines appointed for uses I have nothing to do with. I have wondered and stood amazed that God should make a conquest of all within me by love. I am brought to less than nothing—broken in pieces like a potter's vessel. I long to leap into the flames to get rid of my sinful flesh, and that every atom of these ashes might be separate, and that neither time, place, nor person should stay God's spirit."

John Berridge was a great friend of Lady Huntingdon's. His soul was all aflame with love to Christ, and he rejoiced in the noble work she was enabled to do for her Lord. We had occasion to refer to his work in a previous chapter. When his eyes were opened to see the truth as it was in Jesus he was wont to say: "Once I went to Jesus like a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs. I used Jesus as a healthy man will use a walking cane, lean an ounce on it sometimes, but usually vapor it in the air. But now Christ is my crutch, to bear my whole weight, and I cannot stir a step without him." He encountered much persecution, and was frequently reprimanded for preaching outside the bounds of his parish. "The world is my parish," he would say; "did not the Lord say: Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to

every creature?" He wrote three hundred and forty hymns; one is the well-known—

"Jesus! cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know."

Mr. Berridge wrote his own epitaph, and as it is eminently characteristic of the man, we will quote it as written:

Here lie
The earthly remains of
John Berridge,
Late vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ,
Who loved his Master and His work,
And after running on His errands many years,
Was called up to wait on Him above.
Reader,
Art thou born again?
No salvation without new birth!
I was born in sin February, 1716.
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1734.
Admitted to Everton vicarage 1755,
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge 1756,
Fell asleep in Christ January 22d, 1793.

We are indebted to Rev. Edward Perronet, who was a co-worker with Lady Huntingdon, for the magnificent song of praise:

All hail the power of Jesus' name."

His beautiful hymn is sung to the tune "Coronation," composed by Oliver Holden, who began his business-life as a carpenter in Massachusetts, but who afterwards became a publisher of music. The Wesleys' Arminian doctrines separated them from active co-operation in Lady Huntingdon's efforts to spread the Gospel of Jesus. They so loved the Gospel of peace that they quarreled about it, and both parties manifested a decidedly unchristian disposition and temper. Of the sainted Toplady, John Wesley wrote: "Mr. Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do not fight with chimney-sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with; I should only foul my fingers." Toplady retorted by calling Mr. Wesley "Pope John," and charged him with "writing a known wilful lie." It was too bad that good men should have vilified each other. Toplady's "Rock of Ages" was a blow aimed at the doctrines of perfection, often advocated by Method-

ists. It was entitled: "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." The Arminians have never endorsed the hymn, but a distorted parody of the original has been introduced into our hymnals—Rock of Ages, with all the Rock taken out of it. The following has been cut out:

"Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

The rest of the hymn has been diluted, and the entire character and teaching of the original has been changed·

"Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power"—

is altered to—

"Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure!"

Toplady would be saved in God's way, by water and blood, or by the sanctifying and justifying results of the blood to cleanse from both the power and guilt of sin. We regard this unhallowed meddling with the hymn, for the purpose of eliminating and overthrowing the truth its author intended to teach, to be a profanely wicked thing. We would say: Gentlemen, if Mr. Toplady's hymn does not suit you, pray have the decency to leave it alone. The thing has been so craftily done that Christian people have never asked themselves why it has been changed. We can but regard it as an insult to Mr. Toplady's memory for the compilers of hymn-books to append his name to what is but a travesty of his immortal "Rock of Ages." It is a shame to place his name beneath it. Let the man who altered the hymn step forward and put his own name under his own work. Where is he? And echo answers, "Where?"

To assist the reader to realize something of the influence of Lady Huntingdon's work and workers, permit us to recall from memory a description of the Tabernacle during one of Mr. Whitfield's services. We cannot tell when or where, but somewhere we have read some such description. The phraseology we cannot repeat, and we are only conscious of a dim outline of such a scene having been presented to our mind, so that to place our sketch

within quotation marks would be an injustice to the original author: We will imagine ourselves among a crowd of people waiting for the doors of the church to be opened, and then we will suppose that, after a fearful crush, we secure a seat in the gallery. This is supposing a great deal, for hundreds go away disappointed from every service. But for our purpose we need a good place where we can gratify our curiosity by looking about us. It is a vast church, with every inch of standing-room occupied by an eager throng of people. We will see whether we can recognize any among the great auditory. There, sitting in the middle of the church, is the great statesman William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham. He is secretary of state, and the most accomplished and impressive orator in the British parliament. He can either fascinate or terrify his auditors, as it suits his purpose. He loves to hear Whitfield's matchless eloquence, and openly avows his indebtedness to him for many a useful hint in the matter of oratory. Near to him is Edmund Burke, another great orator whose eloquent and fiery utterances dazzle and enflame and burn their way to the hearts of his hearers. Yonder is Oliver Goldsmith, who wants to be known as Dr. Goldsmith. He has been on the continent, and has by gambling and improvidence involved himself in debt, and now he is half starved for lack of food. He has set up as a doctor of medicine, but no one employs him. "The Vicar of Wakefield" has not yet been thought of. That tall man is Lord Chesterfield, the most fashionable libertine of the age. Whitfield cannot touch his heart, because he has no heart to touch. His shapely appearance is not real. He is laced up in corsets and padded into the shape he assumes, and in many ways is not what he tries to appear to be. Under the side-gallery is David Hume, the historian, and with him his friend Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations." Both men shine in literary circles, but they are sceptical upon religious matters and attend the service merely for the pleasure of listening to Whitfield. Standing among the crowd in the aisle is David Garrick, the renowned actor. He is charmed with the great preacher's manners and methods—the matter he cares nothing about. He would often give up important engagements for the purpose of hearing him. He says he would give five thousand dollars could he be taught to speak the one word "Mesopotamia" as Whitfield enunciates it. Thronging the aisles are peers and statesmen, judges

and barristers, journalists and authors, philosophers and scientists—all drawn by the mighty influence of the preacher's power. There, in a side seat, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait painter; and in a pew in front of him is Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon. She attracts no attention, but if you wait until the sermon is done and sinners are crying for mercy all over the church, the little old lady will quietly move among them with all the tact and tenderness of one of God's angels of mercy, which she really is. But we must forbear, because the preacher is ascending the pulpit. He looks pale and worn. The Gospel, and his work of preaching it, is all the comfort he has. Sam Weller was not created then, or Mr. Whitfield might have profited by his sage counsels. As it was, he had married a widow, and she was the bane of his life. But that is not all; our preacher admits that he is overworked, but—at the time we are supposing—he has put himself upon short allowance of work. He only preaches once upon each week-day and three times on Sundays. But hush! the sermon has begun! A few unsteady nervous sentences, and then a burst of wonderful oratory that moves the audience as the wind sways the trees! The sentences flash, and sparkle, and blaze along! Illustration, description, declamation follow each other in rapid succession. Every eye is fixed upon the orator, showing that they are under the enchantment of his marvelous power. He is describing the sinner's way to death, and illustrates. A poor, blind beggar, with his dog to lead him, is the picture of a sinner with nothing but human reason as his guide. The beggar walks on until he comes to an awful precipice, and the dog leads him almost to its edge and then crouches down, and the beggar takes another step. The picture drawn by the great word-painter is so vivid that every eye can see the poor, wretched creation of the preacher's gifted brain. Another step toward the yawning chasm, and he is on the very verge of death, tottering over his ruin. "He's gone, O he's gone!" cries a voice from the audience. It was only a man overcome by his emotions! Chesterfield puts on a contemptuous smile, and the preacher goes on. Soon there are sobs and groans and weeping, and some one says, "Then I am lost," and another cries, "Oh, what shall I do?" The sermon closes, and the inquirers are requested to stay behind, and many of those people have been snatched as "brands from the fire."

Lady Huntingdon was a wise financier. No one ever spent

money to better advantage. She laid up treasure in heaven, where "moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." She shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Her name is yet fragrant in the church. The money she spent has doubled itself a thousand times over, and each passing year of a century has proven that she made a wise investment. Each talent made ten; nay, increased "a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." No wonder that her last words on earth were: "My work is done; I have now nothing to do but to go home to my Father."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHITE HORSES.

"The son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below—
He follows in his train."

"And I saw and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer." "And I saw heaven opened and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." Tradition says that John was a prisoner upon the island, and that is the inference usually drawn from his own words, "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." But whatever were the circumstances which placed him there, the barren island was transformed into a holy and delightful place. Possibly that Lord's day morning opened very gloomily to the mind of the persecuted Apostle. The world was all in arms against Christ and His truth. Christians were hated and Christianity everywhere spoken against. "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed." The earth had been sodden with Christian blood. All the other Apostles had passed out of life by

the gate of martyrdom, and persecution had then laid its bloody hand upon the one survivor, and isolated him from his brethren and his work. Things looked very dark for the church. It was a severe trial of faith. The dear old minister of Christ would recall the wonderful events of his past life, but all the way through it had been a scene of suffering and humiliation. Even the Lord had been "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Perhaps some such thoughts were in his mind when he heard the voice behind him, and turning, he recognized the form of his glorified Lord among the candlesticks, in the act of caring for and comforting the churches. And then again Jesus is revealed to him as the victorious warrior, mounted—not on the red horse of battle and bloodshed, or the black horse of famine, or the pale horse of death, but—on the white horse, the symbol of majesty and victory. When Roman conquerors returned from some successful campaign they were entitled to the public thanks of the populace. A day was set apart when the great General, mounted upon a white horse, led his victorious legions through the thronged streets, amid the loud plaudits of an enthusiastic populace. Ancient kings were wont to ride upon white horses. Perhaps John had been thinking of the Lord's humiliation; of how he appeared upon the morning of his death, with the old ragged scarlet coat thrown over his shoulders, the broken reed in his hand, and the cruel thorn crown upon his head, and the heartless, ribald soldiers bowing before Him and then spitting in His face. Perhaps the old Apostle had been recalling to mind the white face of the fainting Lord, as He fell exhausted under the cross on the way to Calvary; or the dying face, distorted with agony, when the poor white lips said, "Behold thy mother;" or the dead face, so ghastly, because of the contusions, and bruises, and blood-stains. But, as seen at Patmos, all this was changed, and that glorified face was "as the sun shining in its strength, His eyes were as a flame of fire, upon His head were many crowns, and out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." Jesus was no longer plodding through the highways of human life, in wearmess and poverty, but was riding majestically upon the white horse, and "all the armies which were in heaven following Him upon white horses" in regal state. Amid all the sublime grandeur and enchanting variety of apocalyptic vision, Jesus the Conqueror was the most glorious and

delightful object upon which John's eye and heart rested. O, how that sight must have enthused and encouraged his soul, and changed Patmos to Paradise. The ledges of bare rock were made to

—— "appear
Steps unto heaven,"

and enabled the Apostle

"Out of his stony griefs
Bethels to raise."

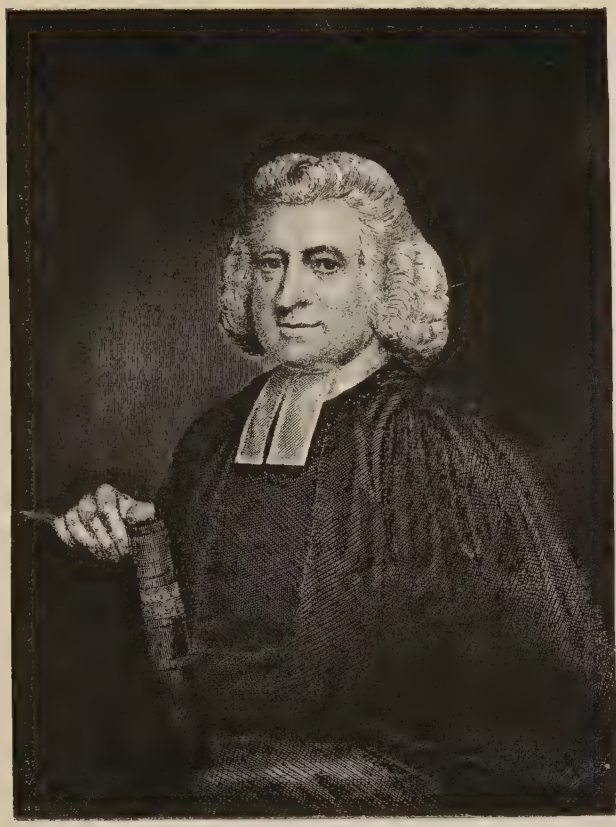
Sometimes we grow discouraged, and look over our fields of labor until they seem a very Patmos, a bare rocky prison, that isolates and shuts us in to a life of drudgery and hopeless toil. At such times it is blessed to have the Lord open heaven and show us the great leader and captain of our salvation upon the white horse, followed by His victorious church with crowns and wreaths of victory upon their heads.

The horse is one of our invaluable servants, and when kindly treated he is usually both faithful and affectionate. Some horses have done a great deal more good in the world than some men have accomplished. The church is indebted to them for an immense amount of missionary work. Every Sabbath the Gospel is preached in hundreds of villages and hamlets that could not be reached but for the instrumentality of the horse. They have rendered wonderful aid in the spread of Christianity. When some shallow-brained critics charged Mr. Spurgeon with Sabbath-breaking, because he rode to church on Sundays, it is said that the genial humorist playfully sheltered himself behind the assertion that his horses "were of the Jewish persuasion and always observed Saturday as the day of rest." We have read so much of the horses of our pioneer ministers and backwoods preachers that whilst we do not regard them as immortal, we are not a whit surprised that John saw horses in heaven. We cannot understand why the comforts and blessings of earth should not, as far as they may be convenient and helpful, have a place in heaven. We owe a great debt of gratitude to these ministers' horses. Charles Wesley's hymns are sometimes spoken of as "the songs of Methodism," but, as they are the property of the great universal church of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is much wiser, and more truthful, to call them the songs of Christendom. A great number of those hymns were composed on horseback. All these old

preachers' horses were, metaphorically, white; but, if our memory is not playing the jade, Mr. Wesley's horse was almost white. His parish was England and Wales, from John o' Groats to the Land's End. He journeyed from town to town, from county to county, preaching Christ wherever he went, and as he rode, his mind was usually busy composing hymns. Sometimes he would stop at the gate of some friend's house, whom he had not seen for many months, and, without a word of greeting or explanation, loudly call for a pen and ink, to write down some hymn which had been jingling through his mind. When his horse first began the work he was sometimes fractious and unruly, as we know from the following entry in Mr. Wesley's diary: "On Wednesday I was thrown from my horse. My companions thought I had broken my neck, but it was but a trifling accident. I only bruised my leg, and sprained my hand, and stunned my head; and it spoiled my making hymns until the next day." Some of us would have thought ourselves "badly used up," and would have done nothing but groan for a week afterwards.

Mr. Wesley, like most of the pioneer ministers, had accustomed himself to make the best of things. One night he held a meeting in an upper room of an old tumble-down house in Leeds, when suddenly the rafters gave way and about one hundred people fell, amid dust and falling mortar, into the room below. It was really a serious accident, and might have been very disastrous to life, but his report of the event is exceedingly amusing. He said: "One sister had her arm broken and set immediately; rejoicing with joy unspeakable." We would like to have had the lady's own report, so that we could have compared notes. Concerning himself he said: "I slid down softly and alighted upon my feet; my hand was bruised and some skin rubbed off my head, and I lost my senses." And that he called "sliding down softly!" "But," he wrote, "I lifted up my head soon, and saw the people under me heaps upon heaps. I called out, 'The Lord is with us,' and then I struck up singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" We claim that Mr. Wesley had a happy way of making the best of things. And so, with the spirit of a true hero, the dear old saint went carrying his Lord's message of love wherever he went.

It may assist us to understand something of his methods of work if we, in imagination, follow him from place to place.



C Wesley

On the morning of March the eighth, 1750, he was announced to preach at the Foundry, in London, at five o'clock. It was very early, but when the clock struck the hour the great building was thronged with attentive listeners. Just as the preacher began his sermon there was a terrific shock of earthquake, accompanied by a roar as of subterranean thunder, and the walls of the building swayed as though they would surely bury the worshipers in their ruin. Of course there were loud shrieks of alarm, and men and women were exceedingly terrified, but the preacher's power over his audience was such that, in the majesty of a God-given faith, a wave of the hand was sufficient to hush them to quietness. With a face radiant and glowing with holy confidence and joy, he uttered the sublime language of the Psalmist: "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." It was a triumph of faith, which produced a salutary influence upon all who witnessed it, and the impression it made was lasting.

In imagination we will follow the tracks of the preacher's white horse. Mr. Wesley was in the country and preached in the evening at Reading, and the next morning at five o'clock he preached to an immense crowd in the open air. After the service he breakfasted with one of the families connected with the church, and then bidding them good-bye he made his way over the Berkshire hills, for he had to preach at Devizes that same night. It was a bright morning, and as the old horse jogged along, the good man's soul was in joyous sympathy with the bright world around him, and his thoughts expressed themselves in his charming morning hymn:

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear."

He reached Devizes on time, and spent two happy, busy days with his brethren there, and early the next morning, after his work was done, he was trotting along on his way to Salisbury. The day was before him, but it was a long ride; yet he cheerfully anticipated his work. As usual, he beguiled the journey by hymn-

making. That morning another precious hymn was given to the world:

"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I say, or think, or do."

Evening overtook him on Salisbury plain. It was a dreary place! Travelers had often lost themselves after being benighted, and had to spend the night out on the great, wild waste. But Mr. Wesley was accustomed to all kinds of experiences in the way of travel, and was not alarmed. He was very tired, and the old horse limped along very slowly. But the minister had not lost his cheerful disposition, for he burst out into song—

"Speak to me, Lord! Thyself reveal
While here on earth I rove!
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of Thy love!
With Thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

After Salisbury two or three other towns, and then Portland. Portland granite is known almost all over Europe. It is a place of stone—immense quarries, where many hundreds of men are employed digging stone. They were a hard class of men. Portland altogether was a hard place. These illiterate fellows drank, and swore, and fought, and dug stone; and that was the ordinary round. While they had money, they drank and fought; but when every penny was gone, and they had nothing to buy bread, they worked, and swore, and suffered. Well, who cared? A rough, low class, at best. No use to try to do anything for them! Mr. Wesley cared. He tried to do something for them. At dinner-time they sat down, and those who had dinner ate it, and as they did so, Mr. Wesley preached Christ to them. At evening time he preached to an immense crowd in the market-place. The text was Jeremiah 23, 29: "Is not my word like a hammer, that breaketh the rock in pieces?" The word proved itself a hammer that night, for scores of hard hearts were broken, and the meeting closed with a hymn which had been composed during the day:

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord!
Thy mighty power make known!
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone."

Days and weeks of journeying and preaching, sinners converted and saints edified everywhere, and the old horse was at Land's End in Cornwall, in some one's stable resting, while his master was sitting on a rock that projected far out into the sea. At the foot of that rock the Atlantic and German oceans meet in wrath and storm, as though contending for the mastery. The roar of the boiling, seething waters ascended to his ears, and the scene set him thinking, and his thoughts shaped themselves into a hymn—

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell."

Returning from Land's End the old horse made his way through Penzance to Falmouth, which was then a hard place, the population made up of sailors and fishermen. Mr. Wesley preached in the afternoon, but was interrupted by a crowd of half drunken sailors, who stood before him and bawled out an old sea-song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," a tune very popular in Cornwall in those days. Mr. Wesley patiently waited until they were through, and then said: "Now, boys, I have heard you, and I like that tune. Now let me have my say, and at seven o'clock I will preach here again, and then I will sing you a song to 'Nancy Dawson.'" They allowed him to finish his sermon, and at night crowds gathered to see whether the parson would keep his word. Of course he kept faith with them and sang—

"Listed in the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas, too long hath been
Pressed to obey the devil.

Come, let us see if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above;
This upon earth shall fire us."

Many who went to scoff that night remained to pray. Charles rode the old horse from town to town until they reached Bristol. He was then forty years old, but arrangements had been made for a young lady of twenty-three to meet him in that city and there they were to be married. Miss Sarah Gwynne

was the lady's name. We give the bridegroom's description of the wedding. In a previous chapter we have seen how Charles sent to Newcastle for Mrs. Murray, to meet him in Bristol, and how he blighted his brother's life by inducing her to marry Mr. Bennet. That painful episode took place in the autumn of the year in which Charles was married. He says:

"Not a cloud was to be seen from morning to night. I rose at four; spent three and a half hours in prayer or singing with my brother, with Sally, with Beck. At eight I led my Sally to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and, I think, Billy Tucker and Mr. James were all the persons present. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me (under God), my brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love. Never had I more of the Divine Presence. My brother prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth, serious without sadness."

Sometimes Mr. Wesley was so roughly handled by the mobs of rowdies, that his escape from death seemed almost miraculous. Year after year he toiled on "instant in season and out of season." He constantly gathered up the lessons suggested by the events and circumstances of his busy life and wove them into song. The hymn—

> See how great a flame aspires,
> Kindled by a spark of grace;
> Jesus' love the nation fires,
> Sets the kingdoms in a blaze,"

was suggested while riding at night through what is known as "The Black Country," the region of coal mines, blast furnaces, and smelting works—the smoke-begrimmed vicinity of iron and coal. It is a fearful looking place at night. The very heavens are all illuminated by the glare of the fitful fires, and the whole district reminds one of Dante's "Inferno." But the scene did not suggest pandemonium to the cheerful mind of Mr. Wesley who preferred to regard it as a type of Gospel light and hope.

It has been said that the precious hymn—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,"

was written at Whitby, a large town on the Yorkshire coast, where, according to a previous appointment, Charles Wesley had

met his brother John, and his friend Richard Pilmore. They had tried to hold an open air meeting, but the infuriated mob assailed them with stones, and would surely have killed them if they had not made their escape. They found shelter in an old ruin outside the town, where they spent the night, John beguiling the weary hours by relating his experiences at sea while on his return from America, whilst Charles caught the imagery of his brother's conversation and employed it in constructing the immortal hymn. This, however, is not substantiated by the best authority, and the exact truth will probably never be known. If Mr. Wesley had never preached a sermon, or written a word other than that hymn, that one act would have entitled him to a prominent place among the great benefactors of the world. It is altogether impossible to estimate the mighty influence of that hymn for good upon the hearts of the race. Were it possible to lose it what a serious loss it would be! If, during some night, every copy had vanished from the printed page, and also from the memories of men, and it had utterly disappeared, yet leaving the church conscious of its loss, what a wail of sorrow would go up from the heart of Christendom! How sad Christians would feel if they could never join in singing it again!

Mr. Wesley was a very small, frail, sickly man, but he endured great hardships and privations for Christ's sake. God honored him with long life, for he died in his eightieth year. The old horse died first, but not until his work was done. Mr. Wesley sincerely mourned the loss of his faithful old equinal servant, who, as we think, deserved a monument in recognition of his life of toil for the Lord. The dear old saint composed hymns to the very last day of his life, for, upon his dying bed, he called Mrs. Wesley and asked her to get pen and ink to note down his last composition. Of course she did so, and these were the lines:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh! could I catch a smile from Thee
And drop into eternity."

His soul was full of music to the last moment. He sang until he reached the very gate of heaven. He did catch the smile he so earnestly desired, and joined the sweet-voiced choirs in glory.

In following the tracks of another horse we will make Bristol our starting place. Bristolians love to tell how Samuel Budget, one of its merchant princes, entered the city as a poor, friendless boy, without money to procure his next meal; but in crossing Bedminster bridge he picked up a horse-shoe, which he sold to a blacksmith for two cents. That was his capital, and he so industriously and wisely used it, that he became the proprietor of the largest business house in the city, and caused the firm of "Budget & Co., wholesale grocers," to have a world-wide reputation. Best of all, old Samuel Budget's influence was a blessing to the world, by showing how vast commercial enterprises can be conducted upon Christian principles.

One evening in August, 1752, George Whitfield preached to an immense throng of people on the top of Brandon Hill, in that city. His text was: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Among the audience was a poor, shiftless, depraved young fellow, named Tom Olivers. His home was in Wales, but he had committed a crime there and had run away to escape the consequences. Because his parents were dead, kind friends at home had tried to assist him, but his behavior convinced them that kindness was only thrown away upon him A good Christian gentleman said: "Tom Olivers was the worst boy I ever knew." There he was, a stranger in Bristol, without either money or friends! No one knew him, and—what was worse—if they had known him, they would have shunned him. As he listened to Mr. Whitfield he was at first annoyed, and then alarmed and then ashamed. Who could have told that minister all about his life? The preacher described his real character, his past life, his present condition, told just how he felt, and just what he was, until poor Tom felt like sinking to the earth for shame. He thought that everyone was looking at him, and the pitiless preacher went on, and showed that Tom Olivers was a poor, worthless brand, just fit for hell; and then he told how such a worthless wretch might be saved. The poor fellow stood quiet as long as he could, and then, with a hundred others, he fell upon his knees crying for mercy for Christ's sake. The glory of the Gospel is that it can make magnificent men out of the poorest material. Thomas Olivers became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and was "a brand plucked from the fire." From the time of his conversion he could but tell what God had done for him. He spoke so earnestly and enthu-

siastically that people were astonished and delighted, and he was sought for to address religious meetings, and in a short time he devoted his life to the work. His wonderful gift of speech, and his vivid representations of truth, together with a fervent love of souls, made him one of the chief instruments which God used in the revival of the eighteenth century. He went all over England and Wales, preaching Christ. For twenty-five years he rode the same horse, and in old age he said: "I must have ridden one hundred and fifty thousand miles upon that horse, and both of us did what we could do for the Lord." It is said that he composed his popular hymn while riding:

"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

We are not aware that Christmas Evans was a hymn-writer, but we cannot but think of him when writing of ministers and horses. He spent a long life in climbing the mountains and riding through the valleys of Wales. For twenty-five years he rode his old pet horse, Jack. The man and horse thoroughly understood each other, and many a weary mile was enlivened by their conversation. Whenever Mr. Evans said "Jack bach," the horse would neigh a reply. Many a time Mr. Evans would say, "Jack bach, only one more hill to climb, and then a warm stable and plenty of oats," and Jack would cheerfully reply. When they reached the church, Jack had to be attended to first. Sometimes the bad roads caused the preacher to be late, and perhaps the church was so crowded that the people were half suffocated. No matter to Christmas Evans; all the deacons in Wales could not have induced him to enter the pulpit until he had first been to the stable and seen his horse comfortably provided for. "Mr. Evans," said a deacon to him one night when he was twenty minutes late, and the church overcrowded, "Mr. Evans, you can let the boy take your horse to the stable; I have put a good feed into the manger for him." But no, the old minister must go to the deacon's stable himself; his Jack must be cared for; as to the people, why they could wait. Reaching the stable he was disgusted beyond meas-

ure to find the manger half full of mouldy, unsavory hay. In high dudgeon he marched his horse to the village tavern; and then he made his way to the church, where the congregation was convulsed by seeing the grim-faced old minister walk around to the deacon's pew and half savagely thrust a handful of the mouldy hay under the good man's nose. Dear old servant of God, he was faithful unto death. As he lay dying, his thoughts seemed to wander, and perhaps it was the memory of these days of journeying that was before his mind; or, had he caught sight of the horses and chariots of fire sent to convey him home? We cannot tell; but waving his hand he said: "Good bye! drive on." It was his last word on earth; in a little while he had passed the shadows, and was basking in the sunlight of his eternal home.

CHAPTER XXII.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

I'll sing in the night-time, my Father,
  Though darkness environ my way;
When my terrors would prompt me the rather
  To tearfully watch for the day.

I'll sing to encourage my brother,
  Who is painfully toiling along;
And so will we cheer one another
  By the glad inspiration of song.

We all have been helped by the chorus,
  That down through the ages is ringing;
The true and the brave gone before us
  Have cheered our dark nights by their singing.

We have borrowed the title of our chapter from the sacred Scriptures. Perplexed by witnessing the sudden and severe sufferings of Job, his friends began to discuss the mystery of painful providences; and Elihu asserted that afflictions are often the result of godlessness, or because men do not say, "Where is God, my maker, who giveth songs in the night?" These friends of Job had spent seven days and nights in utter silence, thinking over the perplexing problem; and then they debated it among themselves, until the whole book is filled with their utterances; and then the Lord had to step in and close up the whole matter, because, if they had continued the discussion until now it would still have been unsettled. That is a topic that has greatly agitated the minds of men in all ages; but human opinions have always been of the nature of those of Job's friends, whom the Lord charged with "darkening counsel by words without knowledge."

Night is a proof of our loving Father's care, whose Divine hand draws the curtain and shuts out the light, and hushes the

noise, in order that His weary children may recruit their exhausted energies by pleasant rest and refreshing sleep. It is sweetly comforting to realize that we rest secure under the guardian care of the eye that never sleeps. Night is usually regarded as a time of darkness and danger and dread; and yet, night has its songs. Did you ever stand out under God's great star-gemed canopy and allow the scene to fill your whole soul, until the whole universe seemed vocal with praise? You stood in the presence of the Infinite, and realized the greatness of your own soul by regarding the work of your Father's hands. 'Tis sweet to look up into the night, and contemplating the immensity of the universe, catch, and hold fast to the thought, that this is the handiwork of the God who loves us, who gave His Son to die for us, and upon whose word we have to depend for eternal life. 'Tis precious to drink in the meaning of Sonship under the light of the worlds. 'Tis profitable to read the bible occasionally by starlight. It will fill the soul with music, and the songs of the night will encourage and inspire.

Some of us have enjoyed the privilege of lying in bed during summer nights with our windows open, and being lulled to sleep with the sweet song of the nightingale, as, from some tall tree, it trilled showers of melody upon the listeners beneath. The wonderful notes, so rich and varied, at first fascinated and charmed, and then lulled to peaceful repose; and when morning came the song of the night seemed like a sweet memory of some fairy dreamland, that lay far away beyond the experiences of such an ordinary work-a-day world as this.

We have seen that human experience is made up of light and shade, sunshine and darkness. We have all had our night-seasons of anxiety and doubt and suffering. Happy those who can say: "God, my maker, giveth me songs in the night." The glory of our religion is, that God does give songs at such a time. 'Tis easy to sing in the sunshine. Any sailor can sing on a calm sea. No trouble to weave the warp and woof of a prosperous life into song. But it is another thing to sing when darkness folds its pall around the spirit, and forms of terror flit before the eyes; when the feet stumble in an uncertain pathway, and unseen hands inflict blows of suffering. There are great souls who sing in the darkest hours, and their songs will never die, because they have power to awaken responses in other souls. Songs from suffering

saints, whose mingled groans chorded with the higher notes of the music. Songs from the valley of the shadow, sung upon sinking ships, or in flooded mines, upon bloody battle-fields, or from dying beds. Songs from the dark cellars and attics of poverty, sung, as some of us have heard them, to the mournful accompaniment of children's sobs, as they cried for bread. Songs from the dungeons of persecution, where the clanking chains blended with the music of the singer's voice. Songs that floated over the roaring and hissing of the martyrs' fires. Such songs constitute the sweetest music this world has heard, and as they ascend heavenward angel-fingers cease to trill the golden harps, and angels' voices are hushed to silence, in order that the sweet melody of earth may contribute to the ecstacy of heaven. Milton was one of these night singers. The last years of his life were spent in perpetual night. He, who could so thoroughly enjoy nature, and so readily unlock its secrets, and so graphically describe its beauties, must, when stricken with blindness, have felt the bitterness of being locked in life-long darkness. Mrs. Van Alstyne is another night singer. Her sight was utterly destroyed when but six weeks old, and she has never seen the beautiful world. She—who is perhaps better known by her maiden name of Fanny J. Crosby—was educated in the New York City institution for the blind. Her affliction has not prevented her usefulness, for she has made the world better by her sweet songs. She never sought popularity and maintains a quiet reserve. It is not curiosity, but sincere Christian love, that makes us wish to know a little more of one to whom we are indebted for the hymns, "Jesus, keep me near the Cross," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Saviour, more than life to me." The fact of her blindness gives a tender significance to the verse—

> "Thro' this changing world below,
> Lead me gently as I go;
> Trusting Thee I cannot stray,
> I can never lose my way!"

The Rev. W. Walford, who wrote—

> "Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,"

was another blind hymnist, who evidently knew where to seek for comfort and spiritual enlightenment; who, while his natural eyes were darkened, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Dr. Blacklock, the blind bard of Annan, was the child of an English bricklayer, and was deprived of his sight when six months old, by small-pox. He wrote the fine hymn beginning—

> "Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
> Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
> But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame?
> What mortal verse can reach the theme?"

He was a poet of considerable fame, and it is said that his accurate and minute descriptions of natural objects are simply marvelous, especially when regarded in the light of the fact that he never had a glimpse of what he so graphically portrayed. Some years ago it was the barbarous custom of bird-fanciers to blind their canaries, because, it was said, that blind birds sang with sweeter notes. One could imagine that to be true of the singers of the church, because, by the loss of natural sight their spiritual perceptions seem to be more clear and vivid. The sweetest singers are those who have been the most crushed by the cross.

Madame Guyon's hymns are very sweet, but they were songs of the night. Jeanne Marie Bouvier De La Motte Guyon was born in France in the year 1648. She belonged to a wealthy family and was brought up as a bright, well-educated young lady. Her manners were winning, and her person prepossessing. She was devotedly pious, and her prospects were pleasant and flattering. But alas! her parents offered her a sacrifice to the god Mammon. Thousands of parents have done the same wicked thing. At sixteen she was married to M. Guyon, a man twenty-two years her senior, and whose tastes and disposition were as contrary to her own as darkness is the opposite of light. From that day her life was wrecked. Love between them there was none. It was not a union of hearts, but of pocket-books. Her husband did not love her as his wife. She was exceedingly fair and beautiful, and he loved to gratify his vanity by showing her off before others as belonging to him. This was exceedingly distasteful to her, but it was a form of annoyance to which she was often subjected. She was not the recognized mistress of her own home. Indeed she was but a servant there, for her husband's mother ruled the household as with a rod of iron. When afterwards writing of her young married life, she said: "At my marriage I began to eat the bread of sorrow and mingle my drink with tears." Her mother-in-law was an unnatural tyrant toward her. Her husband and

his mother made her life one of slavery. She became the mother of five children, two of whom died in infancy. Her domestic troubles led her to seek comfort in religion. The religion of France in that day was, in large measure, a thing of show and display, of ceremonies and observances. But these things did not meet the requirements of her heart. In her trouble she felt her need of Divine sympathy; of a friend to whom she could open her heart; and through the instrumentality of a godly priest she found that friend in the Lord Jesus. In the sixth year of her marriage and the twenty-second of her age she had a severe attack of small-pox, which so disfigured her that her beauty was but a thing of the past. From that time her husband's treatment amounted to positive cruelty. But the joy she lost through her husband and his mother was more than compensated for in the peace of soul she realized in fellowship with Christ. She said: "I lived alone with God. I had such confiding and affectionate rest in God that no temporal annoyance could disturb it." In her twenty-eighth year her husband died, and she was left in charge of the estate. She then felt it her duty to travel from place to place, from city to city, to instruct her fellow-creatures and point out to them the way of salvation. This she did, and all France was stirred by her teaching. Ladies of rank were numbered among her pupils, and some of the aristocratic families received her joyfully. This went on until the priests became alarmed. No such excitement attended their ministrations. She could draw larger congregations than they, and soon they had her arrested for teaching doctrines contrary to the tenets of the church. Her influential friends appealed to the king upon her behalf, and she was soon at liberty and busily engaged in disseminating her views among the influential in Paris. That Madame Guyon had a clear apprehension of the plan of salvation, as we understand it, is not to be expected. She lived in a Catholic country. Undoubtedly some of her views were extravagant and impracticable. But that she devotedly loved Christ and lived a pure, consecrated life, there is no room for doubt. The priests were determined to stop her work in some way. She was friendly with the godly priest who was instrumental in bringing light to her soul; so they invented and brought a scandalous charge against her, touching her character, and again she was imprisoned. At first she was immured in a cell of the gloomy old castle of Vincennes. There she remained

two years. Her cell was damp and cold. She lay under a charge the most repulsive to a high-minded woman, but she enjoyed even her prison. While there she wrote the beautiful lines:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Nought have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long,
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still he bends to hear me sing.

Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

After another year's imprisonment in a convent, she was removed, and for four more years was incarcerated in that "hell of broken hearts," the Bastile. The man with the iron mask has always been a mystery to the world; but whoever he was, Madame Guyon occupied the adjoining cell. It would have seemed impossible that a frail, refined lady could have survived the Bastile. The walls of her cell were nine feet thick, and a narrow slit through all that masonry brought all the light and air of the outer world which she ever saw or felt. In summer the cell was insufferably close, and the moss grew over the damp, mouldy joints of the wall. In winter they were damp and fearfully cold, but such a thing as fire had never been heard of there. She had no conveniences, no table, no recreation, no employment, no books, no paper, nothing whatever to occupy her mind but Christ, and He was all-sufficient. She said: "The very stones of my cell looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of the world." It was surely true of Madame Guyon that "God, her maker," gave her "songs in the night."

All the while she expected to be led out to a martyr's death,

but "none of these things moved" her. Prison or death, just as God saw fit; she was ready for either. She wrote:

"To me 'tis equal, whether love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease.
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees."

After four years she was released, but was not permitted to reside in Paris. She made her home with her children, and, though her health was shattered, she lived to reach her seventieth year. Her sweet hymns are in all our hymnals. In reference to her exile she wrote—

"To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

Another is:

"I would love Thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer! and my King!
I would love Thee, and without Thee,
Life is but a bitter thing."

In the month of May, 1717, she said in a letter: "If my work is done, I think I can say, 'I am ready to go.' In the language of the proverb, I have already 'one foot in the stirrup,' and am ready to mount and be gone as soon as my heavenly Father pleases." On the ninth of June she passed away, with the radiance of heaven upon her face and the words of triumph upon her lips.

The hymns of Richard Baxter may also, without impropriety, be called songs of the night. It was a dark world in which he lived. The darkness of England resembled that of Egypt in more senses than one; but it was emphatically "a darkness which was felt." As a Christian Mr. Baxter was one of the holiest and most devoted of men; as a minister he was one of the most earnest and faithful; as an author he was one of the most assiduous and useful. He delighted in singing the praises of God, and often spent sleepless nights in the blessed exercise. Speaking of his deceased wife he said: "It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first exercise in the morning, and the last in bed at night, was a psalm of praise, till the hearing of others interrupted it." "There is no exercise that I had rather live and die in than in singing praises to our Redeemer and

Jehovah while I might." In his ministry he exemplified the truth of his own couplet—

> "I'd preach as tho' I ne'er should preach again,
> A dying man to dying men."

"Were I to live a thousand years," said one who heard him, "I should never forget that man's preaching." The pen of an evangelist could alone describe its wonderful richness, unction, and power. When he settled at Kidderminster he said: "The people were ignorant, coarse, and of loose manners; superstitious, sensual, and easily raised to deeds of violence and brutal outrage." Yet, under his ministry, such a change was effected, that, after laboring there for a few years, he could say: "Every house within the bounds of my pastorate is the scene of prayer and praise; in passing along the street on a Sabbath evening one might hear a hundred families singing Psalms and worshiping God."

Because of the iniquitous "Uniformity" and "Conventicle" Acts, to which we have referred in other chapters, Mr. Baxter's life was a scene of constant persecution and annoyance. His home was frequently invaded by officers of the law, who sold his goods, and even took the bed upon which he lay sick, and disposed of it at public auction. For several years he was shut out of his pulpit, and was imprisoned for six months in the Clerkenwell jail for having had more than five persons present one morning at family worship. It is said that the following lines were written upon that occasion, in the prison:

> "'Tis no great matter what men deem,
> Whether they count me good or bad;
> In their applause, or best esteem,
> There's no contentment to be had.
>
> What if in prison I must dwell,
> May I not there converse with Thee?
> Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,
> Call me Thy child, and I am free.
>
> No walls or bars can shut Thee out,
> None can confine a holy soul;
> The streets of heaven it walks about,
> None can its liberty control."

In his commentary on the New Testament he complained of the persecution to which his Nonconformist brethren had been subjected. This was regarded as sedition, an information was

filed against him, and he was summoned to appear for trial. Mr. Baxter went to Westminster to ask for time to prepare his defence. As he passed the Palace Yard he saw the infamous Titus Oates in the pillory, with an angry crowd around him, who were intent upon tormenting and adding to his punishment. Mr. Baxter passed into the office of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and, through his legal representative, solicited time to prepare for trial. "Not a minute, to save his life," roared the infamous Jeffreys; "I can deal with saints as well as sinners," and pointing through the window he said: "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the Kingdom would stand together."

The trial took place at Guildhall, and, like everything else that Jeffreys did, the scene, as portrayed by Macaulay, is a foul blot upon the records of the English bar. The Judge opened the proceedings by calling Mr. Baxter "an old rogue," "a schismatical knave," and a "hypocritical old villain." Then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, "Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people." Mr. Pollexfen reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Mr. Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "What ailed the old blockhead then that he didn't take it?" was the reply. He then called Mr. Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Some of Mr. Baxter's friends burst into tears on hearing their beloved old pastor so abused. "Who are those sniveling calves?" said the judge. The prisoner was found guilty, and Jeffreys wanted to sentence him to be whipped through the city at a cart's tail, but he was overruled by three other judges, and imprisonment and fine was the doom of the prisoner who was then in his seventieth year. He was detained in jail for a term of eighteen months. But the spirit of the illustrious author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" is seen in his hymn found in most modern hymnals:

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give."

When the old saint lay peacefully dying a friend said: "How

do you do?" A smile lit up his face as he replied, "Almost well." It was almost his last word, the final utterance being: "The Lord teach you how to die."

Anne Steele, another night singer, contributed some of our most precious hymns. She was the daughter of an English Baptist minister, and early in life was converted and united with her father's church, in the beautiful village of Broughton, in Hampshire, England. During her childhood she received such injuries from an accident as crippled her for the rest of her days. The one great trial of her life was exceedingly severe. She was engaged to a Mr. Elscourt, a young gentleman of great promise, and to whom she was ardently attached. The time of the wedding was fixed and her prospects seemed exceedingly bright. As the day approached she was busily preparing for the joyous event, and was daily receiving the congratulations of her friends. The day before the great day, Mr. Elscourt spent the morning with her, talking and fondly dreaming of coming bliss. In the evening he went to bathe—probably in the Test river—was seized with cramp and was drowned. That awful night the orange blossoms were blasted, the flowers of Anne Steele's hopes all faded, and the trial prepared her to be a night singer. Poor crushed Anne went to her room and entreated her friends to leave her alone with God. It is said that in a few weeks her hair turned gray, and the care-lines were stamped deeply upon her young face. But her crushed life was more than ever devoted to her Saviour, whilst her broken heart was bound up by the hand of infinite tenderness. She had Christ fill the vacant place in her heart and life, and her prayer found utterance in her verse—

> "Jesus, my Lord! in Thy dear name unite
> All things my heart calls great, or good, or sweet;
> Divinest springs of wonder and delight
> In Thee—Thou fairest of ten thousand—meet."

No other lady has written so many hymns which have been so generally acceptable to the church. For many years she was a great sufferer in consequence of the accident to which we have referred, but she was never impatient, her will was calmly merged into the will of her Lord. She died on November eighteenth, 1778, in the sixty-first year of her age. She wrote one hundred and seventy-eight psalms and hymns, which her friends requested her to publish in book form, but she would only do so upon the

condition that any profit accruing from the sale of the book should be devoted to benevolent objects.

Surely the Rev. Simon Browne's hymns were songs in the night. His life was a wearisome, black, terrible night. It is said that his trouble originated in an unfortunate incident that befell him in his early manhood. In company with a friend he was walking in the country at night, when a man stepped from the hedge, and, pointing a pistol at Mr. Browne, demanded his money. Browne, who was a strong, muscular man, felt annoyed, and knocked the fellow down, when his companion ran for assistance. But the heavy blow had done its work—the man was dead. Mr. Browne was alarmed and did all that could be done to restore him, but it was too late. The body was afterwards recognized as that of a well-known burglar. But from that day poor Browne's peace of mind was gone. Soon afterwards his child died, and he declared that God had taken the child because he was too merciful to entrust the little one to the care of a father who had taken human life.

He was a gifted, brilliant, consecrated man. When Matthew Henry died, Mr. Browne was asked to continue the commentator's work by writing an exposition upon the first book of the Corinthians. This he did with great acceptance. His marvelous ability was everywhere recognized. But there was no help for him. His delusion was that God had deprived him of all mind, and that, whilst to others he appeared rational, he really had utterly lost consciousness, and that his thinking powers were gone. It was a pitiable condition. He resigned the pastorate of the Old Jewry Independent Church in London, where he had long been a useful and devoted minister. There, too, he had been a near neighbor of Dr. Watts, who was his intimate friend, and whom he dearly loved. But he declared he had no soul, and must therefore withdraw from the ministry. He did so, and devoted himself to literary work, in which he was eminently successful. Toplady said that "instead of having no soul, he wrote, and reasoned, and prayed, as if he had two." He composed two hundred and sixty-six hymns, some of which are found in all the books. One of his best known is—

"Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside."

This delusion held possession of him to the last moment of his life. We can but think what a surprise heaven must have been to him.

Charlotte Elliott, the author of—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

wrote her songs and sang them in the night. All her life long she was a sufferer, often shut in her room for months together. Young Eastburn, who wrote—

"O holy, holy, holy Lord,"

wrote in the night of suffering. Consumption had fastened its fangs into his life. Born in London, the family emigrated to America. Mr. Eastburn was ordained to the ministry in the State of Virginia in 1818. He had just entered upon his work, having labored but eight months, when hemorrhage of the lungs drove him from the field. Four days after embarking for Santa Cruz he died, and his body was entrusted to the deep. Mrs. Crewdson, who was a life-long invalid, and who wrote her hymns between her oft-recurring paroxysms of pain, was a singer of the night. Time would fail us to tell of half of those whose songs of the night have been so helpful in stimulating others to like precious faith.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SONGS ON THE BORDER LAND.

The border-land is Beulah Land,
To souls who love and understand
  The richness of God's matchless grace,
Death's valley cannot those affright
Who walk encircled with the light
  Of their Redeemer's glorious face.

That light illumes dark Jordan's river,
And makes its waters flash and quiver
  In ripples, as it rolls along;
Its shallow depths, its silvery tide,
Reflect the glorious farther side,
  Inspiring passing souls to song.

"Thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy Land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee," is the gracious promise which the evangelical seer was instructed to make known unto the church. This blessed condition of intimate communion with God is one of the most delightful privileges of the Christian life. It is not peculiar to any one particular period, but may be enjoyed alike by the young convert or the old Christian, by the new recruit or the battle-scarred veteran. In "Pilgrim's Progress" John Bunyan has located Beulah Land upon the banks of the river and within sight of the pearly gates of the heavenly city. There many Christians have found it, and have spent precious seasons of hallowed enjoyment within it, before they waded through the turbid stream of death. Bunyan's description of the place is exceedingly beautiful. The sun shone night and day, the air was sweetly fragrant, the birds sang continually, the flowers bloomed perpetually. Their supplies were abundant, the country was beautiful, their prospects were enchanting, and their enjoyment was well-nigh complete. The glorious city whither they were bound was in full view, the shining forms of its glorified inhabitants were often

seen, and the voice of song from out of the city was often heard. The precious stones of which the city walls were built, the pearls of which its gates were made, the gold with which the streets were paved, were all so extremely glorious that they could not with open face behold it, but looked through an instrument made for that purpose. No wonder that they grew sick with desire! They were in a land of gardens, and orchards, and vineyards; and wandered through the king's walks, and rested in the arbors where he delighted to be.

"O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared fo me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for ever more."

During his last sickness the Rev. Edward Payson wrote a letter to his sister, in which he said: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the Land Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike mine ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the River of Death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached; and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

Many of God's saints have found Beulah Land in the same location, where they have calmly waited the order to cross the river, and then died with all the tranquillity and peacefulness of a God-given faith. It is a blessed privilege to be able to testify of God's supporting grace in a dying hour. And yet we should be sufficiently judicious not to regard these death-bed experiences as being of themselves a satisfactory criterion of Christian character and work. Some of the noblest Christian men and women have died without giving such testimony. Whitfield once said to a

friend: "I have given so many testimonies for God during my life that He will not require any of me when I die. I therefore expect to die silent." And so it was. He died a painful death, but the only word he spoke was, "I'm dying!" A great deal depends upon the nature of the disease and the temperament of the individual. Yet when God's dying servants are enabled to praise Him with the little remnant of their strength, we can but offer the prayer for ourselves: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." That was our prayer when our beloved old pastor, Benjamin Parsons of Ebley, died. "Are you lying comfortably? Allow me to shake up your pillow and soften it a little," said an attendant. "I am comfortable," said the dying man; "I have three soft pillows under my head." "Two—there are two," said the attendant. "Three," said Mr. Parsons with a smile, "three: Divine power, Divine wisdom, and Divine love." Blessed pillows are these upon which to die! We shall never forget the testimony of a young Christian lady, who was a personal friend of ours. After a few days' sickness the end was near. The physicians had abandoned all hope, and her husband was heart-broken. Never were two young people more tenderly attached to each other. He bent over the bed, and, looking her in the face, said: "Don't you wish you could get well and remain with me?" There was a sort of a far-off look in her eyes, as she said: "No, I don't desire anything; I am so mixed up with Christ that I do not wish to live any longer." Only a year ago a young gentleman died in Chicago, while his darling young wife was lying sick at the home of her parents, more than a hundred miles away. They had not seen each other for a year, because the condition of his lungs made it necessary for him to remain in another climate. The time came when he started for home, expecting to meet her whom he so much loved, but a sudden attack prevented him getting farther than Chicago. When he realized that he had to die, he said: "Tell my darling wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus."

"What! are you in tears again, my dear Doctor?" said Lady Huntingdon, as she entered Dr. Doddridge's room, and found him looking over his bible with streaming eyes. "Yes, madam," he said, "but they are tears of joy. I am willing to entrust Northampton, and the churches, and my friends, into the hands

of God; and as for myself, why, 'tis no farther to heaven from Lisbon than it would be from my own home." The Doctor was far gone in consumption, and his physicians had said there was no hope unless he would go to the south of Europe; Lisbon they recommended. Good Lady Huntingdon's check-book was ready for any amount that might be needed. "Of course you will go," she said; "I have some money which belongs to the Lord, and I know he would like to have you spend it in that manner." The noble woman placed two thousand dollars in his hands, and Mr. and Mrs. Doddridge sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. But the Doctor did not expect to get well. He said: "I suffer so much from weakness; and yet, this suffering is a blessing, because it enables me to know God as my portion and everlasting strength." As the vessel glided out to sea, the good Doctor sat in the deck cabin, in an easy chair, during the whole morning. At noon he said to his wife: "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had. Such transporting views of the heavenly world, as my heavenly Father is now indulging me with, no words can express." Two weeks after landing at Lisbon he ended his life-voyage and glided into the quiet harbor of everlasting tranquillity. Thus he entered into the enjoyment of the blessedness contemplated in his hymn:

"But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the anthems of the skies.

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne."

Another victim of consumption, Augustus Toplady, was cut down in the very zenith of his power and usefulness in his thirty-eighth year. We have repeated the story of his conversion in the barn in Ireland. He became a minister of the English Episcopal church, and was pastor of a small congregation in Devonshire; but the moist cold climate developed consumption, and he was compelled to resign the living. He visited London and formed an acquaintance with Lady Huntingdon, who invited him to preach in the Tabernacle, and he was soon regarded as one of the most popular and attractive of metropolitan preachers. People accustomed themselves to speak of him as "the seraphic Toplady,"

for, as he preached, his face would glow with holy enthusiasm until it wore an heavenly expression. Great multitudes were saved through his instrumentality. But his work was of brief duration. His health gave way and he realized that his time was short. But that fact did not cause him any unhappiness; on the contrary, the time of his sickness was a period of triumphant and overwhelming joy. His soul was so filled with the love of Christ that the very atmosphere around him seemed heavenly. He declared himself to be "the happiest man in the world." "My sickness," he said, "is no affliction, pain is no curse, death is no dissolution. I enjoy a heaven in my soul, and God's consolations are so great that there is nothing I can pray for, unless it be for a continuance of them." When near his death the physician told him that his heart beat weaker and weaker. "Why, that is a good sign," he said; "the end is near; and if my heart weakens toward this world, it grows stronger and stronger for glory. I know I cannot last much longer, for no mortal man can abide long in this world after realizing the glories which God has manifested to my soul." During his sickness he composed that sweet hymn—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my cage
And long to fly away.

Sweet on His promises to rest,
And trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee."

There is a very useful hymn written by Michael Bruce, a young Scotchman, which is found in our best hymnals:

"Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears."

Mr. Bruce was born at Kinneswood, in Scotland, in the year

1746. His father was a weaver, but he must have been more intelligent than the majority of his class, for when his boy was fifteen years old, a small legacy left by a dead friend was used for sending him to college. He did not, however, complete his course, for in his seventeenth year he was engaged in teaching school. At Edinburgh University he made the acquaintance of John Logan, who was afterwards ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland. Young Bruce was endowed with the gift of poetical genius, and wrote several poems of so much merit as to justify his friends in predicting a brilliant future for the young poet. But alas! consumption had marked him for the grave! He seemed to realize his fate, and closed his "Elegy to Spring" with the stanza—

"There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone and the last morn arise."

On the morning of July fifth, 1767, they found him dead and cold; the bed-clothes had not been disturbed. Under his pillow was his well-used Bible, marked under the words, "Weep ye not for the dead." He was but twenty-one years and three months old. After his death, Logan—we hate to say the Rev. John Logan—took possession of his hymns and poems, which he afterwards sent out to the world over his own name. This injustice to the memory of Mr. Bruce was not discovered until a comparatively recent date. Poor young Bruce! His early death seems so calamitous.

Just so sad was the death of Henry Kirke White, of England, whose early genius blossomed out like a beautiful flower, only to be blasted by an untimely death. His parents were Christian people, and his mother, recognizing his extraordinary ability, gave him all the kindly assistance possible. All England was stirred by his genius. His hymns are found in all our hymnals. But it was the old old story of weak lungs. Henry Kirke White died in the twenty-first year of his age, but he had won the reputation of being a great poet, a talented hymn-writer, and a sincere Christian. The poet Byron referred to his death in the following lines:

"Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded and expired.
O, what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self-destroyed her favorite son."

Some of Ottiwell Heginbotham's hymns are songs of the border land. He was converted in childhood and identified himself with the Wesleys. He studied at an academy at Daventry, and in his nineteenth year was invited to preach as a candidate at Sudbury, in the eastern part of England. The church, unfortunately, quarreled about his settlement; a majority insisted upon calling him to the pastorate, whilst a minority withdrew their membership and organized themselves into another church and erected a new building. These troubles so agitated the young minister that his health gave way, and before his twenty-fourth year he fell a victim to consumption. He did not murmur, but cheerfully resigned his life to the hands of Him who gave it. His experience had been of a painful nature, and he anticipated his approaching end with serenity and satisfaction. During his sickness he wrote the larger number of the twenty-five hymns which so clearly expressed his happy experience. He enjoyed so much of the Divine presence, and had such unshaken confidence in the salvation of Jesus Christ, that those weeks of languishing was a period of intense enjoyment. Christ was his all in all, and he delighted in the thought of so soon meeting his beloved Lord and enjoying his presence for ever. The following hymn was written in the immediate prospect of death:

"Blest Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all Thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like Thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame."

Our favorite and much-loved hymn—

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide,"

is most assuredly one of the songs of the border land. The life and work of its gifted and consecrated author, Henry Francis Lyte, is exceedingly interesting, and, if studied in a proper spirit, cannot fail of being profitable. He was the child of English parents, his father being an officer of a British regiment, which, at the time when our poet was born, was stationed at Kelso, in Scotland. His Scottish birth did not therefore make him any the less an Englishman. During his infancy his father died and left

him wholly to his mother's care. Mrs. Lyte was a consecrated Christian lady, who, in the time of her sorrow, applied to an ever-gracious God for sustaining grace. She was left in straightened circumstances, but she did her best, and sought to bring up her boy in the fear of God. But during his childhood she too was called home to the Great Father's house; and Henry was left an orphan, with but scanty means to provide for his needs. When he was nine years of age he was sent to a school in Ireland, where he acquitted himself so creditably that he was soon admitted to Trinity college, Dublin, where a scholarship was obtained, and, by the aid of friends, he was enabled to pursue his studies without serious embarrassment. For three successive years he won the college prize for the best poetical composition. In his twenty-second year he was admitted to holy orders in the ministry of the Episcopal church. It is unnecessary for us to refer to his many changes of pastoral relations. He had done as thousands of young Englishmen do—and for which the church is herself responsible—he had gone into her ministry simply as a respectable profession. He was a respectable man, and the incumbent and office suited each other. He meant to do what he thought was right, and endeavored to teach the people of his charge to be good, moral, respectable men and women. After he had been for some few years in the ministry an incident occurred that unsettled and disquieted his mind. A brother clergyman in an adjoining parish, who was taken very sick, and lay upon the point of death, sent for Mr. Lyte and told him that he was not prepared to die, and earnestly entreated to be shown what he should do to be saved. Poor Lyte was confounded. He had never seriously thought of being saved, or of a religion to help him to die, and he candidly acknowledged the truth to his sick friend. Under such serious circumstances both of them were alarmed. It was a matter that would not admit of delay, and Mr. Lyte knelt by the side of the bed and prayed as he had never prayed before. They daily read the New Testament and pondered and prayed over its teaching, searching for its meaning as men would search for hidden treasure, and in a short time they were enabled to understand what Paul meant when he said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Soon after the light came, his friend died—saved as by fire—and Mr. Lyte realized that he had found the true principle of conduct, the true motive of service, the true source

of satisfaction and enjoyment. From that time life and work were altogether different from what he had previously supposed; his ministerial work was no longer drudgery, his preaching was full of holy fervor, and became a power for good in the parish. Soon afterwards he was appointed to the curacy of lower Brixham, and there, in consecrated service, he spent the remaining twenty years of his life. His congregation consisted of rough, rude, unlettered, but warm-hearted fishermen; and to these he became as a father and a friend. He was known and loved through all the country-side, and his influence for good was most marked. It was his privilege to occasionally meet Miss Elliott, the author of "Just as I am, without one plea," who resided but a few miles distant, on the other side of Torbay. But the cold moist atmosphere of Devonshire undermined his health; his lungs began to trouble him, and he spent the winter of 1846 in Italy. In the summer of 1847 he could only preach occasionally. On Sunday, September the fourth, he preached to his beloved fisherfolk, as he loved to call them, for the last time. After the sermon he administered the communion, when, in tender, touching words, he bade them good-bye, because on the morrow he was to leave them for the winter. But he understood his condition. In a letter written in the previous week he said: "The swallows are preparing for flight, and seem to invite me to join them, but, alas, I cannot fly; indeed I find it difficult to crawl, and often ask myself whether I will be able to leave England at all." That Sabbath he is said to have lingered around his beloved village church as if he disliked to leave the place. In the afternoon he spent a little time in his study, and in the evening he gave the first copy of his immortal hymn, "Abide with me," to a relative. He realized how fast the shadows were gathering around his life. The next day he started to visit some friends for a day or two previous to starting for Italy. But he never reached Rome, he could get no farther than Nice, where, on the twentieth of November, he departed to be with Christ. As he lay dying he pointed upward with his finger and said: "Peace, joy!" His work was done, his reward was sure. His one desire had been to be useful. During his sickness he wrote:

"Might my poor lyre but give
Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay,
Some sparklet of the soul that still might live
When I was passed to clay.

O Thou, whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply,
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In songs that cannot die."

Six years ago a new church was dedicated at Brixham for the use of the fisher-folk, and it is known as the Lyte Memorial church.

Dr. Ray Palmer wrote some precious hymns that are dear to all Christian hearts. We dare risk the assertion that in their tender spirit of reverential worship, the beauty of their poetical conceptions, the choiceness of their diction, and the gracefulness of their expression, they are unsurpassed by any similar compositions in the language. We all love his sweet hymn—

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!"

It was one of Mr. Palmer's earliest efforts, but he never wrote anything better. It was written on a piece of paper, and for two years the author carried it in his pocket-book. One day Dr. Mason told him of a new book he intended to publish, and asked Mr. Palmer whether he had any hymns he would contribute to it. The pocket-book was at once opened and the hymn handed to the Doctor. A few days afterwards the two men met on the street, when the Doctor said: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be better known in future years by this hymn than by anything else you may accomplish."

When thirteen years old young Palmer was working as clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston, and was compelled to earn his daily bread by hard toil. In his youth he was converted, and joined the Park Street Congregational Church. It was soon apparent to Dr. Dwight, the pastor, that God intended Mr. Palmer for the ministry. The way was opened for him to get an education, and thenceforward his life was consecrated to the service of his Lord.

How often our souls have been borne heavenward by the singing of that glorious hymn—

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine."

A few years ago we should not have regarded the precious hymn as a song of the border land. But Dr. Palmer's latest experiences were exceedingly touching and impressive. He was suddenly stricken down by disease, and was for the most part unconscious. He could not converse with his family at any time. On Sabbath morning his lips moved, and his listening attendants heard in a faint whisper, this verse from Dr. Watts:

"Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait."

That was all they heard from his lips on that day. The next morning he in a similar manner uttered his last words upon earth. The lips again moved, and they listened, and knew that he was repeating the last verse of the hymn to which we have referred—his own immortal hymn:

"When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art."

It is said that when Mrs. Susannah Wesley died, her children, among whom were John and Charles, were present. Her death was a triumphant one. "Children," she said, "as soon as I am released, I wish you to sing a song of praise," and as soon as the last breath was drawn they sang—

"Hosanna to Jesus on high!
Another has entered her rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky
And lodged in Immanuel's breast."

On the morning of John Wesley's death he used up his last remnant of strength in singing—

"I'll praise my maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or Immortality endures."

The dying moments of Thomas Guthrie were exceedingly touching and characteristic of his whole life. "Sing something,"

he said. "What shall we sing?" they asked. "O," he said, "gie me a bairn's hymn. Sing—

> "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
> Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

Thomas Guthrie was a great, glorious, Christ-like child. It was a characteristic finish to a life that was sublime in its simplicity. May God aid us to live so that when we reach the border land we may realize it to be a region of thankful, peaceful, triumphant song.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SINGERS AND SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

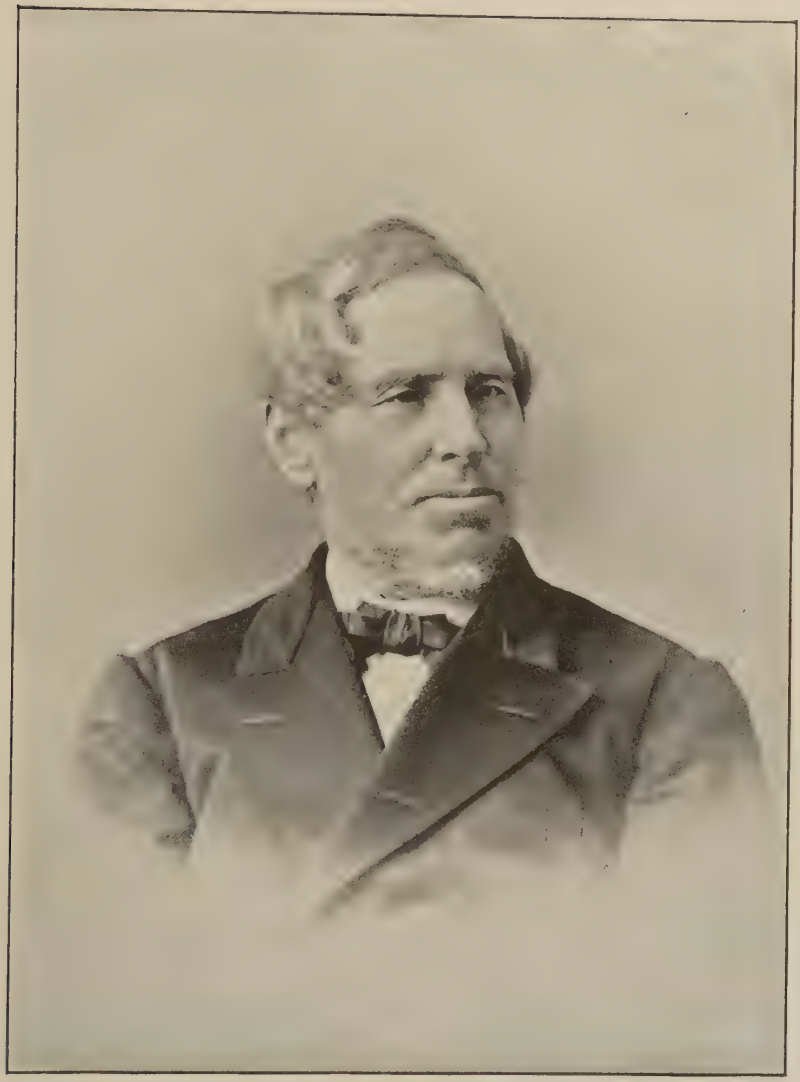
"Go, tune thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours."

In another chapter we have quoted the statement of James Montgomery that "Bishop Ken had laid the world under deeper, and more abiding obligations to his memory, by writing his morning, evening and midnight hymns, than he would have done had he founded and endowed three hospitals." Without, in the least, underrating any kind of benevolent enterprise; and bearing in mind the fact that God does not estimate the value of earthly service so much by its magnitude, as by the spirit which prompted it; we, nevertheless, cannot but regard the author of a precious soul-elevating hymn, as being a greater benefactor to his race, than he who has merely provided for the temporary relief of the body. Whilst, from the nature of such institutions, the benefits of the hospitals would have been but local and temporal; the hymns of Bishop Ken have everywhere ministered to the higher needs of human souls, by quickening their aspirations, and ennobling their aims, and by singing of a grander and more enduring destiny than this world can reveal. Such is the mission and influence of every true hymn. That the church has been slow in recognizing the work and worth of its hymn writers, is a fact which gives additional lustre to the dignity of their character, and the value of their services. These poets of the sanctuary did not write for fame, and never sought the admiring recognition of the world. The song birds sing because God created them to sing. They never wait for an audience, and sing just as sweetly in the depths of forest glades where human ears

cannot listen to their melody. It is their nature to withdraw from the haunts of men. The people who work for popular recognition cannot write hymns. The author of a true hymn must have a pure soul. He who would use his productions as a pedestal for the display of his own personality, would prove his absolute inefficiency for the work. In the study of hymnology we are frequently reminded that "these things are hidden from the wise and the prudent, and revealed unto babes." "Not many wise men after the flesh" attain to such distinction. A true hymn is not so much the creation of poetic genius, or the production of a cultivated intellect, as it is the outward expression of a consecrated soul's inward experiences. It is loving, adoring thought; amplified, and shaped into beauty by a mind which is controlled by holy affections, and therefore responsive to divine influences.

Since God has bidden us to "covet the best gifts," we do not think it presumptious to say that, if it were consistent with the divine wisdom to so honour us, we would prefer to be the author of some sweet song of praise, than to occupy the most distinguished position which the world has at its disposal. To be entrusted with the ability to compose a precious hymn, and launch it upon the sea of human thought, like a treasure-laden argosy to abide as a perpetual blessing to the race, assisting the helpless, directing the perplexed, ministering to the needy, comforting the disconsolate, carrying its blessings to all the lands, and conveying its benedictions to unborn generations, is surely the most exalted sphere of usefulness which mortals in this world would dare ask God to bestow upon them. Because of our inability to speak of the effect of a hymn upon the heart of God, we can only refer to its influence upon the souls of men. To write a hymn which gives joy to "Him who inhabiteth the praises of Israel" is an honor so great as to be beyond our ability to compute. The hymn writer sets in motion a perpetual power for good. No earthly monarch ever exerted half of the influence for good which Ray Palmer has done, by his precious hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee." By writing "Jesus, lover of my soul," Charles Wesley has wielded an influence far greater than that of the men who have founded empires, and swayed the sceptres of world-wide dominion.

But in accordance with the general law which prevails in his kingdom, God has entrusted this ability to but comparatively



L. T. Smith.

few of the great hosts of Christian workers. The illustrious company of hymn writers seems to have been selected with special care from the ranks of God's most humble and childlike followers. In qualifying them for their work he has verified his promise, "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." The authors of our most delightful hymns never thought that they were doing any great thing. As they "mused, the fire burned," and in expressing their "burning thought" a glorious hymn was given to the world. When it was done, they did not realize its worth. The true workman is often unconscious of the real value of his work. In his own modest unassuming manner, Dr. S. F. Smith, tells us that he one day wrote some patriotic verses to an old English tune, which he accidentally discovered while looking over some music books and papers in his study. The words chimed through his soul, and almost without effort, the pencil fastened them to the paper. The simple matter was almost forgotten, until sometime afterwards, his friend Dr. Lowell Mason, told him that he had promised to sing at a children's Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, and said that he was anxious to find something suitable for the occasion. Dr. Smith, thought of the old English tune, and the words he had adapted to it; and handing the paper on which they were written to the singer, he never expected to hear of it again. Dr. Mason was so pleased with the words and music that he sang them at the celebration, and the effort was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The young people were so much delighted and charmed by the soul-stirring song, that it would be impossible to describe the impressions and emotions of the audience, who for the first time, were privileged to hear the now familiar, but much-prized words—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

It was soon manifest that that hymn had found an echo in the hearts of the American people. Dr. Mason was asked to repeat it at other gatherings. Its publication was called for, and, as on

wings of flame, it spread over the continent, and every village and hamlet were enthused by words that were soon familiar in every English-speaking home in the land. Dr. Smith was the most astonished man in America. He wanted to catch the sweet song-bird, and smooth its feathers, and re-arrange its plumage; but it had flown beyond his reach, and, as he watched it soar, and heard it sing, he said, "Had I dreamt that I was writing a national hymn, I would have taken more pains to perfect it." Dear Dr. Smith! Everybody who loves goodness, loves him. If love makes happiness, he must be the happiest man out of heaven. He lives like his delightful hymn in the hearts of his countrymen.

On a hot sultry afternoon in July, 1864, Dr. Robert Lowry sat in his study in Brooklyn and composed the hymn:

"Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright Angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God."

When he had completed the hymn, he sat down to the instrument and composed the tune to which it is still sung. No man ever used a hot afternoon to better purpose. Some of us would have wasted it in complaining of the weather. The words and music were published, and soon won a world-wide fame. It has been sung all over the world, wherever the language is spoken; and has also been translated into several foreign tongues. Its history can never be known in this world, and eternity can only reveal its usefulness. As a parting hymn, it has often been sung with tremulous lips and streaming eyes by those about to separate, conscious that they would not again blend their voices on this side of the river. As a funeral hymn, we have often heard it sung by those gathered around the casket, where gloomy, dreadful death seemed to reign supreme, and the awful grave appeared as though it was the boundary of existence. But when the sweet music was heard, and the hopeful inspiring words were articulated, they came like fragrant zephyrs, laden with the breath of the fair spring-land of immortal blessedness. The thought of the gathering at the river, made the gathering at the grave much less terrible. In 1880 Dr. Lowry crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of attending the Raikes' Centennial Sunday School Meetings in London. The great gathering was composed of representatives from all parts of the Christian world, and was addressed by

prominent Sunday School workers from different countries. The Doctor sat on a back seat on the platform, and thought himself unnoticed. But at a certain stage of the meeting, he was startled and greatly confused by some one who shouted, "The author of 'Shall we gather at the river' is present! Will Dr. Lowry kindly step forward?" At mention of his name the enthusiastic and excited people greeted him with cheer after cheer, in good old English style. Men waved their hats, and ladies shook their handkerchiefs, and the astonished and bewildered Doctor received such an ovation as falls to the lot of but few persons in this world. Then the great assembly sang "Shall we gather at the river," until the sound was as "the voice of many waters," and the floor trembled with the vibrations of the music.

The world is usually very impatient with poverty. But the Lord Jesus is the avowed friend of the poor. He was poor himself, so very poor that he ofttimes had "not where to lay his head." A man may be poor in pocket but rich in character, and God may account him as "rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom." Mary Pyper, the Scotch seamstress, could only keep the wolf from her door by the point of her needle. She was poor, but her character was irreproachable, and she was "a child of the King." She worked very hard, and loved to relieve the monotony of her life by weaving her thoughts into rhyme. Some of her productions were laid before prominent and well-known literary men, who regarded them as sufficiently meritorious to ensure a hearty public recognition. Encouraged by this, a few friends assisted her to publish a little volume of her poems in the year 1847, but the venture was not a success. The book is said to have been announced as the work of a poor needle-woman, and probably that announcement killed it. A few bought it as an act of charity toward its author! But wealthy and influential people did not believe that "any good thing could come out of Nazareth." The Scotch people had forgotten the lesson which the life and death of Robert Burns should have graven into their memories. Had Mary Pyper been a society lady, her book would have been welcomed by acclamations of delight, and society would have lavished its congratulations upon her. As it was, her poverty was like a tomb, in which her best work was buried in silence and forgetfulness! Perhaps we are not quite orthodox about the resurrection, but we not only believe in the resurrection of buried

bodies, but also in the resuscitation of buried work. "Their works do follow them." Nothing done for God is lost! But so far as this world is concerned, we are glad that one stray Gem has by finding its way into our Hymnals, been saved from oblivion. Thousands of wealthy Christians who never heard her name, stand in costly churches and sing her inspiring hymn; never suspecting that they are indebted to a poor Scotch seamstress for the words which bear their worship to heaven! One Sabbath morning she had heard a sermon from the text, "We shall see Him as He is," and the theme made her forget her poverty, and the blessed hope filled all her soul, as she anticipated the delightful time when—

"We shall see him" in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne;
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone.
When we pass o'er death's dark river
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.

In 1867 she was still living, but ere this, she has probably "crossed the river," and now "sees him as he is." Dorcas, the needle-woman of Joppa, and Mary Pyper, the seamstress of Edinburgh, have both been "brought unto the King in raiment of needlework."

In the year 1718, Timothy H. Brown, a house painter, with his wife and four children, resided in a small unfinished house at Ellington, in Connecticut. They were poor, and but few of the ordinary comforts of life fell to their share. Their only finished room was occupied by an invalid sister. Mrs. Phœbe Brown's life had been one of peculiar hardship. Her parents died when she was two years old, and being afterwards left in the care of heartless people, she had passed a childhood of cruel slavery, having been whipped and abused until her life was a burden. When she reached the age of eighteen, and could legally assert her rights to free womanhood, she did not know the letters of the alphabet. With commendable zeal she had learned to read and write; and best of all, she had learned to trust Jesus Christ as her Saviour and all-sufficient friend. She became acquainted with Mr. Brown at Canaan, her old home, in the State of New York; but at their marriage she had accompanied him to his home. Her

life was full of care, but happily she had learned to cast her cares upon one who cared for her. At the time we have named, she was greatly embarrassed because in her little uncomfortable house she could not find a place to pray. She could not live without prayer, but she could not enjoy the blessed exercise amid the noise and constant interruptions of her little family. She said, "I often thought that Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer by depriving me of a place to pray." The consequence was that at eventide the weary mother accustomed herself to wander under some trees near her dwelling, and there she communed with "him who is invisible." This inexplicable habit of hers soon aroused the curiosity of all the gossips of the village, who watched her, and quite naturally lied about her. Ill-disposed persons put the worst possible construction upon her actions, and scandal-mongers circulated the most absurd rumours concerning her. When she became aware of the fact that she was being watched, and was the subject of unkind remarks and censure, she keenly felt the unjust criticism, and sent a note to a lady who resided near to her own house, in which she explained the meaning of her twilight rambles. This was written in verse, and began as follows:

"Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners grey,
Steals silently the glades along,
In twilight's soft array,
I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care;
And spend the hour of setting day.
In humble, grateful prayer."

The latter four lines will be recognized as the first stanza of one of our most popular hymns, the second line being slightly altered from its original form. Of course the children of such a mother grew up to call her blessed, and to "shine as lights in the world." Her oldest child is the Rev. Dr. Brown, a useful and devoted missionary in Japan, who composed the tune "Monson" for his dear mother's hymn. Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown died in Henry County, Illinois, on the 10th of October, 1861. When some one spoke to her of her biography, she said, "My life could be described in such few words, as 'A sinner saved by grace, and sanctified by trial.'"

God has conferred special honor upon young people by having them largely represented among the illustrious company of

hymn writers. Isaac Watts had just reached his twentieth year, when he struck the first chord of that great outburst of song which has immortalized his name, by writing the grand hymn of praise—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb."

Henry Kirke White wrote his delightful hymn—

"Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake!"

while in his boyhood. His young companions never forgot a pleasant evening, when they were boating on the Trent river, and all had joined in singing Henry's hymn. His heart was touched by the sentiment, and so deeply affected by the charming scene, that when the last stanza had been sung, the young poet with his radiant face suffused with tears sang on, and added an impromptu verse, which has ever since been used as a fitting close to his grand hymn:

"Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed.
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place."

Before his twenty-first year he had joined the singers before the throne. Phœbe Cary wrote, "One sweetly solemn thought," in her seventeenth year. Michael Bruce died at twenty. Robert McCheyne had written his hymns, and finished his successful life-work before he was thirty. It must not, however, be inferred from this that the young hymn-writers all die. There is no special fatality in the work. John Milton was but fifteen, when he wrote the well-known song of praise, which was a fitting prelude to the immortal "Paradise Lost."

"Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure"

Joseph Grigg was but ten years old, when he composed one of our most useful hymns. He was a poor boy, his father being an ordinary working man. When quite young, he too, was put to work to bring grist to the family mill. During this period of his life he composed and published nineteen hymns in pamphlet form. In his young manhood he began to study for the ministry, and afterwards settled as co-pastor of the Silver Street Presbyterian Church, in London. He lived a consistent, useful life, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of his brethren. The hymn he wrote in his tenth year is the one beginning—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be!
A mortal man, ashamed of thee!
Scorned be the thought, by rich, and poor;
O, may I scorn it more and more."

We quote it as written by the author, not as altered in the hymn-books. Another hymn written in his boyhood is—

"Behold a stranger at the door."

It is surely safe to reiterate the truth that Mr. Grigg has, by giving us these beautiful and useful hymns, entitled himself to a place among the benefactors of his race.

Some one is responsible for the wickedness of having printed and circulated an atrocious story to blacken the reputation of a Christian lady, who is no longer living to defend herself. Leaflets have been scattered by tens of thousands in which Charlotte Elliott is represented as having met her aged Pastor when she was on her way to have a dress fitted for a coming ball. Her Pastor tried to persuade her to give up the dance, when she told him to "mind his own business." The leaflet says "she attended the dance," but was afterwards sorry for having been rude to the minister, and while in a penitent frame of mind she wrote her immortal hymn. Such is the story as our memory retains it. We believe that ministers and Christian workers should be careful concerning the truth of the illustrations they use. The writer of that leaflet wished to show how great a saint God can make out of a great sinner, and in colouring his illustration to make it vivid he tarnished the fair reputation of one of the most cultivated and conscientious among women. It is not our province to say whether God can be expected to bless such illustrations. Certainly we have no more right to tarnish the reputation of the dead, than to attempt to smirch the character of the living. Charlotte Elliott was carefully trained in a cultured Christian home. She was the grandchild of the devoted and venerable Henry Venn. Her uncle and two of her brothers were clergymen. She belonged to a family, which in matter of good breeding, stood second to no family in the country. Miss Elliott was always a lady, both before and after her conversion. She was not converted, neither was she led to write her immortal hymn, because she had disgraced herself by a rudeness which would have made a fishwoman blush.

In the year 1822, Dr. Cæsar Malan; the author of the well-known hymn: "It is not death to die;" while visiting England,

called upon the Elliott family at Brighton, and found Miss Charlotte deeply concerned about her soul's salvation. That visit was God's means of leading her to trust the Lord Jesus with all her heart. It was when the divine light shone through her soul, and she ceased trusting her own works that she wrote—

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

For many long years she was an invalid, and life meant suffering, but she crowded it with faithful work for her Lord. She resided at Torquay at the time, when Henry Francis Lyte, the author of "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide," was dying with consumption just across the bay at Brixham. They often met each other in this world, and have met in heaven ere now.

A striking story is told of George Neumark, a poet and musician, who in the year 1651, was in the city of Hamburg, where he was reduced to such extreme poverty, that to procure bread, he was compelled to pawn his viol da gamba. A Jew offered him a loan, on the condition that the instrument should be forfeited if not redeemed in two weeks. While negotiating the loan, the broken-hearted man took up the instrument with which he was so loath to part, and striking the strings, he sang a hymn he had composed during his troubles, and then laying the viol down, he took the money, and hastening into the street, was met by a man who had listened to the singing, and who enquired the cause of his sorrow. Mr. Neumark explained matters; and the stranger told him that his name was John Guteg, and that he was a servant of the Swedish ambassador, who was himself a musician. Mr. Guteg introduced the suffering poet to Von Rosenkrantz, who upon hearing his story, employed him as his private secretary, and gave him sufficient money to meet his pressing necessities. The viol was at once redeemed, and it was at that time, "says Mr. Kubler in his historic notes," that he composed his well-known hymn:

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him, in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move."

When the hymn was written, Mr. Neumark selected a suitable

tune, "which," says Mr. Kubler, "he played on his viol, singing the hymn with many tears."

Phœbe Cary's sweet hymn has been a means of much blessing in the church of Christ. As a literary performance she did not regard it as being equal to much of her other work, and she never ceased to wonder at its ever increasing popularity. Speaking of it she said, "It makes me very happy to know that any words of mine have been a means of good to the world." Her precious hymn has comforted many a sorrowing, and inspired many a despondent, weary-hearted child of God.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home to-day,
Than I have been before."

John Henry Newman wrote his delightful and popular hymn at sea, upon an orange-boat between Palermo and Marseilles on the 16th of June, 1833. At that time his mind was metaphorically as much at sea as his body was really there. True to his training he had become the slave of ecclesiasticism. With their absolute religious freedom, the American people find it difficult to understand how intolerant and bigoted a man may become under the influence of a state church. Dr. Newman was the ordained priest of a church which was but the creature of the state, and subject to its power. He contended for the supremacy of the church over the state, and would compel all earthly monarchies and governments to seek direction and submit to the decisions of ecclesiastical law. These views led him into the Church of Rome. Had he understood what Jesus meant when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world," it would have been different. It was a pitiful waste of intellectual power when John Henry Newman compressed his massive brain into the narrow dimensions of a Cardinal's hat. After entering the doors of Rome, he was lost to the world. His life with all its magnificent possibilities, was paralyzed and fossilized, and nothing was left but a name, and that was but a synonym of vanished greatness! The best work of his life was his charming hymn—

"Lead kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

In the tractarian controversy Dr. Newman had many admirers, but when he withdrew from the English church, both friends and opponents were surprised at the fewness of his followers. Many believed that the clergy would follow him by hundreds. We have sufficient confidence in the integrity and honesty of the man to believe that he did not seek followers. We believe him to have been a good, conscientious man, who was simply the victim of the stern ecclesiasticism to which he was trained. Frederick W. Faber was a warm personal friend of Mr. Newman, and an ardent adherent of high church ritual. It was but a step from Puseyism to Romanism, and in less than one month after Dr. Newman took that step, Mr. Faber followed him into the Church of Rome. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can save the soul of a Romanist as readily as that of a Protestant. In spite of all the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, we believe that many of her members have saving faith. We cheerfully acknowledge our indebtedness to them for many of our most charming hymns. Mr. Faber's hymns are grandly beautiful. "Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go," is a delightful Sabbath evening hymn. Another hymn we love is that beginning, "There's a wideness in God's mercy." Some of his hymns stir and rouse like a trumpet call. The following lines give an idea of his style—

"Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!
And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind-fold eye!
And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

American Christians will always regard Samson Occom's hymn with especial interest, because he was one of our North American Indians. He was born at Mohegan, Connecticut, in 1723, and belonged to the Mohegan, or as Cooper afterwards called it in his Leather-stocking stories, the Mohican tribe. He, with some others of his race was, converted under the preaching of Whitfield in 1739, when he was in his seventeenth year. When the Spirit of God opened his eyes he was overwhelmed by the

magnitude and power of his sins, and for several months he was bordering upon despair. When gospel light broke in upon his soul, the blessed assurances filled his heart with holy joy. After uniting with the church, he expressed an earnest desire to receive an education, and by the aid of Christian friends his wish was gratified. He proved to be a pains-taking student, and worked earnestly until his health gave way, and he was compelled to leave school. He then went to Long Island, and began to preach Christ to the Montauk tribe of his own race, and for ten years he lived in their wigwams, and had the joy of seeing many of them saved by faith in Jesus Christ. In 1759 he was ordained, and preached in many New England pulpits with acceptance and success. The churches were then impressed with the necessity of having an institution of learning, where their young men could be trained for the ministry. Funds were needed, and the brethren wisely determined to send Mr. Occom to England upon that mission. The English people had never seen an Indian, and prompted by curiosity, they gathered in vast crowds wherever he was announced to speak. But he did more than gratify their curiosity, he touched their hearts, and the congregations of the metropolis were delighted by his eloquent presentations of truth. As the result of his visit to London, he returned with forty-five thousand dollars, which formed the nucleus for founding Dartmouth College. He died in his sixty-ninth year, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Three hundred Indians showed their appreciation of his work by following him to the grave. His hymn is found in nearly all our hymnals; the first verse reads as follows:

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink to endless woe."

The friends of missions are everywhere acquainted with the pioneer work of Dr. Carey, of the English Baptist Missionary Society, who for six years laboured in India without seeing any conversions. The opponents of missionary effort were sneering at his lack of success, and complaining about the waste of money. The ramparts of heathenism seemed impregnable. But prayerful, persevering work was as usual crowned with success. Mr Carey never regarded the work as his own. He said, "Christ has

begun to bombard this ancient fortress of superstition, and he will ultimately carry it." After years of work, Krishna Pal was converted by the grace of God, and having broken his caste, was baptized in the Ganges river. In less than one month others were converted and the first church was organized in India with a membership of fourteen persons. Krishna Pal was a faithful follower of his Lord, and proved to be a devoted fellow helper of the missionaries. It seemed peculiarly fitting that God should entrust the first convert from heathenism with the gift of sacred song. Krishna wrote a hymn which Dr. Marshman translated as follows:

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not."

Krishna had fallen from a scaffold while at work, and broken his arm. Good Dr. Thomas, a brother missionary with Carey, was a surgeon, and had been called to set the broken bone. After the operation, Mr. Thomas preached Christ to those assembled, and the word reached poor Krishna's heart. When the man declared his readiness to accept Jesus, the joy was greater than poor Thomas could bear, and his mind gave way. The day when Krishna was baptized, Dr. Thomas looked upon the scene, but he only saw it through the eyes of a lunatic. God soon quieted the throbbing brain, and stilled the weary heart, by calling him to higher service in the heavenly home.

One of the grandest and most beautiful of our hymns was written by the Rev. Edward Perronet, about one hundred and twenty years ago. For more than fifty years his father was the well-known and highly esteemed vicar of Shoreham, near Brighton, England The aged vicar was an Evangelical Christian who rejoiced in the marvelous results attendent upon the preaching of Whitfield and the Wesleys, and gave his hearty consent, that his son should devote his life to the spread of Evangelical truth. At first Mr. Perronet preached and laboured with the Wesleys, but a change of views, led him to offer his services to that branch of the church which acknowledged the leadership of the Countess of Huntingdon and Whitfield. With them he found a pleasant and delightful field of labour, and all went well, until the question of separation from the established church came prominently before the churches for discussion and decision. Mr. Perronet knew that the New Testament Church, the bride of Christ, should not be the

vassal of governments, or dependent upon the patronage of kings, and he was anxious to break the unholy alliance. To assist in accomplishing this he published a satirical poem, entitled "The Mitre," in which he criticised the Anglican Church, and held her polity up to public ridicule. This offended Lady Huntingdon so much, that she informed the radical dissenter that his services would be no longer acceptable among the ministers who recognized her as their leader. But he worked for the Lord, and soon the way opened, and he settled as Pastor of a church in Canterbury, where he successfully laboured until the great Master called him to his heavenly reward in 1792. His last remnants of strength were used in praising Him he loved. His last words were characteristic, and in harmony with all the testimony of his life. These words were a sublime song of praise: "Glory be to God, in the height of his divinity! Glory to God, in the depth of his humanity! Glory be to God, in his all-sufficiency! 'Into his hands I commit my spirit.'" His life would have been gloriously successful had he done no more than write his magnificent hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

William Shrubsole, the organist of Spa Field's chapel, composed the tune, "Miles Lane," for this hymn; and Mr. Perronet was so pleased with it, that at his death he left Mr Shrubsole a legacy, as an acknowledgement of his kind and masterly service. In England, the tune "Miles Lane" is almost invariably sung to the hymn. Our tune, "Coronation," was composed by Oliver Holden, a young carpenter, who was born in Charlestown, Mass., on September 8th, 1765. His passionate love for music caused him to abandon his trade, in order to devote his life to studying and teaching, and composing music. He was also a hymn writer; the following is found in our hymnals:

"They who seek the throne of Grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere."

He was a truly pious man. Mr. J. W. Moore in his cyclopædia of music says, "Up to the time when Mr. Holden ceased publishing music, there had been no American author whose productions had been so well received, and so generally admired."

His magnificent tune, "Coronation," has immortalized his name among the American people. His life was full of music, and in his dying moments he said, "Music is coming to me! It is so delightful! Such heavenly themes! I cannot write it!" He joined the singers before the throne in the year 1831.

During the great revival in Philadelphia in 1858, there was not a more consecrated and efficient worker than Dudley Atkins Tyng. One Sabbath evening he preached in Jayne's Hall to a vast congregation of men only, from Exodus 10, 11. "Ye that are men now serve the Lord." The Holy Spirit used that sermon to the conversion of more than one hundred souls. It was the grandest and most successful effort of the young minister's life. It was his last sermon! On the following Wednesday he stepped into the barn where some corn was being shelled by horse-power. The sleeve of his dressing gown was caught in the cogs, his arm was literally torn out of his body, and in a little while Dudley Atkins Tyng was in heaven. When dying he sent a message to his friends and fellow-workers of the Young Men's Christian Association, bidding them to "Stand up for Jesus." His sad death caused a feeling of profound sorrow through the whole country. On the second Sabbath after the funeral, the Rev. George Duffield preached to a large congregation from the text, "Stand up, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth." He made tender reference to the message of the beloved minister, and closed his sermon by repeating some verses he had composed during the week:

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.

'Ye that are men now serve him,'
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose."

The latter verse begins with the text of that memorable Sabbath evening service in Jayne's Hall. Mr. Duffield's poem was eagerly sought after. The next week it was printed upon a leaflet. Dr. Bradbury set it to the tune "Webb," and it was sung by the congregation. It was a favorite, and now the soul-stirring hymn has gone singing through all the lands, and will continue to do so until time shall be no more.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW TO USE THE HYMN-BOOK.

"Sion, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise;
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of his worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays."

"My dear flock," said the sainted Robert McCheyne, "I am deeply persuaded that there will be no full, soul-filling, heart-ravishing, heart-satisfying out-pouring of the spirit of God, till there be more praise and thanking the Lord. Learn, dearly beloved, to praise God heartily, to sing with all your heart and soul in the family and in the congregation; then am I persuaded that God will give his Holy Spirit to fill this house, to fill every heart in the spiritual temple." There are ten thousand ministers in America to-day who have a similar desire for their own churches. At the dedication of the Temple it was, when "they lifted up their voices and praised the Lord, saying, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever, that the cloud came down, and the glory of the Lord filled the house." So was it in the New Testament church. After the ascension "they were continually in the Temple praising and blessing God." "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The repetitions of Scripture are, of course, intended to emphasize the truth they teach, and upon no point is the Bible more emphatic than upon the fact that God loves to have his people praise him. It much more frequently enjoins the offering of praise than the duty of prayer. Upon almost every page we are urged to the privilege of praise, and frequently in terms at once enthusias-

tic and inspiring. What a sublime theme for study is opened out to the mind in the following passage: "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises; for God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding. Let the people praise thee God; let all the people praise thee." God again and again declares that his design in saving his church was that they might be "a people for his praise." "He inhabiteth the praises of Israel." The Bible is full of such teaching.

Thoughtful Christians are greatly concerned about the condition of our churches, in relation to the service of praise. We realize that this is the weak point in our public services. Earnest prayer is offered in all our churches, and many of them are blessed with good preaching, but, alas, the service of praise goes largely by default. We all believe in singing, but we are slow to make our singing praise. There is a great deal of willful ignorance upon this matter. We are wrong, and what makes the error a thousand times more hideous is the fact that, whilst we recognize the fault, we do not seek to remove it. It is not merely our system of singing that is faulty, but the principle that underlies the system is false. We love to sing because it is cheerful and enjoyable; because it enlivens our services and makes them attractive; because it pleases the young people and helps to draw a congregation. It is commonly regarded as a sort of ornamental appendage to the more serious engagements of God's house.

The whole thing is wrong. The singing should be the direct personal offering of each worshiper to his Maker. It is the most important part of the service. The church is a place of worship. We go to church to worship God. The singing should be pure worship; it is far more important than the sermon. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me." It is usually the only part of the services in which the worshiper can orally join, and no other exercise can so speedily quicken the soul to enthusiastic adoring gratitude. God did not institute singing as the most important part of the public service of His house, in order that we may use it to merely interest each other. It is God's own ordinance; the Divinely appointed method by which we may come before the Lord; and to degrade a Divine ordinance to the low level of human expediency is an insult to the Divine Majesty, from the committal of which a tender conscience would shrink in dismay.

We do not wish to convey the idea that God is not worshiped in our churches by the service of song; but we cannot be blind to the fact that our people do not regard this service in a manner commensurate with its importance. We love good singing, love it as a fine art. Thomas Carlyle might have known enough of the devil to have been assured that "to fly away with the fine arts" would be inconsistent with Satanic designs. We select those with good voices to do our singing for us, but this mode of worshiping by proxy is painfully absurd. It would be no more unreasonable to select some one to do our praying for us. God would have all the people sing. He does not say, Let all those who have a sweet voice, but "Let all that hath breath praise the Lord," "Let all the people praise Thee, O God, yea let all the people praise Thee: then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

We are all ready to admit that we are very deficient in this matter. We confess, and sometimes lament the fact. We are ready to do almost anything, unless it be to attempt to get ourselves right in this thing, and that we absolutely refuse to do, because, under present circumstances, it is said to be impracticable to make our churches realize its importance, and see that our present principles and methods are wrong. How frequently we attempt to use the church as a pack-horse, to carry our individual delinquencies. This reformation must begin with ourselves. It is personal between ourselves and God. God has been at infinite pains to give us the testimony of a whole Bible, in order to teach us that nothing which He demands of us is impracticable. A right thing may be accomplished in the face of great difficulties, because God is upon the side of the right, and "with Him all things are possible."

The truth is that the responsibility of these things rests upon ourselves, and a matter of so much importance demands serious consideration. Our hymn-book deserves our serious attention, and should be regarded as a sacred book, used for the most sacred purpose. It is a casket filled with the most precious gems. Dr. Ray Palmer's definition of a hymn is very beautiful. He said: "A true hymn must be a vitally poetic expression of quickened religious thought and feeling: of thought, not as set in the forms of logic, but as suffused with sensibility; of feeling calm, sweet, tender, reverential, fervid, and even ecstatic. A true hymn can

not be made but must be born. It comes only when a spiritual sensibility has been devoutly touched and vitalized till its pure and warm emotion overflows, and clothes itself in a poetic dress of divine simplicity." Dr. William M. Taylor's definition is fitting and to the point: "A hymn is the religious experience of many, idealized and expressed in verse by the genius of one." To use the definition of Joseph Roux, a hymn is "the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions." What should be our estimate of a book which contains many hundreds of such productions, and represents the consecrated talent of all ages and lands and sections of the church?

Use it in the church by singing its hymns, and thus make it the medium of your worship. Use it by keeping an extra copy in the pew, that you may be able to extend courtesy to strangers. Sing with all your hearts. Make a joyful noise unto God. Be brave enough to break through the silent impropriety of the congregation at the time of praise. Praise the Lord amid the assembly of his people. When the service is done, carry your hymn-book home with you, unless you can afford to keep copies for both home and church. A well used hymn-book is an invaluable blessing in the family. There ought to be concerts in every home. Nothing will make the home so attractive as singing. "The voice of rejoicing is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous." Home should be pleasant, and a Christian home has an infinite advantage in this respect. The families who sing at home will have no difficulty in singing in the church. Use the hymn-book frequently, that the sweet song-birds of the church may find an abiding home in your memory and fill your whole soul with melody. Use the book in private devotion. If you find it difficult to sing the hymns, read them. Ten minutes spent each day in reading the hymn-book would be a season of precious enjoyment which would spread a blessed influence over all the hours and engagements of the day.

Use all your influence to promote congregational singing in the house of the Lord. Teach the members of the choir that their work is broader and more important than the mere singing of an anthem or a hymn. They are the recognized leaders of the singing of the whole church, and should learn to measure their success or failure, not by their own, but by the singing of the congregation. Good leadership will be made manifest by a large follow-

ing. A good choir will labor to have the congregation sing with them.

Some of us believe that too much attention is paid to part music. The grandest singing we have ever heard has been when a whole congregation has joined in singing the treble of some simple tune. There is a grandeur and strength in such singing that seems to harmonize with true worship. Whole-souled service demands a very hearty method of expression. A half-hearted service is neither pleasing to God nor helpful to ourselves. What profit can there be in singing—

> "In vain we tune our formal songs,
> In vain we strive to rise;
> Hosannas languish on our tongues,
> And our devotion dies."

We often talk of congregational singing. But in many of our churches we lack one important element which is essential to success. We dare risk the assertion that we cannot have congregational singing unless we have a congregation. It would be absurd to talk of congregational singing in a church less than half full. There is a mighty inspiration in numbers. It is all very well to talk about Christ's promise to the two or three, but no minister can preach at his best, and no singer can sing at his best, and no worshiper can worship at his best, in a half empty church. So, as we consider this matter, we find ourselves upon the horns of a dilemma. We cannot have the singing without the congregation, and we cannot have the congregation without the singing. We cannot attain to this at a bound; it must be the outcome of patient, persistent toil; but every Christian ought to be working toward that desirable end.

The church on earth ought to be a type and pattern of the church in heaven. Its services should be educating us for the holy engagements of the heavenly state. We infer from the teachings of Scripture that there will be a great deal of singing in heaven, and it would surely be wise to accustom ourselves to the exercise whilst in this world. We must keep the thought before our mind that true singing is praise. Singing without praise is "an abomination unto the Lord." It is presumptuously approaching God "with the lip and the tongue while the heart is far from Him." Our churches should be filled with an atmosphere of praise, then piety would flourish and sinners would be converted.

That we might use our little influence in that direction has been the design of these pages. To many Christian people the hymn-book is a thing of but little value or importance, which they discard and almost despise. They have never learned to value it. They have not drunk at its refreshing fountains; they have not tasted of its rich delicacies; they have not plucked delicious fruit from its trees, or gathered fragrant flowers from its garden; they have not listened to the ravishing melody of its song-birds, or looked over its fair landscapes, which appear as the very Paradise of God. To such we have proffered our service as guide. We have not written for hymnologists. We have only gathered a few specimens of precious ore from this well-nigh inexhaustible mine of hymnology. We pen these closing words with regret that our book is so imperfect; its omissions grieve us. The names of many celebrated hymnists have not been referred to at all. We dare not write the last line without first mentioning the name of Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose holy, useful life, like his precious hymns, was a benediction to the world; Dr. Reginald Heber, whose charming missionary hymn begins, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and ends in the millenium; Thomas Kelly and John Keble, and a few other illustrious names. In one of our chapters we imagined a meeting of hymn-writers; in this world that cannot be, but we will meet them in heaven. What a wonderful gathering it will be! The majority are there now! Charlotte Elliott is there, cured of her distressing sickness; Madame Guyon's face is no longer pitted with small-pox; Samuel Medley's wound is for ever healed up; poor Cowper's mind is for ever clear. We have seen that, before he went to heaven, Thomas Ken wrote:

> "'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know,
> That in my verse saints sing God's praise below."

He knows now that his Doxology is unceasingly being sung in almost all the languages of the earth. Henry Francis Lyte prayed for grace—

> ——"his last breath to spend
> In songs that cannot die."

He knows now that his songs did not die, and souls constantly enter heaven who were saved through their instrumentality. When Dr. Palmer was on earth he was so modest that, if he sat upon the platform at a public meeting, and some speaker called attention

of the audience to him by referring to his hymns, the Doctor would blush like a school-girl. But he did acknowledge that he had received a large number of letters from those who had been led to Christ through the use of "My faith looks up to Thee." Those letters filled his soul with joy while upon earth, but now he is constantly meeting with new cases of souls saved by his hymns, and these add another heaven to his joy. What a wonderful gathering it will be! What a heaven it will make to be able to look over life and recognize when and where God used our efforts for His glory. There have been enough souls saved by means of Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," and Augustus Toplady's "Rock of Ages," to make a little heaven by themselves. They all "see eye to eye" now. Mrs. Adams, who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee," no longer doubts the divinity of her Lord. John Damascus has laid aside his monk's cowl, and John Keble can praise God without wearing a surplice. We will meet them in Gloryland. Who knows but we may join in singing some of their precious hymns. We believe many of them are good enough to be sung in heaven. We could stand in the dazzling brightness of the throne and sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Samuel Medley's "O could I speak the matchless worth," to the tune Ariel, is good enough for even heaven. We will be all sweet singers there. The heavenly life will move to music. It will be congregational singing in the upper temple. There will not be one silent tongue or one cold heart. Songs of triumph! Songs of reunion! But before all, and above all, songs of praise "to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

"O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
To prove the triumph nigh!

THE END.

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